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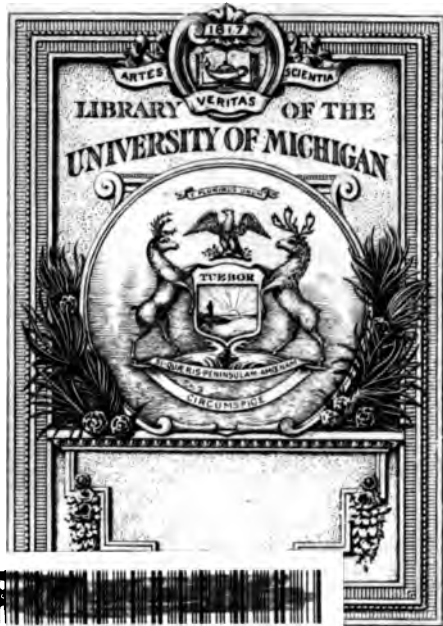
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OR
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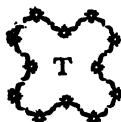


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INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

BY THE EDITOR.



O O long has Man, engrossing ev'ry art,
Dar'd to reject the Female's rightful part;
As if to him, alone, had been confin'd,
Heav'n's greatest gift, a scientifick mind.

The rougher arts, 'tis true, men justly claim;
But let the smooth and tranquil paths to fame,
Which ask not strength of body, but of mind,
Be, as the soul, to neither sex confin'd.
For tho' sometimes, the fair might easy prove,
Females have well in noblest conflicts strove;
As when Eliza Britain's sceptre sway'd,
And the aw'd world admir'd the matchless maid;
Yet willingly to man the palm they yield,
From throne and sceptre, to the sword and shield:
But in those arts which humanize the mind,
They boast an equal pow'r with all mankind.

When some lov'd fair-one tunes the vocal lay,
And the rapt soul with pleasure melts away;
Or, as she raises high th' enchanting strain,
Cecilia seems return'd to earth again,
While o'er the magick keys her fingers trace
The sounds celestial of th' immortal race;

A

Such

2. BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

Such as, to human fancy, must improve
 The nameless raptures of the blest'd above :
 Where is the wretch so hardy to deny,
 But female skill with boasted man's may vie !

The sacred art of Poetry, we owe
 To that blest'd source of chiefest bliss below,
 The fond affection which can live, alone,
 Between two hearts that love has render'd one :
 Where Nature seems to speak, with meaning plain,
 Thy joys, proud man, were without woman vain !
 Like thee, she feels each passion of the heart,
 Her bliss as great as thine, as great her smart,
 And well she knows, with words of magick sound,
 To check the rising hope, or heal the faithful wound.
 Then why refuse them to an equal share
 In arts which owe their being to the fair ?
 Say, canst thou meanly think that science strives
 To taint the female breast where most it thrives ?
 Yet, if a spark within your own resides,
 Imagine reason every action guides ;
 Expect distinction from the lowly crowd,
 And scorn to fear your virtue disallow'd !
 Unjust it is—regard the past with shame ;
 And let them henceforth share the road to fame.

Happy for England, were each female mind,
 To science more, and less to pomp inclin'd ;
 If parents, by example, prudence taught,
 And from their QUEEN the flame of virtue caught !

Skill'd in each art that serves to polish life,
 Behold, in HER, a scientific wife !
 Tho' most entitled to the glare of dress,
 No private lady can regard it less :
 Yet still she keeps the glorious golden mean,
 And always wears what best becomes a queen ;
 Rich, tho' not tawdry ; elegant, tho' neat ;
 And all her person, like her mind, compleat.

While, in each duty of domestick life,
She yields not to the less-exalted wife;
Attends, herself, the royal offspring's care,
And pours the virtuous precept in their ear;
Teaches the duty which to God they owe,
And tells how poor the thanks they can bestow.

Nor doth herself neglect each day to join
Their much-lov'd presence in the rites divine:
And oft her pious lips to Heav'n address
The fervent wish, that Britain's woes were less;
That War might sheathe his deeply-crimson'd sword,
And Peace, throughout the world, be once again restor'd.

Whether we view her as a wife, possess'd
Of ev'ry charm to make her confort blest'd;
(New source of envy in the breasts of those
His virtues, with his pow'r, have render'd foes:)
Or as a mother, christian, queen, or friend;
Alike we must admire, alike commend!
But vain are words her merits to impart,
For CHARLOTTE'S virtues reign—in ev'ry heart.

Great is the task my Genius has assign'd,
And much it needs a more enlighten'd mind;
To traverse Nature's garden all around,
Where ev'ry weed and ev'ry flow'r is found;
Distinguish well the properties of all,
And harm no grateful herb, however small:
Yet crop each painted pageant of a day,
That hardly blooms before it knows decay;
Nor leave a single flow'r, tho' gay or fair,
Which owns a scent less fragrant than the air;
Least it's foul breath contaminate the whole,
And make the food—the poison of the soul.

The task is great, indeed! But, when I fear,
My better Genius cries, 'Still persevere!
' Think, by your means, each fair-one may adorn
' Her brow with roses, fearless of the thorn;

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

- May range thro' Nature's rich parterres with ease,
- And safely pluck whatever flow'r she please ;
- Nor fear, howe'er incautiously she tread,
- To place her foot upon the adder's head :
- Assur'd each plant or flow'r that meets her eyes,
- Is to the virtuous mind a welcome prize.
- E'en CHARLOTTE's self some leisure hour may rove
- In those delightful scenes she must approve,
- With rapture view the skilful Gard'ner's care,
- And deem THY WORK a blessing to the Fair !
- Dare, then, proceed—nor think your labours hard ;
- For what of toil can merit such reward !'

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

BY MR. EDWARD MOORE.

TIS said of widow, maid, and wife,
 That honour is a woman's life ;
 Unhappy sex ! who only claim
 A being in the breath of fame,
 Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales
 That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,
 Nor all the healing sweets restore,
 That breathe along Arabia's shore.
 The trav'ller, if he chance to stray,
 May turn uncensur'd to his way ;
 Polluted streams again are pure,
 And deepest wounds admit a cure :
 But woman no redemption knows ;
 The wounds of honour never close !
 Tho' distant ev'ry hand to guide,
 Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,
 If once her feeble bark recede,
 Or deviate from the course decreed,

In

In vain she seeks the friendless shore,
Her swifter folly flies before ;
The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wand'rer from repose ;
Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,
Her found'ring pinnace sinks to rest.

Are there no offerings to atone
For but a single error ?—None.
Tho' Woman is avow'd, of old,
No daughter of celestial mould,
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The strength angelick natures claim ;
Nay, more ; for sacred stories tell,
That e'en immortal angels fell.

Whatever fills the teeming sphere
Of humid earth, and ambient air,
With varying elements endu'd,
Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.

The stars no fix'd duration know ;
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow ;
The moon repletes her waning face,
All-beauteous, from her late disgrace ;
And suns, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent rise with new-born light.

In vain may death and time subdue,
While Nature mints her race anew,
And holds some vital spark apart,
Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart ;
'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen
To clothe a naked world in green.
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold ;
Again each insect tries his wing,
And lifts fresh pinions on the spring ;

Again,

Again, from ev'ry latent root,
 The bladed stem and tendril shoot,
 Exhaling incense to the skies,
 Again to perish, and to rise.

And must weak Woman, then, disown
 The change to which a world is prone;
 In one meridian brightness shine,
 And ne'er, like ev'ning suns, decline?
 Resolv'd and firm alone?—Is this
 What we demand of Woman!—Yes.

But should the spark of vestal fire,
 In some unguarded hour expire;
 Or should the nightly thief invade
 Hesperia's chaste and sacred shade,
 Of all the blooming spoil possess'd,
 The dragon Honour charm'd to rest;
 Shall Virtue's flame no more return?
 No more with virgin splendor burn?
 No more the ravag'd garden blow
 With spring's succeeding blossom?—No.
 Pity may mourn, but not restore;
 And Woman falls, to rise no more!

Within this sublunary sphere,
 A country lies—no matter where;
 The clime may readily be found
 By all who tread poetick ground:
 A stream, call'd Life, across it glides,
 And equally the land divides;
 And here of Vice the province lies,
 And there the hills of Virtue rise.

Upon a mountain's airy stand,
 Whose summit look'd to either land,
 An ancient pair their dwelling chose,
 As well for prospect as repose;
 For mutual faith they long were sam'd,
 And Temp'rance and Religion nam'd.





Plate 1.

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A num'rous progeny divine,
 Confess'd the honours of their line;
 But in a little daughter fair,
 Was center'd more than half their care;
 For Heav'n, to gratulate her birth,
 Gave signs of future joy to earth;
 White was the robe this infant wore,
 And Chastity the name she bore.

As now the maid in stature grew,
 (A flow'r just opening to the view)
 Oft thro' her native lawns she stray'd,
 And wrestling with the lambkins play'd.
 Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,
 The breeze grew purer as she breath'd;
 The morn her radiant blush assum'd,
 The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,
 And Nature yearly took delight,
 Like her, to dress the world in white.

But when her rising form was seen
 To reach the crisis of fifteen,
 Her parents up the mountain's head,
 With anxious step their darling led;
 By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
 And thus the fears of age express'd.

• O joyful cause of many a care!
 • O daughter, too divinely fair!
 • Yon world, on this important day,
 • Demands thee to a dang'rous way;
 • A painful journey all must go,
 • Whose doubted period none can know;
 • Whose due direction who can find,
 • Where Reason's mute, and Sense is blind;
 • Ah! what unequal leaders these,
 • Thro' such a wide perplexing maze!
 • Then mark the warnings of the wise,
 • And learn what love and years advise.

' Far to the right thy prospect bend,
 ' Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend;
 ' Lo, there the arduous path in view,
 ' Which Virtue and her sons pursue!
 ' With toil o'er less'ning earth they rise,
 ' And gain, and gain upon the skies.
 ' Narrow's the way her children tread;
 ' No walk, for pleasure smoothly spread;
 ' But rough, and difficult, and steep,
 ' Painful to climb, and hard to keep.
 ' Fruits immature those lands dispense,
 ' A food indelicate to sense,
 ' Of taste unpleasant; yet from those
 ' Pure health, with chearful vigour flows,
 ' And strength, unfeeling of decay,
 ' Throughout the long laborious way.
 ' Hence, as they scale that heavenly road,
 ' Each limb is lighten'd of it's load;
 ' From earth refining still they go,
 ' And leave the mortal weight below;
 ' Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,
 ' And smooth the rugged path appears;
 ' For custom turns fatigue to ease,
 ' And, taught by Virtue, pain can please.
 ' At length, the toilsome journey o'er,
 ' And near the bright celestial shore,
 ' A gulph, black, fearful, and profound,
 ' Appears, of either world the bound,
 ' Through darkness leading up to light;
 ' Sense backward shrinks, and shuns the sight!
 ' For there the transitory train,
 ' Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
 ' And matter's gross, encumb'ring mass,
 ' Man's late associates, cannot pass;
 ' But sinking, quit th' immortal charge,
 ' And leave the wond'ring soul at large;

• But

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

- Lightly she wings her obvious way,
- And mingles with eternal day.
- Thither, O thither wing thy speed,
- Though pleasure charm, or pain impede !
- To such th' All-bounteous Pow'r has giv'n,
- For present earth, a future heav'n ;
- For trivial loss, unmeasur'd gain,
- And endless bliss, for transient pain.
- Then fear, ah fear ! to turn thy sight,
- Where yonder flow'ry fields invite ;
- Wide on the left, the path-way bends,
- And with pernicious ease descends ;
- There, sweet to sense, and fair to show,
- New planted Edens seem to blow,
- Trees, that delicious poison bear,
- For death is vegetable there.
- Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
- Each sinew slack'ning at the taste,
- The soul to passion yields her throne,
- And sees with organs not her own ;
- While, like the slumb'rer in the night,
- Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,
- Before her alienated eyes
- The scenes of Fairy-land arise :
- The puppet-world's amusing show,
- Dipp'd in the gayly-colour'd bow,
- Sceptres, and wreaths, and glittering things,
- The toys of infants, and of kings,
- That tempt, along the baneful plain,
- The idly wise, and lightly vain,
- Till verging on the gulphy shore,
- Sudden they sink, and rise no more.
- But list to what thy fates declare :
- Tho' thou art woman, frail as fair,
- If once thy sliding foot should stray,
- Once quit yon Heav'n-appointed way.

- ' For thee, lost maid ! for thee alone,
- ' Nor prayers shall plead, nor tears atone ;
- ' Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
- ' On thy returning steps shall wait ;
- ' Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
- ' And ev'ry foot thy presence fly !'

Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,
 Like guardian angels plac'd around,
 A charm by Truth divinely cast,
 Forward our young advent'rer pass'd.
 Forth from her sacred eye-lids sent,
 Like morn, fore running radiance went,
 While Honour, handmaid late assign'd,
 Upheld her lucid train behind.

Awe-struck, the much-admiring crowd
 Before the virgin-vision bow'd,
 Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
 And caught fresh virtue at the sight ;
 For not of earth's unequal frame
 They deem'd the heaven-compounded dame ;
 ' If matter, sure the most refin'd,
 ' High wrought, and temper'd into mind,
 ' Some darling daughter of the day,
 ' And body'd by her native ray.'

Where-e'er she passes, thousands bend ;
 And thousands, where she moves, attend :
 Her ways observant eyes confess,
 Her steps pursuing praises bless ;
 While, to the elevated maid,
 Oblations, as to Heav'n, are paid.

'Twas on an ever-blythsome day,
 The jovial birth of rosy May,
 When genial warmth, no more suppress'd,
 Now melts the frost in ev'ry breast,
 The cheek with secret flushing dyes,
 And looks kind things from chastest eyes ;

The sun with healthier visage glows,
 Aside his clouded kerchief throws,
 And dances up th' ethereal plain;
 Where late he us'd to climb with pain;
 While Nature, as from bonds set free,
 Springs out, and gives a loose to glee.

And now, for momentary rest,
 The nymph her travell'd steps repress'd,
 Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
 And glory'd in the height she gain'd.

Out-stretch'd before her wide survey,
 The realms of sweet perdition lay;
 And pity touch'd her soul with woe,
 To see a world so lost below;
 When straight the breeze began to breathe
 Airs gently wafted from beneath,
 That bore commission'd witchcraft thence,
 And reach'd her sympathy of sense;
 No sounds of discord, that disclose
 A people sunk and lost in woes,
 But as of present good possess'd,
 The very triumph of the blest'd,
 The maid in rapt attention hung,
 While thus approaching Sirens sung.

‘ Hither, fairest ! hither, haste !
 ‘ Brightest beauty, come and taste
 ‘ What the pow'rs of bliss unfold ;
 ‘ Joys, too mighty to be told !
 ‘ Taste what extasies they give,
 ‘ Dying raptures taste, and live !

‘ In thy lap, disdain measure,
 ‘ Nature empties all her treasure !
 ‘ Soft desires, that sweetly languish ;
 ‘ Fierce delights, that rise to anguish !

BEAUTIES OF POETRY:

- Fairest, dost thou yet delay ?
- Brightest beauty, come away !

- Lift not, when the froward chide,
- Sons of pedantry and pride ;
- Snarlers, to whose feeble sense
- April sunshine is offence ;
- Age and Envy will advise
- E'en against the joys they prize.

- Come! in pleasure's balmy bowl
- Slake the thirstings of thy soul,
- Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
- With enjoyment past the painting !
- Fairest, dost thou yet delay ?
- Brightest beauty, come away !'

So sung the Sirens, as of yore,
 Upon the false Ausonian shore ;
 And O for that preventing chain,
 That bound Ulysses on the main ;
 That so our fair-one might withstand
 The covert ruin, now at hand !

The song her charm'd attention drew,
 When now the tempters stood in view ;
 Curiosity, with prying eyes,
 And hands of busy, bold emprise ;
 Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,
 And like fore-running Fancy, fleet.
 By search untaught, by toil untir'd,
 To novelty she still aspir'd ;
 Tasteless of ev'ry good possess'd,
 And but in expectation blest'd.

With her, associate, Pleasure came,
 Gay Pleasure, frolick-loving dame ;
 Her mien all swimming in delight,
 Her beauties half reveal'd to sight ;

Loose flow'd her garments from the ground,
 And caught the kissing winds around.
 As erst Medusa's looks were known
 To turn beholders into stone;
 A dire reversion here they felt,
 And in the eye of Pleasure melt.
 Her glance with sweet persuasion charm'd;
 Unnerv'd the strong, the steel'd disarm'd;
 No safety e'en the flying find,
 Who, vent'rous, look but once behind.

Thus was the much-admiring maid,
 While distant, more than half betray'd,
 With smiles, and adulation bland,
 They join'd her side, and seiz'd her hand:
 Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,
 Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd;
 While half consenting; half denying,
 Reluctant now, and now complying,
 Amidst a war of hopes and fears,
 Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,
 Still down, and down, the winning pair
 Compell'd the struggling, yielding fair.

As when some stately vessel bound
 To blest'd Arabia's distant ground,
 Borne from her courses, haply lights
 Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
 Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land,
 Lurk the dire rock, and dang'rous sand;
 The pilot warns with sail and oar
 To shun the much-suspected shore,
 In vain; the tide, too subtly strong,
 Still bears the wrestling bark along,
 Till found'ring, she resigns to fate,
 And sinks, o'erwhelm'd, with all her freight.

So, baffling ev'ry bar to sin,
 And Heav'n's own pilot plac'd within,

Along

Along the devious, smooth descent,
 With pow'rs increasing as they went,
 The dames, accusom'd to subdue,
 As with a rapid current drew,
 And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
 The lost, the long reluctant maid!

Here stop, ye fair-ones, and beware,
 Nor send your fond affections there;
 Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
 May turn, to you and Heav'n restor'd;
 Till then, with weeping Honour wait,
 The servant of her better fate,
 With Honour, left upon the shore,
 Her friend and handmaid now no more;
 Nor with the guilty world, upbraid
 The fortunes of a wretch betray'd;
 But o'er her failings cast the veil,
 Rememb'ring you yourselves are frail!

And now, from all-enquiring light,
 Fast fled the conscious shades of night;
 The damsel, from a short repose,
 Confounded at her plight, arose.

As when, with slumb'rous weight oppress'd,
 Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,
 Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
 And steal his hoard of joys away;
 He, borne where golden Indus streams,
 Of pearl, and quarry'd di'mond dreams,
 Like Midas, turns the glebe to ore,
 And stands all rapt amidst his store;
 But wakens naked, and despoil'd
 Of that for which his years had toil'd.

So far'd the nymph, her treasure flown,
 And turn'd, like Niobé, to stone:
 Within, without, obscure and void,
 She felt all ravag'd, all destroy'd.

And,

And, ' O thou curs'd, insidious coast !
 ' Are these the blessings thou canst boast ?
 ' These, Virtue ! these the joys they find,
 ' Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind ?
 ' Shade me, ye pines ; ye caverns, hide ;
 ' Ye mountains cover me !' she cry'd.

Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,
 And told the tidings to the sky ;
 Contempt discharg'd a living dart,
 A side-long viper to her heart ;
 Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face,
 And soil'd and blasted ev'ry grace ;
 Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
 Still turn'd the mirror to her view ;
 While those in crimes the deepest dy'd,
 Approach'd to whiten at her side ;
 And ev'ry lewd, insatiate dame,
 Upon her folly rose to fame.

What should she do ?—Attempt once more
 To gain the late deserted shore ?—
 So trusting, back the mourner flew,
 As fast the train of fiends pursue.

Again the farther shore's attain'd,
 Again the land of Virtue gain'd ;
 But Echo gathers in the wind,
 And shows her instant foes behind.
 Amaz'd, with headlong speed she tends,
 Where late she left an host of friends ;
 Alas ! those shrinking friends decline,
 Nor longer own that form divine ;
 With fear they mark the following cry,
 And from the lonely trembler fly ;
 Or backward drive her on the coast,
 Where peace was wreck'd, and honour lost.
 From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
 To Heav'n not daring to complain,

No truce by hostile clamour giv'n,
 And from the face of friendship driv'n,
 The nymph sunk prostrate on the ground,
 With all her weight of woes around.

Enthron'd within a circling sky,
 Upon a mount, o'er mountains high,
 All radiant fate, as in a shrine;
 Virtue, first effluence divine;
 Far, far above the scenes of woe,
 That shut this cloud-wrapt world below;
 Superior goddess, essence bright,
 Beauty of uncreated light;
 Whom should mortality survey,
 As doom'd upon a certain day,
 The breath of frailty must expire,
 The world dissolve in living fire;
 The gems of heav'n, and solar flames,
 Be quench'd by her eternal beam;
 And Nature, quick'ning in her eye,
 To rise a new-born phoenix, die.

Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
 A veil around her form she threw,
 Which three sad sisters of the shade,
 Pain, Care, and Melancholy made.

Thro' this her all-enquiring eye,
 Attentive from her station high,
 Beheld, abandon'd to despair,
 The ruins of her fav'rite fair;
 And with a voice, whose awful sound
 Appall'd the guilty world around,
 Bid the tumultuous winds be still,
 To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill,
 Uncurl'd the surging of the main,
 And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain;
 The golden harp of heav'n she strung,
 And thus the tuneful goddess sung.

Lovely

* Lovely penitent, arise;
 * Come, and claim thy kindred cries!
 * Come! thy sister angels say,
 * Thou hast wept thy stains away.

* Let Experience now decide,
 * 'Twixt the good and evil try'd;
 * In the smooth, enchanted ground,
 * Say, unfold the treasures found!

* Structures, rais'd by morning dreams;
 * Sands that tripp'd the flitting streams;
 * Down, that anchors on the air;
 * Clouds, that paint their changes there.

* Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie,
 * While the storm impends on high;
 * Shewing in an obvious glass,
 * Joys that in possession pass;

* Transient, fickle, light and gay,
 * Flatt'ring only to betray;
 * What, alas! can life contain?
 * Life! like all it's circles, vain.

* Will the stork, intending rest,
 * On the billow build her nest?
 * Will the bee demand his store
 * From the bleak and bladeless shore?

* Man alone, intent to stray,
 * Ever turns from Wisdom's way,
 * Lays up wealth in foreign land,
 * Sows the sea, and plows the sand.

' Soon this elemental mass,
 ' Soon th' incumb'ring world shall pass;
 ' Form be wrapt in wasting fire;
 ' Time be spent, and life expire.

' Then, ye boasted sons of men,
 ' Where is your asylum then?
 ' Sons of Pleasure, sons of Care,
 ' Tell me, mortals, tell me where?

' Gone, like traces on the deep;
 ' Like a sceptre grasp'd in sleep;
 ' Dews exhal'd from morning glades;
 ' Melting snows, and gliding shades!

' Pass the world; and what's behind?
 ' Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
 ' From an universe deprav'd,
 ' From the wreck of nature sav'd.

' Like the life-supporting grain,
 ' Fruit of patience and of pain,
 ' On the swain's autumnal day,
 ' Winnow'd from the chaff away,

' Little trembler, fear no more;
 ' Thou hast plenteous crops in store!
 ' Seed, by genial sorrows sown,
 ' More than all thy scorers own.

' What, tho' hostile earth despise;
 ' Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes!
 ' Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide,
 ' Cheer thy hours, and guard thy side.

• When

• When the fatal trumpet shall sound,
• When th' immortals pour around,
• Heav'n shall thy return attest,
• Hail'd by myriads of the blest'd.

• Little native of the skies,
• Lovely penitent, arise;
• Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
• Virtue is thy sister now!

• More delightful are my woes,
• Than the rapture pleasure knows;
• Richer far the weeds I bring,
• Than the robes that grace a king.

• On my wars of shortest date,
• Crowns of endless triumph wait;
• On my cares, a period blest'd;
• On my toils, eternal rest.

• Come, with Virtue at thy side;
• Come! be ev'ry bar def'd,
• Till we gain our native shore;
• Sister, come, and turn no more!"

THE ROSCIAD.

BY MR. CHARLES CHURCHILL.

ROSCIUS deceas'd, each high-aspiring play'r
Push'd all his int'rest for the vacant chair.
The buskin'd heroes of the mimic stage
No longer whine in love, and rant in rage;

The monarch quits his throne, and condescends 9
 Humbly to court the favour of his friends ;
 For pity's sake tells undeserv'd mishaps,
 And their applause to gain, recounts his claps.
 Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
 To win the mob, a suppliant's form assume ; 19
 In pompous strain fight o'er th' extinguish'd war,
 And shew where honour bled in ev'ry scar.
 But tho' bare merit might in Rome appear
 The strongest plea for favour, 'tis not here ;
 We form our judgment in another way, 15
 And they will best succeed, who best can pay :
 Those who would gain the votes of British tribes,
 Must add to force of merit, force of bribes.
 What can an actor give ? In ev'ry age
 Cash hath been rudely banish'd from the stage ; 20
 Monarchs themselves, to grief of ev'ry play'r,
 Appear as often as their image there ;
 They can't, like candidate for other seat,
 Pour seas of wine, and mountains raise of meat.
 Wine ! they could bribe you with the world as soon ; 25
 And of Roast Beef they only know the tune :
 But what they have, they give ; could Clive do more,
 Tho' for each million he had brought home four ?
 Shuter keeps open house at Southwark fair,
 And hopes the friends of humour will be there. 30
 In Smithfield, Yates prepares the rival treat,
 For those who laughter love instead of meat.
 Foote, at Old House, for even Foote will be
 In self-conceit an actor, bribes with tea ;
 Which Wilkinson at second-hand receives, 35
 And at the New pours water on the leaves.
 The town divided, each runs sev'ral ways,
 As passion, humour, int'rest, party sways.
 Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
 Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair, 40
A dress

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

21

A dress well chosen, or a patch misplac'd,
Conciliate favour, or create distaste.

From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunder Shuter's praises—he's so droll.

Embox'd, the ladies must have something smart;
Palmer! O Palmer tops the janty part!

45

Seated in pit, the dwarf with aching eyes
Looks up, and vows that Barry's out of size;
Whilst to fix feet the vigorous stripling grown,
Declares that Garrick is another Coan.

50

When place of judgment is by whim supply'd,
And our opinions have their rise in pride;
When, in discoursing on each mimic elf,
We praise and censure with an eye to self,
All must meet friends, and Ackman bids as fair,
In such a court, as Garrick for the chair.

55

At length agreed all squabbles to decide,
By some one judge the cause was to be try'd:
But this their squabbles did afresh renew;
Who should be judge in such a trial—who?

60

For Johnson some; but Johnson, it was fear'd,
Would be too grave—and Sterne too gay appear'd.
Others for Francklin voted; but 'twas known,
He sicken'd at all triumphs but his own.

For Colman many; but the peevish tongue
Of prudent age, found out that he was young.
For Murphy some few pilf'ring wits declar'd,
Whilst Folly clapp'd her hands, and Wisdom star'd.

65

To mischief train'd, e'en from his mother's womb,
Grown old in fraud, tho' yet in manhood's bloom;
Adopting arts by which gay villains rise,
And reach the heights which honest men despise;
Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud;
Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud;
A pert, prim prater, of the northern race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,

70

75

Stood

Stood forth—and thrice he wav'd his lily hand,
And thrice he twirl'd his tye, thrice strok'd his band.

' At Friendship's call,' (thus oft, with trait'rous aim,
Men void of faith, usurp Faith's sacred name)

80

' At Friendship's call I come, by Murphy sent,

' Who thus, by me, developes his intent :

' But lest, transfus'd, the spirit should be lost,

' That spirit which, in storms of rhet'rick toss'd,

' Bounces about, and flies like bottled beer,

85

' In his own words his own intentions hear.

" Thanks to my friends—but, to vile fortunes born,

" No robes of fur these shoulders must adorn.

" Vain your applause, no aid from thence I draw ;

" Vain all my wit, for what is wit in law !

90

" Twice, (curs'd remembrance !) twice I strove to gain

" Admittance 'mongst the law-instructed train,

" Who in the Temple and Gray's Inn prepare,

" For clients wretched feet, the legal snare ;

" Dead to those arts which polish and refine,

95

" Deaf to all worth, because that worth was mine,

" Twice did those blockheads startle at my name,

" And foul rejection gave me up to shame ;

" To laws and lawyers then I bade adieu,

" And plans of far more lib'ral note pursue.

100

" Who will, may be a judge—my kindling breast

" Burns for that chair which Roscius once possess'd.

" Here give your votes, your int'rest here exert,

" And let success, for once, attend desert."

With sleek appearance, and with ambling pace,

105

And type of vacant head with vacant face,

The Proteus Hill put in his modest plea :

' Let favour speak for others, worth for me.'

For who, like him, his various pow'rs could call

Into so many shapes, and shine in all ?

110

Who could so nobly grace the motley list,

Actor, Inspector, Doctor, Botanist ?

Knows

Knows any one so well—sure no one knows—
At once to play, prescribe, compound, compose?
Who can—But Woodward came—Hill slipp'd away, 115
Melting, like ghosts, before the rising day.

With that low cunning which in fools supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise,
Which Nature, kind indulgent parent! gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave; 120

With that smooth falshood, whose appearance charms,
And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms;
Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears friendship's mask for purposes of spite, 125

Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that malignant envy, which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail;
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate; 130

With the cold caution of a coward's spleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen;
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What's basely done, should be done safely too;
With that dull, rooted, callous impudence, 135

Which, dead to shame, and every nicer sense,
Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading vice's snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares;
With all these blessings, which we seldom find,
Lavish'd by Nature on one happy mind, 140

A motley figure, of the fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,
Came simpering on; to ascertain whose sex,
Twelve sage impannell'd matrons would perplex;
Nor male, nor female; neither, and yet both; 145
Of neuter gender, tho' of Irish growth;
A six foot sucking, mincing in it's gait,
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate!

Fearful it seem'd, tho' of athletick make,
 Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
 It's tender form, and savage motion spread
 O'er it's pale cheeks the horrid manly red. 150

Much did it talk, in it's own pretty phrase,
 Of genius and of taste, of play'rs and plays;
 Much too of writing which itself had wrote,
 Of special merit, tho' of little note; 155

For Fate, in a strange humour, had decreed
 That what it wrote, none but itself should read:
 Much, too, it chatter'd of dramatick laws,
 Misjudging criticks, and misplac'd applause; 160

Then, with a self-complacent, jutting air,
 It smil'd, it smirk'd, it wriggled to the chair;
 And with an aukward briskness, not it's own,
 Looking around, and perking on the throne,
 Triumphant seem'd—when that strange savage dame, 165

Known but to few, or only known by name,
 Plain Common Sense, appear'd; by Nature there
 Appointed, with Plain Truth, to guard the chair:
 The pageant saw, and blasted with her frown,
 To it's first state of nothing melted down. 170

Nor shall the Muse (for even there the pride
 Of this vain nothing shall be mortify'd)
 Nor shall the Muse (should Fate ordain her rhymes,
 Fond, pleasing thought! to live in after-times)
 With such a trifler's name her pages blot; 175

Known be the character, the thing forgot:
 Let it, to disappoint each future aim,
 Live without sex, and die without a name!
 Cold-blooded criticks, by enervate fires
 Scarce hammer'd out, when Nature's feeble fires 180

Glimmer'd their last; whose sluggish blood, half-froze,
 Creeps lab'ring thro' the veins; whose heart ne'er glows
 With fancy-kindled heat—a servile race,
 Who in mere want of fault all merit place;

Who

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

25

Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools,
Bigots to Greece, and slaves to musty rules,
With solemn consequence declar'd, that none
Could judge that cause, but Sophocles alone :
Dupes to their fancy'd excellence, the crowd,
Obsequious to the sacred dictate, bow'd.

185

190

When from amidst the throng a youth stood forth,
Unknown his person, not unknown his worth :
His look bespoke applause ; alone he stood,
Alone he stemm'd the mighty critick flood :
He talk'd of ancients as the man became,
Who priz'd our own ; but envied not their fame ;
With noble reverence spoke of Greece and Rome,
And scorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb.

195

‘ But more than just to other countries grown,

‘ Must we turn base apostates to our own ?

200

‘ Where do these words of Greece and Rome excel,

‘ That England may not please the ear as well ?

‘ What mighty magick's in the place or air,

‘ That all perfections needs must centre there ?

‘ In states, let strangers blindly be preferr'd ;

205

‘ In state of letters, Merit should be heard.

‘ Genius is of no country ; her pure ray

‘ Spreads all abroad, as gen'ral as the day ;

‘ Foe to restraint, from place to place she flies,

‘ And may hereafter e'en in Holland rise.

210

‘ May not, (to give a pleasing fancy scope,

‘ And cheer a patriot heart with patriot hope)

‘ May not some great, extensive genius, raise

‘ The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praise ;

‘ And, whilst brave thirst of fame his bosom warms,

215

‘ Make England great in letters as in arms ?

‘ There may—there hath—and Shakespeare's muse aspires

‘ Beyond the reach of Greece ; with native fires,

‘ Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,

‘ Whilst Sophocles below stands trembling at his height.

220

D

‘ Why

' Why should we then abroad for judges roam,
 ' When abler judges we may find at home ?
 ' Happy in tragick and in comick pow'rs,
 ' Have we not Shakespeare ? is not Johnson ours ?
 ' For them, your nat'ral judges, Britons ! vote ; 225
 ' They'll judge like Britons, who like Britons wrote.'

He said, and conquer'd—Sense resum'd her sway,
 And disappointed pedants stalk'd away :
 Shakespeare and Johnson, with deserv'd applause,
 Joint judges were ordain'd to try the cause. 230
 Mean time the stranger ev'ry voice employ'd,
 To ask or tell his name—Who is it ?—Lloyd.

Thus, when the aged friends of Job stood mute,
 And, tamely prudent, gave up the dispute,
 Elihu, with the decent warmth of youth, 235
 Boldly stood forth the advocate of Truth,
 Confuted Falshood, and disabled Pride,
 While baffled Age stood snarling at his side.

The day of trial's fix'd ; nor any fear
 Left day of trial should be put off here. 240
 Causes but seldom for delay can call,
 In courts where forms are few, fees none at all.

The morning came; nor find I that the fun,
 As he on other great events hath done,
 Put on a brighter robe than what he wore 245
 To go his journey in the day before.

Full in the centre of a spacious plain,
 On plan entirely new, where nothing vain,
 Nothing magnificent, appear'd, but Art,
 With decent modesty perform'd her part, 250
 Rose a tribunal ; from no other court
 It borrow'd ornament, or sought support :
 No-juries here were pack'd to kill or clear ;
 No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken here ;
 No gownsmen, partial to a client's cause, 255
 To their own purpose turn'd the pliant laws ;

Each

Each judge was true and steady to his trust,
 As Mansfield wife, and as old Foster just.
 In the first seat, in robe of various dyes,
 A noble wildness flashing from his eyes, 260
 Sat Shakespeare—in one hand a wand he bore,
 For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore ;
 The other held a globe, which to his will
 Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill :
 Things of the noblest kind his genius drew, 265
 And look'd through Nature at a single view ;
 A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
 And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll ;
 Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
 And passing Nature's bounds, was something more. 270

Next Johnson sat, in ancient learning train'd,
 His rigid judgment fancy's flights restrain'd,
 Correctly prun'd each wild luxuriant thought,
 Mark'd out her course, nor spar'd a glorious fault :
 The book of Man he read with nicest art, 275
 And ransack'd all the secrets of the heart ;
 Exerted penetration's utmost force,
 And trac'd each passion to it's proper source ;
 Then, strongly mark'd, in liveliest colours drew,
 And brought each foible forth to publick view : 280
 The coxcomb felt a lash in ev'ry word,
 And fools hung out, their brother fools deterr'd :
 His oomick humour kept the world in awe,
 And Laughter frighten'd Folly more than Law.

But, hark !—the trumpet sounds, the crowd gives way, 285
 And the procession comes in just array.

Now should I, in some sweet poetick line,
 Offer up incense at Apollo's shrine,
 Invoke the Muse to quit her calm abode,
 And waken mem'ry with a sleeping ode : 290
 For how should mortal man, in mortal verse,
 Their titles, merits, or their names, rehearse ?

But give, kind Dulness ! memory and rhyme,
We'll put off Genius till another time.

First, Order came—with solemn step and flow, 295
In measur'd time his feet were taught to go :
Behind, from time to time, he cast his eye,
Lest this should quit his place, that step awry :
Appearances to save, his only care ;
So things seem right, no matter what they are : 300
In him his parents saw themselves renew'd,
Begotten by Sir Critick on Saint Prude.

Then come Drum, Trumpet, Hautboy, Fiddle, Flute ;
Next Snuffer, Sweeper, Shifter, Soldier, Mute :
Legions of angels all in white advance ; 305
Furies all fire, come forward in a dance ;
Pantomime figures then are brought to view,
Fools hand in hand with fools, go two by two.
Next came the Treasurer of either House,
One with full purse, t'other with not a sou : 310
Behind a group of figures awe create,
Set off with all th' impertinence of state ;
By lace and feather consecrate to fame,
Expletive kings and queens without a name.

Here Havard, all serene, in the same strains, 315
Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and complains ;
His easy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.
With him came mighty Davies—on my life,
That Davies hath a very pretty wife ! 320
Statesman all over !—in plots famous grown !—
He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone.

Next Holland came—with truly tragick stalk,
He creeps, he flies—a hero should not walk.
As if with Heav'n he warr'd, his eager eyes 325
Planted their batteries against the skies ;
Attitude, action, air, pause, start, sigh, groan,
He borrow'd, and made use of as his own.

By

By Fortune thrown on any other stage,
 He might perhaps have pleas'd an easy age;
 But now appears a copy, and no more,
 Of something better we have seen before.
 The actor who would build a solid fame,
 Must imitation's servile arts disclaim;
 Act from himself, on his own bottom stand: 335
 I hate e'en Garrick, thus, at second-hand.
 Behind came King—bred up in modest lore,
 Bashful and young, he sought Hibernia's shore;
 Hibernia! fam'd, 'bove ev'ry other grace,
 For matchless intrepidity of face. 340
 From her his features caught the gen'rous flame,
 And bid defiance to all sense of shame:
 Tutor'd by her all rivals to surpass,
 'Mongst Drury's sons he comes, and shines in Brads.
 Lo, Yates!—without the least finesse of art, 345
 He gets applause—I wish he'd get his part,
 When hot impatience is in full career,
 How vilely 'Hark'e! Hark'e!' grates the ear;
 When active fancy from the brain is sent,
 And stands on tip-toe for some wish'd event, 350
 I hate those careless blunders, which recal
 Suspended sense, and prove it fiction all.
 In characters of low and vulgar mould,
 Where Nature's coarsest features we behold,
 Where, destitute of ev'ry decent grace, 355
 Unmanner'd jests are blurted in your face;
 There Yates, with justice strict, attention draws,
 Acts truly from himself, and gains applause;
 But when to please himself, or charm his wife,
 He aims at something in politer life, 360
 When, blindly thwarting Nature's stubborn plan,
 He treads the stage by way of gentleman,
 The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
 Looks like Tom Errand dress'd in Clincher's cloaths.
 Fond

Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown, 365
 Laugh'd at by all, and to himself unknown,
 From side to side he struts, he smiles, he prates,
 And seems to wonder what's become of Yates.

Woodward, endu'd with various tricks of face,
 Great master in the science of grimace, 370
 From Ireland ventures, fav'rite of the town,
 Lur'd by the pleasing prospect of renown ;
 A speaking Harlequin, made up of whim,
 He twists, he twines, he tortures ev'ry limb;
 Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art, 375
 And leaves to sense the conquest of the heart.
 We laugh, indeed ; but, on reflection's birth,
 We wonder at ourselves, and curse our mirth.
 His walk of parts he fatally misplac'd,
 And inclination fondly took for taste ; 380
 Hence hath the town so often seen display'd,
 Beau in burlesque, high life in masquerade.

But when bold wits, not such as patch up plays
 Cold and correct, in these insipid days,
 Some comick character, strong featur'd, urge 385
 To probability's extreme verge,
 Where modest judgment her decree suspends,
 And for a time nor censures nor commends ;
 Where criticks can't determine on the spot,
 Whether it is in nature found or not ; 390
 There Woodward safely shall his pow'rs exert,
 Nor fail of favour where he shews desert ;
 Hence he in Bobadil such praises bore,
 Such worthy praises, Kitely scarce had more.

By turns transform'd into all kind of shapes, 395
 Constant to none, Foote laughs, cries, struts, and scrapes :
 Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
 The Proteus shifts, bawd, parson, auctioneer.
 His strokes of humour, and his bursts of sport,
 Are all contain'd in this one word, **DISTORT.** 400
Doth

Doth a man stutter, look askint, or halt,
Mimicks draw humour out of Nature's fault;
With personal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang misfortunes out to publick scorn.
E'en I, whom Nature cast in hideous mould,
Whom having made, she trembled to behold,
Beneath the load of mimickry may groan,
And find that Nature's errors are my own.

405

Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward came,
Wilkinson this, Obrien was that name.

410

Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even shadows have their shadows too!
With not a single comick pow'r endu'd,

The first a mere mere mimick's mimick stood;

The last, by Nature form'd to please, who shows,

415

In Johnson's Stephen, which way genius grows,

Self quite put off, affects with too much art

To put on Woodward in each mangled part;

Adopts his shrug, his wink, his stare; nay, more,

His voice, and croaks; for Woodward croak'd before.

420

When a dull copier simple grace neglects,

And rests his imitation in defects,

We readily forgive; but such vile arts

Are double guilt in men of real parts.

By Nature form'd in her perversest mood,

425

With no one requisite of art endu'd,

Next Jackson came—Observe that settled glare,

Which better speaks a puppet than a play'r;

Lift to that voice—did ever discord hear

Sounds so well fitted to her untun'd ear?

430

When, to enforce some very tender part,

The right-hand sleeps by instinct on the heart,

His soul, of ev'ry other thought bereft,

Is anxious only where to place the left:

He sobs and pants, to soothe his weeping spouse;

435

To soothe his weeping mother, turns and bows:

Aukward,

Aukward, embarrass'd, stiff, without the skill
 Of moving gracefully, or standing still;
 One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
 Desirous seems to run away from t'other. 440

Some errors, handed down from age to age,
 Plead custom's force, and still possess the stage.
 That's vile—Should we a parent's faults adore;
 And err, because our fathers err'd before!
 If, inattentive to the author's mind, 445

Some actors made the jest they could not find;
 If by low tricks they marr'd fair Nature's mien,
 And blurr'd the graces of the simple scene;
 Shall we, if reason rightly is employ'd,
 Not see their faults; or, seeing, not avoid? 450
 When Falstaff stands detected in a lye,

Why, without meaning, rolls Love's glassy eye?
 Why—there's no cause—at least, no cause we know—
 It was the fashion twenty years ago.
 Fashion! a word which knaves and fools may use, 455
 Their knavery and folly to excuse.

To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence
 To fame; to copy faults, is want of sense.
 Yet (tho' in some particulars he fails,
 Some few particulars, where mode prevails) 460

If in these hallow'd times, when sober, sad,
 All gentlemen are melancholy mad;
 When 'tis not deem'd so great a crime, by half,
 To violate a vestal, as to laugh;
 Rude mirth may hope presumpt'ous to engage 465

An act of toleration for the stage;
 And courtiers will, like reasonable creatures,
 Suspend vain fashion, and unscrew their features;
 Old Falstaff, play'd by Love, shall please once more,
 And humour set the audience in a roar. 470

Actors I've seen, and of no vulgar name,
 Who being from one part possess'd of fame,

Whether

Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,
Still introduce that fav'rite part in all.

Here, Love, be cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd 475
To call in that wag Falstaff's dang'rous aid;
Like Goths of old, howe'er he seems a friend,
He'll seize that throne you wish him to defend.

In a peculiar mould by humour cast,
For Falstaff fram'd—himself the first and last— 480
He stands aloof from all—maintains his state,
And scorns, like Scotsmen, to assimilate.

Vain all disguise—too plain we see the trick,
Tho' the knight wears the weeds of Dominick;
And Boniface, disgrac'd, betrays the smack, 485
In ANNO DOMINE, of Falstaff's sack.

Arms cross'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet marching slow,
A band of malcontents with spleen o'erflow;

Wrapt in conceit's impenetrable fog,
Which pride, like Phœbus, draws from ev'ry bog, 490
They curse the managers, and curse the town,
Whose partial favour keeps such merit down.

But if some man, more hardy than the rest,
Should dare attack these gnatlings in their nest,
At once they rise with impotence of rage, 495
Whet their small stings, and buzz about the stage.

'Tis breach of privilege!—Shall any dare
' To arm satirick truth against a play'r?
' Prescriptive rights we plead, time out of mind;
' Actors, unlash'd themselves, may lash mankind.' 500

What! shall Opinion, then, of Nature free,
And lib'ral as the vagrant air, agree
To rust in chains like these, impos'd by things
Which, less than nothing, ape the pride of kings?

No—tho' half poets with half players join, 505
To curse the freedom of each honest line;
Tho' rage and malice dim their faded cheek,
What the Muse freely thinks, she'll freely speak;

With just disdain of ev'ry paltry sneer,
 Stranger alike to flattery and fear,
 In purpose fix'd, and to herself a rule,
 Publick contempt shall wait the publick fool.

Austin would always glisten in French silks;
 Ackman would Norris be—and Packer, Wilks;
 For who, like Ackman, can with humour please?
 Who can, like Packer, charm with sprightly ease?
 Higher than all the rest, see Brandy strut,
 A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput!
 Ludicrous Nature! which at once could show
 A man so very high, so very low.

If I forget thee, Blakes, or if I say
 Aught hurtful, may I never see thee play!
 Let criticks, with a supercilious air,
 Decry thy various merit, and declare
 Frenchman is still at top—but scorn that rage,
 Which, in attacking thee, attacks the age.
 French follies, universally embrac'd,
 At once provoke our mirth, and form our taste.

Long from a nation ever hardly us'd,
 At random censur'd, wantonly abus'd,
 Have Britons drawn their sport; with partial view
 Form'd gen'ral notions from the rascal few;
 Condemn'd a people, as for vices known,
 Which, from their country banish'd, seek our own.
 At length, howe'er, the slavish chain is broke,
 And Sense, awaken'd, scorns her ancient yoke:
 Taught by thee, Moody, we now learn to raise
 Mirth from their foibles, from their virtues praise.

Next came the legion which our summer Bayes
 From alleys here and there contriv'd to raise,
 Flush'd with vast hopes, and certain to succeed,
 With wits who cannot write, and scarce can read.
 Vet'rans no more support the rotten cause,
 No more from Elliot's worth they reap applause;

Each

Each on himself determines to rely ; 545
 Be Yates disbanded, and let Elliot fly.
 Never did play'rs. so well an autho'r fit,
 To Nature dead, and foes declar'd to wit.
 So loud each tongue, so empty was each head,
 So much they talk'd, so very little said, 550
 So wond'rous dull, and yet so wond'rous vain,
 At once so willing and unfit to reign,
 That Reason swore, nor would the oath recal,
 Their mighty master's soul inform'd them all.
 As one with various disappointments sad, 555
 Whom dulness only kept from being mad,
 Apart from all the rest great Murphy came—
 Common to fools and wits the rage of fame.
 What tho' the sons of Nonsense hail him Sire,
 Auditor, Author, Manager, and Squire? 560
 His restless soul's ambition stops not there ;
 To make his triumphs perfect, dub him Play'r.
 In person tall, a figure form'd to please,
 If symmetry could charm, depriv'd of ease :
 When motionless he stands, we all approve ; 565
 What pity 'tis the thing was made to move !
 His voice, in one dull, deep, unvary'd sound,
 Seems to break forth from caverns under ground ;
 From hollow chest the low sepulchral note
 Unwilling heaves, and struggles in his throat. 570
 Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace,
 All must to him resign the foremost place.
 When he attempts, in some one fav'rite part,
 To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
 His honest features the disguise defy, 575
 And his face loudly gives his tongue the lye.
 Still in extremes, he knows no happy mean,
 Or raving mad, or stupidly serene :
 In cold-wrought scenes the lifeless actor flags ;
 In passion, tears the passion into rags. 580

Can none remember? Yes, I know all must,
 When in the Moor he ground his teeth to dust,
 When o'er the stage he Folly's standard bore,
 Whilst Common Sense stood trembling at the door.

How few are found with real talents blest'd ! 585
 Fewer with Nature's gifts contented rest.
 Man from his sphere eccentric starts affray;
 All hunt for fame, but most mistake the way.
 Bred at St. Omer's to the shuffling trade,
 The hopeful youth a Jesuit might have made, 590
 With various readings stor'd his empty scull,
 Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull;
 Or at some banker's desk, like many more,
 Content to tell that two and two make four,
 His name had stood in city annals fair, 595
 And prudent dulness mark'd him for a may'r.

What then could tempt thee, in a critick age,
 Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a stage?
 Could it be worth thy wondrous waste of pains,
 To publish to the world thy lack of brains? 600
 Or might not Reason e'en to thee have shown,
 Thy greatest praise had been, to live unknown?
 Yet let not vanity like thine despair;
 Fortune makes Folly her peculiar care.

A vacant throne high-plac'd in Smithfield view, 605
 To sacred Dulness and her first-born due,
 Thither with haste in happy hour repair,
 Thy birth-right claim, nor fear a rival there;
 Shuter himself shall own thy juster claim,
 And venal Ledgers puff their Murphy's name; 610
 Whilst Vaughan or Dapper, call him which you will,
 Shall blow the trumpet, and give out the bill.

There rule secure from criticks and from sense,
 Nor once shall Genius rise to give offence;
 Eternal peace shall bless the happy shore, 615
 And little factions break thy rest no more.

From

From Covent Garden crowds promiscuous go,
 Whom the Muse knows not, nor desires to know:
 Vet'rans they seem'd, but knew of arms no more
 Than if, till that time, arms they never bore: 629
 Like Westminster militia, train'd to fight,
 They scarcely knew the left hand from the right:
 Asham'd among such troops to shew the head,
 Their chiefs were scatter'd, and their heroes fled.
 Sparks, at his gla'ss sat comfortably down, 625
 To sep'rate frown from smile, and smile from frown.
 Smith, the genteel, the airy, and the smart,
 Smith was just gone to school to say his part.
 Ross (a misfortune which we often meet)
 Was fast asleep at dear Statira's feet; 630
 Statira, with her hero to agree,
 Stood on her feet as fast asleep as he.
 Macklin, who largely deals in half-form'd sounds,
 Who wantonly transgresses Nature's bounds,
 Whose acting's hard, affected, and constrain'd, 635
 Whose features, as each other they disdain'd,
 At variance set, inflexible and coarse,
 Ne'er know the workings of united force,
 Ne'er kindly soften to each other's aid,
 Nor shew the mingled pow'rs of light and shade; 640
 No longer for a thankless stage concern'd,
 To worthier thoughts his mighty genius turn'd,
 Harangu'd, gave lectures, made each simple elf
 Almost as good a speaker as himself;
 Whilst the whole town, mad with mistaken zeal, 645
 An aukward rage for elocution feel,
 Dull cits and grave divines his praise proclaim,
 And join with Sheridan's their Macklin's name.
 Shuter, who never car'd a single pin,
 Whether he left out nonsense, or put in; 650
 Who aim'd at wit, tho' levell'd in the dark,
 The random arrow seldom hit the mark,

At Islington, all by the placid stream,
 Where city swains in lap of dulness dream ;
 Where quiet as her strains their strains do flow, 655
 That all the patron by the bards may know,
 Secret as night, with Rolt's experienc'd aid,
 The plan of future operations laid,
 Projected schemes the summer months to cheer,
 And spin out happy folly thro' the year. 660

But think not, tho' these dastard chiefs are fled,
 That Covent Garden troops shall want a head:
 Harlequin comes, their chief!—See, from afar,
 The hero seated in fantastick car! 665

Wedded to Novelty, his only arms 656
 Are wooden swords, wands, talismans, and charms:
 On one side Folly sits, by some call'd Fun ;
 And, on the other, his arch patron, Lun ;
 Behind, for liberty athirst in vain,
 Sense, helpless captive ! drags the galling chain ; 670

Six rude mis-shapen beasts the chariot draw,
 Whom Reason loaths, and Nature never saw !
 Monsters with tails of ice, and heads of fire,
 Gorgons and Hydras, and Chymæras dire.
 Each was bestrode by full as monstrous wight, 675
 Giant, Dwarf, Genius, Elf, Hermaphrodite.
 The town, as usual, met him in full cry ;
 The town, as usual, knew no reason why:
 But fashion so directs, and moderns raise,
 On fashion's mould'ring base, their transient praise. 680

Next, to the field a band of females draw
 Their force, for Britain owns no Salique law :
 Just to their worth, we female rights admit,
 Nor bar their claim to empire, or to wit.

First, giggling, plotting chamber-maids arrive, 685
 Hoydons and romps, led on by Gen'ral Clive ;
 In spite of outward blemishes she shone,
 For humour fam'd, and humour all her own :

Easy,

- Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod,
Nor fought the critick's praise, nor fear'd his rod : 690
Original in spirit, and in ease,
She pleas'd, by hiding all attempts to please :
No comick actresses ever yet could raise,
On humour's base, more merit or more praise.
With all the native vigour of sixteen, 695
Among the merry troop conspicuous seen,
See lively Pope advance in jig, and trip
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip ;
Not without art, but yet to Nature true,
She charms the town with humour just, yet new : 700
Heard by her promise, we the less deplore
The fatal time when Clive shall be no more.
Lo ! Vincent comes—with simple grace array'd,
She laughs at paltry arts, and scorns parade :
Nature thro' her is by reflection shown, 705
Whilst Gay once more knows Polly for his own.
Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—
I see it all, but must forgive it here ;
Defects like these, which modest terrors cause,
From impudence itself extort applause. 710
Candour and Reason still take Virtue's part ;
We love e'en foibles in so good a heart.
Let Tommy Arne, with usual pomp of style,
Whose chief, whose only merit's to compile,
Who, meanly pilf'ring here and there a bit, 715
Deals musick out, as Murphy deals out wit,
Publish propofals, laws for taste prescribe,
And chaunt the praise of an Italian tribe ;
Let him reverse kind Nature's first decrees,
And teach e'en Brent a method not to please ; 720
But never shall a truly British age
Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the stage :
The boasted work's call'd National in vain,
If one Italian voice pollutes the strain.

Where

Where tyrants rule, and slaves with joy obey, 725
 Let slavish minstrels pour th' enervate lay;
 To Britons far more noble pleasures spring,
 In native notes whilst Beard and Vincent sing.

Might figure give a title unto fame,
 What rival should with Yates dispute her claim? 730
 But justice may not partial trophies raise,
 Nor sink the actress in the woman's praise.
 Still hand in hand her words and actions go,
 And the heart feels more than the features show;
 For thro' the regions of that beauteous face, 735

We no variety of passions trace;
 Dead to the soft emotions of the heart,
 No kindred softness can those eyes impart:
 The brow, still fix'd in sorrow's fullen frame,
 Void of distinction, marks all parts the same. 740

What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
 Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
 Bless'd with all other requisites to please,
 Some want the striking elegance of ease;
 The curious eye their aukward movement tires; 745
 They seem like puppets led about by wires:
 Others, like statues, in one posture still,
 Give great ideas of the workman's skill;
 Wond'ring, his art we praise the more we view,
 And only grieve he gave not motion too. 750

Weak, of themselves, are what we beauties call;
 It is the manner which gives strength to all:
 This teaches ev'ry beauty to unite,
 And brings them forward in the noblest light.
 Happy in this, behold, amidst the throng, 755
 With transient gleam of grace, Hart sweeps along.

If all the wonders of eternal grace,
 A person finely turn'd, a mould of face,
 Where, union rare, Expression's lively force
 With Beauty's softest magick holds discourse, 760

Attract

Attract the eye ; if feelings, void of art,
 Rouze the quick passions, and inflame the heart ;
 If musick sweetly breathing from the tongue,
 Captives the ear, Bride must not pass unsung.

When fear, which rank ill-nature terms conceit,
 By time and custom conquer'd, shall retreat ; 765
 When judgment, tutor'd by experience sage,
 Shall shoot abroad, and gather strength from age ;
 When Heav'n in mercy shall the stage release
 From the dull slumbers of a still-life piece ; 770
 When some stale flow'r, disgraceful to the walk,
 Which long hath hung, tho' wither'd, on the stalk,
 Shall kindly drop, then Bride shall make her way,
 And merit find a passage to the day ;
 Brought into action, she at once shall raise, 775
 Her own renown, and justify our praise.

Form'd for the tragick scene, to grace the stage
 With rival excellence of love and rage,
 Mistress of each soft art, with matchless skill
 To turn and wind the passions as she will ; 780
 To melt the heart with sympathetick woe,
 Awake the sigh, and teach the tear to flow ;
 To put on frenzy's wild distracted glare,
 And freeze the soul with horror and despair ;
 With just desert enroll'd in endless fame, 785
 Conscious of worth superior, Cibber came.

When poor Alicia's madd'ning brains are rack'd,
 And strongly imag'd griefs her mind distract,
 Struck with her grief, I catch the madness too,
 My brain turns round, the headless trunk I view ! 790
 The roof cracks, shakes, and falls !—new horrors rise,
 And Reason bury'd in the ruin lies.

Nobly disdainful of each slavish art,
 She makes her first attack upon the heart ;
 Pleas'd with the summons, it receives her laws, 795
 And all is silence, sympathy, applause.

But when, by fond ambition drawn aside,
Giddy with praise, and puff'd with female pride,
She quits the tragick scene, and in pretence
To comick merit breaks down Nature's fence,
I scarcely can believe my ears or eyes,
Or find out Cibber thro' the dark disguise.

800

Pritchard, by Nature for the stage design'd,
In person graceful, and in sense refin'd;
Her art as much as Nature's friend became,
Her voice as free from blemish as her fame:
Who knows so well in majesty to please,
Attempter'd with the graceful charms of ease?

805

When Congreve's favour'd pantomime to grace,
She comes a captive queen of Moorish race;
When love, hate, jealousy, despair, and rage,
With wildest tumults in her breast engage,
Still equal to herself is Zara seen;
Her passions are the passions of a queen.

810

When she to murder whets the tim'rous Thanë,
I feel ambition rush through ev'ry vein;
Persuasion hangs upon her daring tongue,
My heart grows flint, and ev'ry nerve's new strung.

815

In comedy—'Nay, there,' cries Critick, 'hold!
'Pritchard's for comedy too fat and old:
'Who can, with patience, bear the grey coquette,
'Or force a laugh with over-grown Juliet?
'Her speech, look, action, humour, all are just,
'But then her age and figure give disgust.'

820

Are foibles, then, and graces of the mind,
In real life, to size or age confin'd?
Do spirits flow, and is good-breeding plac'd,
In any set circumference or waist?

825

As we grow old, doth affectation cease;
Or gives not age new vigour to caprice?
If in originals these things appear,
Why should we bar them in the copy here?

830

The

The nice punctilio-mongers of this age,
 The grand minute reformers of the stage,
 Slaves to propriety of every kind, 835
 Some standard measure for each part should find;
 Which when the best of actors shall exceed,
 Let it devolve to one of smaller breed.

All Actors, too, upon the back should bear
 Certificate of birth—time when—place where; 840
 For how can critics rightly fix their worth,
 Unless they know the minute of their birth?
 An audience, too, deceiv'd, may find, too late,
 That they have elapp'd an actor out of date.

Figure, I own, at first may give offence, 845
 And harshly strike the eye's too curious sense;
 But when perfections of the mind break forth,
 Humour's chaste sallies, judgment's solid worth;
 When the pure genuine flame, by Nature taught,
 Springs into sense, and every action's thought; 850
 Before such merit all objections fly,
 Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high.

Oft have I, Pritchard, seen thy wond'rous skill;
 Confess'd thee great, but find thee greater still;
 That worth which shone in scatter'd rays before, 855
 Collected now, breaks forth with double pow'r.
 The Jealous Wife! on that thy trophies raise,
 Inferior only to the author's praise.

From Dublin, fam'd in legends of romance,
 For mighty magick of enchanted lance, 860
 With which her heroes arm'd, victorious prove,
 And like a flood, run o'er the land of Love,
 Mossop and Barry came—names ne'er design'd
 By Fate in the same sentence to be join'd.
 Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim, 865
 They mounted to the pinnacle of fame;
 There the weak brain, made giddy with the height,
 Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight:

Thus sportive boys, around some bason's brim,
Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling swim; 870
But if, from lungs more potent, there arise
Two bubbles of a more than common size,
Eager for honour, they for fight prepare,
Bubble meets bubble, and both sink to air.

Mossop, attach'd to military plan, 875
Still kept his eye fix'd on his right-hand man;
Whilst the mouth measures words with seeming skill,
The right-hand labours, and the left lies still;
For he resolv'd on Scripture grounds to go,
What the right doth, the left-hand shall not know. 880
With study'd impropriety of speech
He soars beyond the hackney-critick's reach;
To epithets allots emphatick state,
Whilst principals, ungrac'd, like lacquies, wait;
In ways first trodden by himself excels, 885
And stands alone in indeclinables;
Conjunction, preposition, adverb, join,
To stamp new vigour on the nervous line:
In monosyllables his thunders roll,
He, she, it, and we, ye, they, fright the soul. 890

In person taller than the common size,
Behold where Barry draws admiring eyes!
When lab'ring passions, in his bosom pent,
Convulsive rage, and struggling heave for vent,
Spectators, with imagin'd terrors warm, 895
Anxious expect the bursting of the storm;
But all unfit in such a pile to dwell,
His voice comes forth like Echo from her cell;
To swell the tempest needful aid denies,
And all adown the stage in feeble murmurs dies. 900

What man, like Barry, with such pains can err,
In elocution, action, character?
What man could give, if Barry was not here,
Such well-applauded tenderness to Lear?

Who

Who else can speak so very, very fine, 905

That sense may kindly end with ev'ry line ?

Some dozen lines before the ghost is there,

Behold him for the solemn scene prepare ;

See how he frames his eyes, poizes each limb,

Puts the whole body into proper trim : 910

From whence we learn, with no great stretch of art,

Five lines hence comes a ghost ; and, Ha ! a start.

When he appears most perfect, still we find

Something which jars upon and hurts the mind :

Whatever lights upon a part are thrown, 915

We see too plainly they are not his own :

No flame from Nature ever yet he caught,

Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught :

He rais'd his trophies on the base of art,

And conn'd his passions as he conn'd his part. 920

Quin, from afar, lur'd by the scent of fame,

A stage leviathan, put in his claim,

Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,

Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own ;

For how should moderns, mushrooms of the day, 925

Who ne'er those masters knew, know how to play ?—

Grey-bearded vet'rans, who with partial tongue,

Extol the times when they themselves were young ;

Who having lost all relish for the stage,

See not their own defects, but lash the age ; 930

Receiv'd, with joyful murmurs of applause,

Their darling chief, and lin'd his fav'rite cause.

Far be it from the candid Muse, to tread

Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead ;

But, just to living merit, she maintains, 935

And dares the test, whilst Garrick's genius reigns,

Ancients in vain endeavour to excel,

Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.

But tho' prescription's force we disallow,

Nor to antiquity submissive bow ; 940

Tho'

- Tho' we deny imaginary grace,
 Founded on accidents of time and place,
 Yet real worth of ev'ry growth shall bear
 Due praise ; nor must we, Quin, forget thee there.
 His words bore sterling weight ; nervous and strong, 945
 In manly tides of sense they roll'd along :
 Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
 To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense.
 No actor ever greater heights could reach,
 In all the labour'd artifice of speech. 950
 Speech ! is that all ?—And shall an actor found
 An universal fame on partial ground ?
 Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
 And in six months my dog shall howl by note.
 I laugh at those who, when the stage they tread, 955
 Neglect the heart to compliment the head ;
 With strict propriety their care's confin'd
 To weigh out words, while passion halts behind :
 To syllable-dissectors they appeal,
 Allow them accent, cadence—fools may feel ; 960
 But, spite of all the criticising elves,
 Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves !
 His eyes in gloomy socket taught to roll,
 Proclaim'd the sullen habit of his soul :
 Heavy and phlegmatick he trod the stage, 965
 Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.
 When Hector's lovely widow shines in tears,
 Or Rowe's gay rake dependent virtue jeers,
 With the same cast of features he is seen
 To chide the libertine, and court the queen. 970
 From the same scene, which without passion flows,
 With just desert his reputation rose ;
 Nor less he pleas'd, when, on some surly plan,
 He was, at once, the actor and the man.
 In Brute he shone unequall'd : all agree, 975
 Garrick's not half so great a Brute as he.—

When

When Cato's labour'd scenes are brought to view,
With equal praise the actor labour'd too ;
For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,
Small difference 'twixt the stoick and the brute.

980

In fancy'd scenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not, for a moment, sink the man.
In whate'er cast his character was laid,
Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd.
Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in :
Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff—still 'twas Quin.

985

Next follows Sheridan—a doubtful name,
As yet unsettled in the rank of fame :
This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
Gives him all merit, that allows him none.

990

Between them both we'll steer the middle course,
Nor, loving praise, rob judgment of her force.

Just his conceptions, natural and great,
His feelings strong, his words enforc'd with weight.
Was speech-fam'd Quin himself to hear him speak,

995

Envy would drive the colour from his cheek ;
But step-dame Nature, niggard of her grace,
Deny'd the social pow'rs of voice and face.

Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
Passions, like chaos, in confusion lie :

1000

In vain the wonders of his skill are try'd
To form distinctions Nature hath deny'd.

His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep, and shrill, by fits ;

The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife.

1005

His actions always strong, but sometimes such,
That candour must declare he acts too much.

Why must impatience fall three paces back ?

Why paces three return to the attack ?

1010

Why is the right leg, too, forbid to stir,

Unless in motion semi-circular ?

Why

Why must the hero with the Nailor vie,
 And hurl the close-clinch'd fist at nose or eye?
 In Royal John, with Philip angry grown, 1015
 I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies down.

Inhuman tyrant! was it not a shame,
 To fright a king so harmless and so tame?
 But, spite of all defects, his glories rise,
 And art, by judgment form'd, with Nature vies. 1020
 Behold him sound the depth of Hubert's soul,
 Whilst in his own contending passions roll:

View the whole scene, with critick judgment scan,
 And then deny him merit, if you can.
 Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault alone; 1025
 Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own.

Last, Garrick came—Behind him throng a train
 Of snarling Criticks, ignorant as vain.

One finds out—'He's of stature somewhat low;
 'Your hero always should be tall, you know: 1030
 'True nat'ral greatness all consists in height.'
 Produce your voucher, Critick.—'Serjeant Kite.'

Another can't forgive the paltry arts
 By which he makes his way to shallow hearts;
 Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause. 1035
 'Avaunt! unnat'ral start, affected pause.'

For me, by Nature form'd to judge with phlegm,
 I can't acquit by wholesale, nor condemn.
 The best things carried to excess are wrong;
 The start may be too frequent, pause too long; 1040
 But, only us'd in proper time and place,
 Severest judgment must allow them grace.

If bunglers, form'd on imitation's plan,
 Just in the way that monkies mimic man,
 Their copy'd scene with mangled arts disgrace, 1045
 And pause and start with the same vacant face,
 We join the critick laugh; those tricks we scorn,
 Which spoil the scenes they mean them to adorn;

But

But when, from Nature's pure and genuine source,
These strokes of acting flow with gen'rous force, 1050
When in the features all the soul's pourtray'd,
And passions such as Garrick's are display'd,
To me they seem from quickest feelings caught,
Each start is Nature, and each pause is thought.

When reason yields to passion's wild alarms, 1055
And the whole state of man is up in arms,
What but a critick could condemn the play'r
For pausing here, when cool sense pauses there?
Whilst, working from the heart, the fire I trace,
And mark it strongly flaming to the face; 1060
Whilst in each sound I hear the very man,
I can't catch words, and pity those who can.

Let wits, like spiders, from the tortur'd brain
Fine-draw the critick-web with curious pain;
The gods—a kindness I with thanks must pay— 1065
Have form'd me of a coarser kind of clay;
Nor stung with envy, nor with spleen diseas'd,
A poor dull creature, still with Nature pleas'd:
Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree,
And pleas'd with Nature, must be pleas'd with thee. 1070

Now might I tell how silence reign'd throughout,
And deep attention hush'd the rabble rout;
How ev'ry claimant, tortur'd with desire,
Was pale as ashes, or as red as fire;
But, loose to fame, the Muse more simply acts, 1075
Rejects all flourish, and relates mere facts.

The judges, as the sev'ral parties came,
With temper heard, with judgment weigh'd each claim;
And, in their sentence happily agreed,
In name of both, great Shakespeare thus decreed. 1080

• If manly sense; if Nature link'd with art;
• If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
• If pow'rs of acting, vast and unconfin'd;
• If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd;

- ' If strong expression, and strange pow'rs which lie 108g
 ' Within the magick circle of the eye;
 ' If feelings, which few hearts like his can know,
 ' And which no face so well as his can show,
 ' Deserve the preference—Garrick! take the chair;
 ' Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there!' 1090

A NIGHT - PIECE.

BY MISS CARTER.

WHILE Night in solemn shade invests the pole,
 And calm reflection soothes the pensive soul;
 While reason undisturb'd asserts her sway,
 And life's deceitful colours fade away;
 To thee! All-conscious Presence! I devote
 This peaceful interval of sober thought:
 Here all my better faculties confine;
 And be this hour of sacred silence thine!
 If, by the day's illusive scenes misled,
 My erring soul from Virtue's path has stray'd;
 Snar'd by example, or by passion warm'd,
 Some false delight my giddy sense has charm'd;
 My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
 And my best hopes are center'd in thy love.
 Depriv'd of this, can life one joy afford!
 It's utmost boast, a vain unmeaning word.

But, ah! how oft my lawless passions rove,
 And break those awful precepts I approve!
 Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,
 And violate the virtue I adore!
 Oft, when thy better Spirit's guardian care
 Warn'd my fond soul to shun the tempting snare,
 My stubborn will his gentle aid repels'd,
 And check'd the rising goodness in my breast,

Mad

Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by false desires,
Still'd his soft voice, and quench'd his sacred fires.

With grief oppress'd, and prostrate in the dust,
Should'st thou condemn, I own the sentence just.
But, oh ! thy softer titles let me claim,
And plead my cause by Mercy's gentle name.
Mercy ! that wipes the penitential tear,
And dissipates the horrors of despair ;
From rigorous justice steals the vengeful hour,
Softens the dreadful attribute of Power,
Disarms the wrath of an offended God,
And seals my pardon in a Saviour's blood!

All-powerful Grace, exert thy gentle sway,
And teach my rebel passions to obey ;
Lest lurking folly, with insidious art,
Regain my volatile inconstant heart !
Shall every high resolve devotion frames,
Be only lifeless sounds and specious names ?
O rather, while thy hopes and fears controul,
In this still hour, each motion of my soul,
Secure it's safety by a sudden doom,
And be the soft retreat of sleep my tomb !
Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,
Till the last morn it's orient beam disclose :
Then, when the great archangel's potent sound
Shall echo thro' creation's ample round,
Wak'd from the sleep of death with joy survey
The opening splendors of eternal day.

THE DEATH OF ARACHNE.

AN HEROI-COMI-TRAGICK POEM.

BY JOHN HAWKESWORTH, LL.D.

THE shinking brooks and russet meads complain'd,
 That summer's tyrant, fervid Sirius, reign'd ;
 Full west the sun from heaven descending rode,
 And fix the shadow on the dial show'd.

Philo, tho' young, to musing much inclin'd,
 A shameless sloven, in his gown had din'd;
 From table sneaking with a sheepish face,
 Before the circle was dismiss'd with grace,
 And smocking now, his desk with books o'erspread,
 Thick clouds of incense roll around his head ;
 His head, which save a quarter's growth of hair,
 His woollen cap long since scratch'd off, was bare ;
 His beard three days had grown, of golden hue ;
 Black was his shirt, uncomely to the view.
 Cross-legg'd he sat, and his ungarter'd hose,
 Of each lean limb half hide and half expose ;
 His cheek he lean'd upon his hand ; below,
 His nut-brown slipper hung upon his toe.

Now with abstracted flight he climbs apace,
 High and more high, through pure unbounded space ;
 Now mere privation fails the wings of thought,
 He drops down headlong through the vast of nought.
 A friendly vapour Mathesis supplies ;
 Borne on the surging smoke, he joys to rise :
 Matter thro' modes and qualities pursues ;
 Now caught, entranc'd it's naked essence views ;
 Now wakes—the vision fading from his sight,
 Leaves doubts behind, the mists of mental night.

Existing

Existing not, but possible alone,
 He deems all substance, and suspects his own.
 Like wave by wave impell'd, now questions roll—
 Does soul in aught subsist, or all in soul?
 Is space, extension, nothing but a name,
 And mere idea Nature's mighty frame?
 All power, all forms, to intellect confin'd;
 Place, agent, subject, instrument combin'd?
 Is spirit diverse, yet from number free,
 Conjoin'd by harmony in unity?—
 Truth's spotless white, what piercing eye descries,
 When the ray broken takes Opinion's dyes!
 In vain now Philo seeks the sacred light;
 In chaos plung'd, where embryo systems fight,
 In this dark hour, unnotic'd, Chloe came;
 His study-door admits the shining dame:
 With Nature's charms, she join'd the charms of art,
 Wife of his choice, and mistress of his heart.
 What on her head she wore, erect and high,
 Unnam'd above, is call'd on earth a fly;
 In wanton ringlets her fair tresses fell,
 Her breasts beneath transparent muslin swell:
 Studded with flaming gems a buckle bound
 Th' embroider'd zone her slender waist around;
 Thence to her feet a vast rotund display'd
 The mingling colours of the rich brocade;
 This aiding fancy, blending shame and pride,
 Inflames with beauties it was meant to hide.
 With careless ease the nymph first snapp'd her fan,
 Roll'd round her radiant eyes, and thus began.
 ' How canst thou, Philo, here delight to sit,
 ' Immers'd in learning, nastiness, and wit?
 ' Clean from the chest where various odours breathe,
 ' And dying roses their last sweets bequeath,
 ' A shirt for thee, by my command, the maid
 ' Three hours ago before the fire display'd;

• The

- ‘ The barber, waiting to renew thy face,
- ‘ Holds thy wig powder’d in the pasteboard case ;
- ‘ Thy filken breeches, and thy hose of thread,
- ‘ Coat, waistcoat, all, lie ready on the bed.
- ‘ Renounce that odious pipe, this filthy cell,
- ‘ Where silence, dust, and Pagan authors dwell ;
- ‘ Come ! shall the ladies wait in vain for thee ?
- ‘ Come ! taste with us the charms of mirth and tea.’

As Philo heard confus’d the silver sound,
 His soul emerges from the dark profound ;
 On the bright vision full he turn’d his eyes :
 Touch’d, as he gaz’d, with pleasure and surprise,
 The first faint dawnings of a smile appear’d ;
 And now, in act to speak, he strok’d his beard ;
 When, from a shelf just o’er the fair-one’s head,
 Down dropt ARACHNE by the viscous thread.
 Back starts the nymph, with terror and dismay,
 ‘ The spider ! oh !’ was all that she could say.

At this the sage resum’d the look severe.
 ‘ Renounce, with woman’s folly, woman’s fear !’
 He said ; and careful to the shelf convey’d
 The hapless rival of the blue-ey’d maid.

Th’ enormous deed astonish’d Chloe view’d,
 And rage the crimson on her cheek renew’d.
 ‘ Must then,’ said she, ‘ such hideous vermin crawl,
 ‘ Indulg’d, protected, o’er the cobweb’d wall ?
 ‘ Destroy her quickly—here her life I claim ;
 ‘ If not for love or decency, for shame !’

‘ Shame be to guilt !’ replies the man of thought ;
 ‘ To slaves of custom, ne’er by reason taught ;
 ‘ Who spare no life that touches not their own,
 ‘ By fear their cruelty restrain’d alone.
 ‘ No blameless insect lives it’s destin’d hour,
 ‘ Caught in the murdering vortex of their power.
 ‘ For me, the virtues of the mind I learn
 ‘ From sage Arachne, for whose life you burn ;

‘ From

- From her, when busy all the summer's day
- She weaves the curious woof that snares her prey,
- I learn: fair industry and art to prize,
- Admiring Nature providently wise;
- Who, tho' her bounty unexhausted flows,
- Not daily bread on idleness bestows.
- Arachne, still superior to despair,
- Restores with art what accidents impair,
- The thousandth time the broken thread renews,
- And one great end with fortitude pursues :
- To me her toil is ne'er renew'd in vain,
- Taught what the wife by perseverance gain ;
- Warm'd by example to the glorious strife,
- And taught to conquer in the fight of life.
- When now with rest amidst her labours crown'd,
- She watchful, patient, eyes the circle round ;
- I learn, when toil has well deserv'd success,
- Hope's placid, calm expectance, to possess ;
- With care to watch, with patience still to wait,
- The golden moment, tho' delay'd by Fate.
- Impatient Chloe thus again reply'd:
- How soon is error thro' each veil descry'd !
- Still boasting reason's power, how weak are we !
- How blind, alas ! to all we would not see !
- Else how could Philo, in a Spider's cause,
- Talk thus of mercy with deserv'd applause ?
- Or call aught virtuous industry and skill,
- Exerted only to surprize and kill !
- The blameless insect, whom no murder feeds,
- For her, the victim of her cunning, bleeds ;
- Cunning ! which when to wisdom we compare,
- Is but to her, to men what monkies are.'
- Hold !' Philo cries; ' and know, the same decree
- Gave her the fly, which gives the lamb to thee ;
- Or why those wings adapted to the snare,
- Why interceptive hangs the net in air ?

- ‘ As plain in these the precept, “ Kill and eat,”
- ‘ As in thy skill to carve the living treat ;
- ‘ To this,’ she cries, ‘ persuade me, if you can ;
- ‘ Man’s lord of all, and all was made for man.’
- ‘ Vain thought ! the child of ignorance and pride !

Disdainful smiling, quickly he reply’d.

- ‘ To man, vain reptile ! tell me of what use
- ‘ Are all that Africk’s peopled wastes produce ?
- ‘ The nameless monsters of the swarming seas,
- ‘ The pigmy nations wafted on the breeze ;
- ‘ The happy myriads, by his eyes unseen,
- ‘ That bask in flowers, and quicken all the green ?
- ‘ Why live these numbers blest’d in Nature’s state ?
- ‘ Why lives this Spider object of thy hate ?
- ‘ Why Man ? but life in common to possess,
- ‘ Wide to diffuse the stream of happiness :
- ‘ Blest’d stream ! th’ o’erflowing of the parent mind ;
- ‘ Great without pride, and without weakness kind.’

With downcast eyes, and sighs, and modest air,

Thus in soft sounds reply’d the wily fair:

- ‘ This fatal subtilty thy books impart,
- ‘ To baffle truth, when unsustain’d by art ;
- ‘ For this, when Chloe goes at twelve to bed,
- ‘ Till three you sit in converse with the dead ;
- ‘ No wonder, then, in vain my skill’s employ’d
- ‘ To prove it best that vermin be destroy’d !
- ‘ But tho’ you proudly triumph o’er my sex,
- ‘ Joy to confute, and reason but to vex ;
- ‘ Yet, if you love me, to oblige your wife,
- ‘ What could you less ! you’d take a Spider’s life.
- ‘ Once, to prevent my wishes, Philo flew ;
- ‘ But time, that alters all, has alter’d you.
- ‘ Yet still unchang’d poor Chloe’s love remains ;
- ‘ These tears my witness, which your pride disdain ;
- ‘ These tears, at once my witness and relief !’

Here paus’d the fair, all-eloquent in grief.

He,

He, who had often, and alone, o'erturn'd
Witlings, and foplifts, when his fury burn'd,
Now yields to love the fortress of his soul!
His eyes with vengeance on Arachné roll:
‘Curs’d wretch! thou poisonous quintessence of ill,
‘Those precious drops, unparish’d, shalt thou spill!’
He said; and stooping, from his foot he drew,
Black as his purpose, what was once a shoe:
Now, high in air the fatal heel ascends,
Reason’s last effort now the stroke suspends,
In doubt he stood—when, breath’d from Chloe’s breast,
A struggling sigh her inward grief express’d.
Fir’d by the sound, ‘Die! monster, die!’ he cry’d,
And to his arm his utmost strength apply’d:
Crush’d falls the foe, one complicated wound,
And the smote self returns a jarring sound.

On Ida’s top thus Venus erst prevail’d,
When all the sapience of Minerva fail’d:
Thus to like arts a prey, as poets tell,
By Juno lov’d in vain, great Dido fell.
And thus, for ever, beauty shall controul,
The faint’s, the sage’s, and the hero’s soul.

But Jove with haste beheld th’ atrocious deed,
And vengeance follows with tremendous speed;
In Philo’s mind she quench’d the ray, that fir’d
With love of science, and with verse inspir’d;
Expung’d at once the philosophick theme,
All sages think, and all true poets dream;
Yields him, thus chang’d, a vassal to the fair,
And forth she leads him with a victor’s air:
Dress’d to her wish, he mixes with the gay,
As much a trifle, and as vain as they;
To fix their pow’r, and rivet fast the chain,
They lead where pleasure spreads her soft domain;
Where, drown’d in music Reason’s hoarsest call,
Love smiles triumphant in thy groves, Vauxhall.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

BY JOHN GILBERT COOPER, ESQ.

DEEP in a grove, by cypress shaded,
 Where mid-day sun had seldom shone,
 Or noise the solemn scene invaded,
 Save some afflicted Muse's moan;

A swain tow'rd's full-ag'd manhood wending,
 Sat sorrowing at the close of day;
 At whose fond side a boy attending,
 Lisp'd half his father's cares away.

The father's eyes no object wrested,
 But on the smiling prattler hung;
 Till, what his throbbing heart suggested,
 These accents trembled from his tongue.

' My youth's first hopes, my manhood's treasure!
 ' My prattling innocent attend;
 ' Nor fear rebuke, nor sour displeasure,
 ' A father's loveliest name is Friend.

' Some truths, from long experience flowing,
 ' Worth more than royal grants, receive;
 ' For truths are wealth of Heav'n's bestowing,
 ' Which kings have seldom power to give.

' Since, from an ancient race descended,
 ' You boast an unattainted blood;
 ' By your's be their fair fame attended,
 ' And claim by birthright to be good.

' In

- In love for every fellow-creature,
 - Superior rise above the crowd ;
- What most ennobles human nature,
 - Was ne'er the portion of the proud.

- Be thine the generous heart, that borrows
 - From other's joys a friendly glow ;
- And for each hapless neighbour's sorrows,
 - Throbs with a sympathetick woe.

- This is the temper most endearing :
 - Tho' wide proud Pomp her banners spreads,
- An heavenlier power, good-nature bearing,
 - Each heart in willing thralldom leads.

- Taste not from fame's uncertain fountain,
 - The peace-destroying streams that flow ;
- Nor from ambition's dangerous mountain,
 - Look down upon the world below.

- The princely pine on hills exalted,
 - Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,
- By winds long brav'd, at last assaulted,
 - Is headlong whirl'd in dust to lie :

- Whilst the mild rose, more safely growing,
 - Low in it's un aspiring vale,
- Amidst retirement's shelter blowing,
 - Exchanges sweets with every gale.

- Wish not for beauty's darling features,
 - Moulded by Nature's fondling power ;
- For fairest forms 'mong human creatures,
 - Shine but the pageants of an hour.

- I saw the pride of all the meadow,
- At noon, a gay Narcissus, blow !
- Upon a river's bank, whose shadow
- Bloom'd in the silver waves below ;
- By noon-tide's heat it's youth was wasted ;
- The waters as they pass'd, complain'd ;
- At eve it's glories all were blasted,
- And not one former tint remain'd.
- Nor let vain wit's deceitful glory
- Lead you from wisdom's path astray :
- What genius lives renown'd in story,
- To happiness who found the way ?
- In yonder mead, behold that vapour,
- Whose vivid beams illusive play :
- Far off, it seems a friendly taper,
- To guide the traveller on his way ;
- But should some hapless wretch pursuing,
- Tread where the treach'rous meteors glow,
- He'd find, too late his rashness rueing,
- That fatal quicksands lurk below.
- In life, such bubbles nought admiring,
- Gilt with false light, and fill'd with air,
- Do you, from pageant crowds retiring,
- To peace, in virtue's cot, repair :
- There seek the never-wasted treasure,
- Which mutual love and friendship give ;
- Domestick comfort, spotless pleasure !
- And blest'd, and blessing, you will live.

• If Heav'n with children crowns your dwelling,
 • As mine it's bounty does with you;
 • In fondness fatherly excelling,
 • Th' example you have felt, pursue.

He paus'd—for, tenderly caressing
 The darling of his wounded heart,
 Looks had means only of expressing
 Thoughts language never could impart.

Now night her mournful mantle spreading,
 Had rob'd with black th' horizon round,
 And dank dews from her tresses shedding,
 With genial moisture bath'd the ground:

When back to city follies flying,
 'Midst custom's slaves he liv'd resign'd;
 His face, array'd in smiles, denying
 The true complexion of his mind:

For seriously around surveying
 Each character in youth and age,
 Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying,
 That play'd upon this human stage;

(Peaceful himself, and undesigning)
 He loath'd the scenes of guile and strife,
 And felt each secret with inclining
 To leave this fretful farce of life.

Yet, to whate'er above was fated,
 Obediently he bow'd his soul;
 For, what All-bounteous Heav'n created,
 He thought Heav'n only should controul.

E L E G Y;

DESCRIBING THE SORROW OF AN INGENUOUS MIND, ON THE
MELANCHOLY EVENT OF A LICENTIOUS AMOUR.

BY W. SHENSTONE, ESQ.

WHY mourns my friend? why weeps his downcast eye?
That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to shine!
Thy cheerful meads reprove that swelling sigh;
Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in Fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by Nature's partial care?
Bless'd in thy song, and bless'd in every grace
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?

'Damon,' said he, 'thy partial praise restrain;
'Not Damon's friendship can my peace restore;
'Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
'And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

'For, oh! that Nature on my birth had frown'd!
'Or Fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell!
'Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,
'Nor had I bid these vernal sweets farewell.

'But led by Fortune's hand, her darling child,
'My youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd;
'In Fortune's train the Syren Flattery smil'd,
'And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.

'Of folly studious, e'en of vices vain,
'Ah, vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
'I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain;
'Nor dropp'd the chase, till Jeffy was my prey.

'Poor,

- Poor, artless maid! to stain thy spotless name,
 • Expend, and art, and toil, united strove;
- To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
 • Sustain'd by virtue; but betray'd by love.

- School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles,
 • I cloath'd each feature with affected scorn;
- I spoke of jealous doubts, and fickle smiles,
 • And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

- Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
 • Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove;
- I bade my words the wonted softness wear,
 • And seiz'd the minute of returning love.

- To thee, my Daemon, dare I paint the rest?
 • Will, yet, thy love a candid ear incline?
- Assur'd, that virtue, by misfortune press'd,
 • Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

- Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame;
 • Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day;
- When, scorn'd by virtue, stigmatiz'd by fame,
 • Low at my feet desponding Jeffy lay.

- "Henry," she said, "by thy dear form subdu'd,
 • See the sad relics of a nymph undone!
- I find, I find each rising sob renew'd;
 • I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

- "Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,
 • When will the morn's once pleasing scenes return?
- Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,
 • But foes that triumph—or, but friends that mourn!

"Alas!

- " Alas ! no more the joyous morn appears ;
 " That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame ;
 " For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
 " And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.

 " The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
 " The sportive lambs increase my pensive moan ;
 " All seem to chafe me from the cheerful plain,
 " And talk of truth and innocence alone.

 " If thro' the garden's flow'ry tribes I stray,
 " Where bloom the jasmynes that could once allure—
 " Hope not to find delight in us," they say,
 " For we are spotless, juffy ; we are pure."

 " Ye flowers ! that well reproach a nymph so frail,
 " Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare ?
 " The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale,
 " Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

 " Now the grave old alarm the gentler young ;
 " And all my fame's abhor'd contagion flee ;
 " Trembles each lip, and falters every tongue,
 " That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

 " Thus, for your sake, I shun each human eye ;
 " I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu :
 " To die I languish, but I dread to die,
 " Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.

 " Raise me from earth, the pangs of want remove,
 " And let me silent seek some friendly shore ;
 " There only, banish'd from the form I love,
 " My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.

- " Be but my friend ! I ask no dearer name ;
- " Be such the need of some more artful fair :
- " Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,
- " That pity gave what love refus'd to share.
- " Force not my tongue to ask it's scanty bread ;
- " Nor hurl thy Jeffy to the vulgar crew :
- " Not such the parent's board at which I fed ;
- " Not such the precept from his lips I drew !
- " Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
- " Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil ;
- " Envy may slight a face no longer fair,
- " And pity welcome to my native foil !"
- " She spoke—nor was I born of savage race ;
- " Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign :
- " Grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace,
- " And vow'd to waste her life in pray'rs for mine.
- " I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend ;
- " I saw her breast with every passion heave :
- " I left her—torn from every earthly friend ;
- " Oh ! my hard bosom, which could bear to leave !
- " Brief let me be—the fatal storm arose ;
- " The billows rag'd ; the pilot's art was vain :
- " O'er the tall mast the circling surges close ;
- " My Jeffy—floats upon the wat'ry plain !
- " And—see my youth's impetuous fires decay !
- " Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear ;
- " But warn the frolick, and instruct the gay,
- " From Jeffy, floating on her wat'ry bier !

AN EPISTLE TO THE REV. MR. MADAN;

OCCASIONED BY

HIS LATE PUBLICATION IN FAVOUR OF POLYGAMY,

INTITLED,

THELYPHTHORA; OR, A TREATISE ON FEMALE RUIN.

BY THE REV. MR. WYNNE.

A Bard, O MADAN, tho' to thee unknown,
 Pleas'd real worth in any breast to own;
 A Bard who oft, attendant on thy lore,
 Has heard thee truths of Sacred Writ explore;
 Now to thine ear prefers his humble strain,
 Nor deems the gen'rous labour shall be vain.

Born in an age when dissipation's sway
 Proves that our virtue and our fame decay,
 Prompt to support Religion's drooping cause,
 Bold you stand forth, and point to Heav'n's own laws,
 And well, indeed, in a degen'rate age,
 A theme like yours might pious minds engage.
 Love! the first soother of all human woe,
 Love! the chief bliss that mortals take below,
 By Lust adult'rous driv'n, alas! retires,
 And Hymen's torch, inverted thus, expires!
 Man still delights from fair to fair to rove,
 Woman prefers Variety to Love;
 The nuptial ties they break with eager hands,
 As Samson did the Philistean bands.

To check this torrent, in your Work we find,
 A bold design connubial bliss to bind.
 To Science bred, with Scripture Learning fraught,
 You lay down rules from distant ages brought,
 From Holy Writ as well as Reason trac'd,
 With all the force of flow'ry periods grac'd.

You

You tell us, ' Man, tho' styl'd the lord of all,
 ' Is by the weaker sex still held in thrall,
 ' Because to One alone his vows he gives,
 ' And still (if just) to One devoted lives :
 ' While Heav'n itself, enacting no such laws,
 ' Has left him free to vindicate his cause ;
 ' To shew the sex he is their proper head,
 ' And take, at pleasure, numbers to his bed.'

Hard were the task, thro' various books to rove,
 And Negatives by Implication prove !
 Scripture, indeed, does a wide field display,
 A field where thousands tread, where thousands stray :
 Then let not human pride refuse to own
 Errors to which all human-kind are prone.
 The Muse with candour shall your steps attend,
 Blame where she must ; and where she can, commend.

The Patriarchs, and Judæa's Kings, 'tis true,
 Had many wives, yet kept their Law in view ;
 But at Creation's earliest birth, we find,
 One Eve was only to one Adam join'd.
 No forms could then prevail, for none were known,
 Where simple Nature was the bond alone.
 But Time brought forms, the truth of man to prove,
 And by Religion join those join'd by Love.
 Our Christian Laws their excellence maintain,
 Beyond all those which mark'd out Nature's reign ;
 Or those of old from thund'ring Sinai giv'n,
 E'en to the people favour'd most by Heav'n.
 Heathens observ'd the Christians modest lives,
 Who still disclaim'd Plurality of Wives * ;

* Celsus, and other Heathens, observed the chastity of the lives of Christians. It was also observed, that though celibacy was not prescribed to the clergy, yet a bishop, priest or deacon, having buried his first wife, was not allowed to marry again ; which some think to be the true meaning of Paul's advice to Timothy ; that a bishop should be the husband of one wife : contrary to Mr. Madan's construction of the text.

Whether by Precept or Example taught,
 'Tis plain, at least, they acted as they thought.
 While some, more strict, a single life desir'd,
 And oft to deserts, woods, and caves, retir'd.

Such were the primitive and simple times,
 Unknown to modern wit; and modern crimes:
 The Wife was subject; while, with gentle sway,
 The Husband taught the weaker to obey.
 Nor yet did Man, with an unhallow'd flame,
 To more than One put in his modest claim:
 But Mahomet's new sect a law allow'd,
 Well fram'd to captivate the giddy crowd;
 He taught that wild variety to prove,
 Where fierce delight takes place of real love*.

Such are the proofs which on our senses break:
 Is Scripture silent?—then let Reason speak.

Go, ransack other climes, search Asia round,
 Where in it's height Polygamy is found;
 There may you see the men tyrannick sway,
 And beauteous slaves reluctantly obey;
 There may you find excess the fav'rite theme,
 And ev'ry passion reigning in extreme†.

But not to scenes like these is Love confin'd,
 Nor fickle passions, changing with the wind;
 Love nourishes a pure and sacred fire,
 Fann'd by esteem, tho' kindled by desire!
 From youth to age, true love will still remain,
 Attend in sickness, soothe the bed of pain;
 Thro' all life's vary'd paths it's kindness shew,
 But most where toils and dreaded dangers grow!

* We find by the Koran, that this Grand Impostor does not allow women to have immortal souls; he therefore picks out wives for his saints from the Houries, or fabled Daughters of Paradise.

† In consequence of this, it is well known, that whilst numbers of women are shut up in the Haräms, perpetual jealousies prevail among them; and their haughty lord, though he may gratify at pleasure his inordinate passions, can never experience the supreme felicity of having a fair companion, a constant lover, and a tender friend.

For living streams, as the parch'd heifer burns;
 As to the polar star the needle turns;
 As Echo, pleas'd, repeats the dying voice;
 So the touch'd heart is faithful to it's choice!
 A flame thus true, e'en infidels might own,
 Shews constant Love must fix on one alone:
 Still, Dove-like, to the tender partner join'd,
 In death united, as in life combin'd,

Then let not Fancy's labyrinth enslave,
 And lead us from the perfect and the fair.
 Love is the law of Nature best express'd,
 'Tis Heav'n's own emblem in the human breast;
 When either sex confess his kind controul,
 And thus become 'one life, one heart, one soul';
 Nature, and Nature's God, o'er all the earth
 Have form'd us nearly equal at our birth †:
 But were there many wives for man design'd,
 Nature would multiply the female kind;
 Else why should we adopt, in this alone,
 'Th' enormous faith, of many made for one?'
 That faith let slaves in Eastern climates hold,
 Who barter beauty, ill-exchang'd for gold:
 While Britain's sons, of manners more refin'd,
 Assert the gen'ral rights of human-kind;
 Whate'er their vices, Tyranny despise,
 Nor once invade the Liberty they prize
 Be this their boast; nor, MADAM, thou disdain
 The solemn truths that deck this humble strain:
 The gen'rous mind, still to conviction free,
 Can it's own faults, if truly painted, see.

* Milton's Paradise Lost.

† It is generally said, that there are about fourteen males born to thirteen females; which difference is supposed to be intended by Providence to supply the places of such of the men as perish by war or other accidents to which women are not so liable. Some have indeed urged, that this small disproportion still leaves the males more numerous: they forget, however, the numbers of women who die in childbirth, and of diseases peculiar to the sex.

Zeal

Zeal was thy motive, we that zeal commend,
 Tho' not directed to it's proper end.
 Then still proceed where Virtue points the way,
 And bright Religion beams her sacred ray:
 But in the path obscure forbear to tread;
 And tho' inform'd, yet fear to be misled;
 But fear still more, lest others headlong run
 To trace those paths where virtue is undone.
 ' All flesh is frail!'—We should the weak regard,
 Who take their Teacher's word for God's award.
 ' Order is Heav'n's first law * ;' be that obey'd:
 In Christian laws this order is display'd;
 And by it's rules, if rightly understood,
 The Private centres in the Publick good.
 Such rules let us adopt, and keep the road
 Thro' which our wise forefathers sought their God.
 To virtuous actions let our lives be giv'n;
 And, pure of heart, leave we the rest to Heav'n.

DAMON TO DELIA;

ON SEEING THE FIRST PLEDGE OF THEIR MUTUAL LOVE
 BUILDING A CARD HOUSE.

A SIMILE.

BY MR. THOMAS BELLAMY.

VIEW, my love, our tender charmer,
 Rearing up the paper pile!
 Now a thousand fears alarm her;
 Flutt'ring, trembling, all the while.

* Pope's Essay on Man.

Soan,

Soon, to pretty Polly's thinking,
 All her wishes will be crown'd :
 Fate denies ! the fabrick sinking,
 Spreads a little ruin round !

Thus fond man, himself deluding,
 Building fancy'd joys on high,
 Lo ! some sudden care intruding,
 All his airy prospects die !

Lighter than the wat'ry bubble
 Are the transports earth can give ;
 Mix'd with sorrow, pain and trouble,
 Ever rising while we live.

THE PARISH CLERK.

BY MR. W. VERNON.

I.

LET courtly bards, in polish'd phrase, endite
 Soft madrigals, to celebrate the fair ;
 Or paint the splendor of a birth-day night,
 Where peers and dames in shining robes appear :
 The task be mine neglected worth to praise,
 Alas ! too often found, in these degen'rate days.

II.

O gentle Shenstone ! could the self-taught Muse,
 Who joys, like thine, in rural shades to stray,
 Could she, like thine, while she her theme pursues,
 With native beauties deck the pleasing lay ;
 Then should the humble Clerk of Barton-Dean,
 An equal meed of praise with thy School-mistress gain.

III. En-

III.

Ent'ring the village, in a deep-worn way,
 Hard by an aged oak, his dwelling stands ;
 The lowly roof is thatch, the walls are clay ;
 All rudely rais'd by his forefathers hands :
 Observe the homely hut as you pass by,
 And pity the good man that lives so wretchedly.

IV.

Vulcanian artist here, with oily brow
 And naked arm, he at his anvil plies,
 What time Aurora in the east does glow,
 And eke when Vesper gilds the western skies :
 The bellows roar, the hammers loud resound,
 And from the tortur'd mass the sparkles fly around.

V.

Hither the truant school-boy frequent wends,
 And sily peeping o'er the hatch is seen
 To note the bick'ring workman, while he bends
 The steed's strong shoe, or forms the sickle keen.
 Unthinking, little elf, what ills betide,
 Of breech begalled fore, and cruel task beside !

VI.

A deep historian, well I wot, is he,
 And many tomes of ancient lore has read,
 Of England's George, the flow'r of chivalry,
 Of Merlin's Mirror, and the Brazen Head ;
 With hundred legends more, which to recite
 Would tire the wisest nurse, and spend the longest night.

VII.

To Nature's Book he studiously applies ;
 And oft, consulted by the anxious swain,
 With wistful gaze reviews the vaulted skies,
 And shews the signs of sure impending rain,
 Or thunder gather'd in the fervid air,
 Or if the harvest-month will be serene and fair.

VIII. The

VIII.

The various phases of the moon he knows,
 And whence her orb derives it's silver sheen,
 From what strange cause the madding Heygre flows,
 By which the peasants oft endanger'd been,
 As in their freighted barks they careless glide,
 And view th' inverted trees in Severn's chrystal tide.

IX.

Returning late at eve from wake or fair,
 Among a sort of poor unletter'd swains,
 He teaches them to name each brighter star,
 And of the northern lights the cause explains ;
 Recounts what comets have appear'd of old,
 Portending dearth, and war, and mis'ries manifold.

X.

Around his bending shoulders graceful flow
 His curling silver locks, the growth of years ;
 Supported by a staff he walketh slow,
 And simple neatness in his mien appears ;
 And every neighbour that perchance he meets,
 Or young or old be they, with courtesy he greets.

XI.

A goodly sight, I wot, it were, to view
 The decent Parish Clerk on Sabbath-day,
 Seated, beneath the Curate, in his pew,
 Or kneeling down with lifted hands to pray ;
 And ever and anon, with close of pray'r,
 He answereth, Amen ! with sober solemn air.

XII.

Such times an ancient suit of black he wears,
 Which from the Curate's wardrobe did descend :
 Love to his Clerk the pious Curate bears,
 Pities his wants, and wisheth to befriend ;
 But what, alas ! can slender sal'ry do,
 Encumber'd by a wife, and children not a few ?

K

XIII. Thro'

XIII.

Thro' ev'ry season of the changing year,
 His strict regard for Christian rites is seen,
 The holy church he decks with garlands fair,
 Or birchen boughs, or yew for ever green ;
 On ev'ry pew a formal sprig is plac'd,
 And with a spacious branch the pulpit's top is grac'd.

XIV.

At Christmas tide, when ev'ry yeoman's hall
 With ancient hospitality is blest'd,
 Kind invitations he accepts from all,
 To share the plenteous, mirth-abounding feast ;
 The Christmas feast imperfect would appear,
 Except their good old guest, the Parish Clerk, was there.

XV.

Then, when the mellow beer goes gaily round,
 And curls of smoke from lighted pipes aspire,
 When chearful carols thro' the room resound,
 And crackling logs augment the blazing fire,
 His honest heart with social joy o'erflows,
 And many a merry tale he on his friends bestows.

XVI.

When smit with mutual love, the youth and maid
 To weave the sacred nuptial knot agree,
 Pleas'd he attends to lend his useful aid,
 And see the rites perform'd with decency :
 He gives the bride, and joins their trembling hands,
 While with the service-book the Curate gravely stands.

XVII.

Then, while the merry bells the steeple shake,
 Ringing in honour of the happy pair,
 To notes of gladness while the minstrels wake,
 And lads and lasses the rich bride-cake share ;
 O may the youthful bard a portion gain,
 To whom the rural sage it's virtues did explain.

XVIII. When

XVIII.

When from the church returns the blithesome train,
 A spicy cake two gentle maidens bring;
 Which, holding o'er the bride, they break in twain,
 And all conjoin'd this nuptial dirty sing:
 ' Joy to the wedded pair! health, length of days!
 ' And may they, bless'd by Heav'n, a goodly household raise.'

XIX.

At eve, the lovely condescending bride,
 Will take the ring which on her finger shines,
 And thro' the sacred circlet nine times slide
 The fragrant gift, repeating mystick lines;
 (The mystick lines we may not here make known,
 Them shall the Muse reveal to virgins chaste alone.)

XX.

The stocking thrown, as ancient rules require,
 Leave the glad lovers to compleat their joy;
 And to thy pillow silently retire,
 Where close beneath thy head the charm must lie:
 Rais'd by the pow'r of Love, in vision gay,
 Thy future spouse shall come in holiday array.

XXI.

And, soft approaching, with the mildest air,
 Thy yielding lips shall modestly embrace;
 O, sweet illusion! wilt thou disappear?
 Alas, it flies! the morning springs apace!
 The blushing lover sees the light with pain,
 And longs to recompose, and woo his dream again.

XXII.

O, time relentless! foe to ev'ry joy!
 How all declines beneath thy iron reign!
 Once could our Clerk to sweetest melody
 Attune the harp, and charm the list'ning plain:
 Or with his mellow voice the psalm could raise,
 And fill the echoing choir with notes of sacred praise.

XXIII.

But now, alas ! his every power decays,
 His voice grows hoarse, long toil has cramp'd his hands,
 No more he fills the echoing choir with praise,
 No more to melody the harp commands :
 Sadly he mourns the dulness of his ear,
 And when a master plays, he presses close to hear.

XXIV.

Late, o'er the plain, by chance or fortune led,
 The pensive swain who does his annals write,
 Him in his humble cottage visited,
 And learn'd his story, with sincere delight ;
 For chiefly of himself his converse ran,
 As mem'ry well supply'd the narrative old man.

XXV.

His youthful feats with guileless pride he told,
 In rural games what honours erst he won ;
 How on the green he threw the wrestlers bold ;
 How light he leap'd, and O ! how swift he run.
 Then, with a sigh, he fondly turn'd his praise
 To rivals now no more, and friends of former days.

XXVI.

At length, concluding with reflections deep—
 ' Alas ! of life few comforts now remain ;
 ' Of what I was, I but the vestige keep,
 ' Impair'd by grief, by penury, and pain :
 ' Yet let me not arraign just Heav'n's decree ;
 ' The lot of human-kind, as man, belongs to me.

XXVII.

' Beneath yon aged yew-tree's solemn shade,
 ' Whose twisted roots above the greensward creep ;
 ' There, freed from toils, my pious father laid,
 ' Enjoys a silent, unmolested sleep :
 ' And there my only son—with him I gave
 ' All comfort of my age, untimely to the grave.

XXVIII. ' I

XXVIII.

- ' In that sweet earth, when nature's debt is paid,
 ' And leaving life, I leave it's load of woes,
 ' My neighbours kind, I trust, will see me laid,
 ' In humble hope of mercy, to repose :
 ' Evil and few, the patriarch mourn'd his days,
 ' Nor shall a man presume to vindicate his ways.'

AN ELEGY ON A PILE OF RUINS.

BY MR. J. CUNNINGHAM.

IN the full prospect yonder hill commands,
 O'er forests, fields, and vernal-coated plains ;
 The vestige of an ancient abbey stands,
 Close by a ruin'd castle's rude remains—

Half buried, there, lie many a broken bust,
 And obelisk, and urn, o'erthrown by Time ;
 And many a cherub, there, descends in dust
 From the rent roof, and portico sublime.

The rivulets, oft frighted at the sound
 Of fragments, tumbling from the tow'rs on high ;
 Plunge to their source in secret caves profound,
 Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry.

Where rev'rend shrines in Gothick grandeur stood,
 The nettle, or the noxious nightshade, spreads ;
 And ashlings, wafted from the neighb'ring wood,
 Thro' the worn turrets wave their trembling heads.

There

There Contemplation, to the crowd unknown,
 Her attitude compos'd, and aspect sweet!
 Sits musing on a monumental stone,
 And points to the Memento at her feet.

Soon as sage ev'ning check'd day's sunny pride,
 I left the mantling shade, in moral mood;
 And, seated by the maid's sequester'd side,
 Thus sigh'd, the mould'ring ruins as I view'd.

Inexorably calm, with silent pace,
 Here Time has pass'd—what ruin marks his way!
 This pile, now crumbling o'er its hallow'd base,
 Turn'd not his step, nor could his course delay.

Religion rais'd her supplicating eyes
 In vain; and Melody, her song sublime;
 In vain Philosophy, with maxims wise,
 Would touch the cold unfeeling heart of Time.

Yet the hoar tyrant, tho' not mov'd to spare,
 Relented when he struck its finish'd pride;
 And partly the rude ravage to repair,
 The tott'ring tow'rs with twisted ivy tied.

How solemn is the cell o'ergrown with moss,
 That terminates the view yon cloister'd way!
 In the crush'd wall, a time-corroded cross,
 Religion like, stands mould'ring in decay!

Where the mild sun, thro' saint-encypher'd glass,
 Illum'd with mellow light that brown-brow'd aisle;
 Many rapt hours might Meditation pass,
 Slow moving 'twixt the pillars of the pile!

And

And Piety, with mystick-meaning beads,
Bow'ing to saints on ev'ry side inurn'd,
Trode oft the solitary path, that leads
Where now the sacred altar lies o'erturn'd!

Thro' the grey grove, betwixt those with'ring trees,
'Mongst a rude group of monuments, appears
A marble-imag'd matron on her knees,
Half wasted, like a Niobé in tears.

Low levell'd in the dust her darling's laid!
Death pitied not the pride of youthful bloom;
Nor could maternal piety dissuade,
Or soften the fell tyrant of the tomb.

The relics of a mitred saint may rest,
Where, mould'ring in the niche, his statue stands;
Now nameless, as the crowd that kiss'd his vest,
And crav'd the benediction of his hands.

Near the brown arch, redoubling yonder gloom,
The bones of an illustrious chieftain lie;
As trac'd upon the time-unletter'd tomb,
The trophies of a broken fame imply.

Ah! what avails, that o'er the vassal plain,
His rights and rich demesnes extended wide!
That honour, and her knights, compos'd his train,
And chivalry stood marshall'd by his side!

Tho' to the clouds his castle seem'd to climb,
And frown'd defiance on the desp'rate foe;
Tho' deem'd invincible, the conqueror, Time,
Levell'd the fabrick, as the founder, low.

Where

Where the light lyre gave many a soft'ning sound,
 Ravens and rooks, the birds of discord, dwell;
 And where Society sat sweetly crown'd,
 Eternal Solitude has fix'd her cell.

The lizard, and the lazy lurking bat,
 Inhabit now, perhaps, the painted room,
 Where the sage matron and her maidens sat,
 Sweet-finging at the silver-working loom.

The traveller's bewilder'd on a waste;
 And the rude winds incessant seem to roar,
 Where, in his groves with arching arbours grac'd,
 Young lovers often sigh'd in days of yore.

His aqueducts, that led the limpid tide
 To pure canals, a chrystal cool supply!
 In the deep dust their barren beauties hide:
 Time's thirst, unquenchable, has drain'd them dry!

Tho' his rich hours in revelry were spent,
 With Comus, and the laughter-loving crew;
 And the sweet brow of Beauty, still unbent,
 Brighten'd his fleecy moments as they flew:

Fleet are the fleecy moments! fly they must;
 Not to be stay'd by masque, or midnight roar!
 Nor shall a pulse amongst that mould'ring dust,
 Beat wanton at the smiles of beauty more!

Can the deep statesman, skill'd in great design,
 Protract, but for a day, precarious breath?
 Or the tun'd follower of the sacred Nine,
 Soothe, with his melody, insatiate Death?

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

31

No—tho' the palace bar her golden gate,
 Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards around,
 Unerring, and unseen, the shaft of Fate
 Strikes the devoted victim to the ground !

What then avails ambition's wide-stretch'd wing,
 The schoolman's page, or pride of beauty's bloom !
 The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-rob'd king,
 Levell'd, lie mix'd promiscuous in the tomb.

The Macedonian monarch, wise and good,
 Bade, when the morning's rosy reign began,
 Courtiers should call, as round his couch they stood,
 ' Philip ! remember thou'rt no more than man.

' Tho' glory spread thy name from pole to pole ;
 ' Tho' thou art merciful, and brave, and just ;
 ' Philip, reflect, thou'rt posting to the goal
 ' Where mortals mix in undistinguish'd dust !'

So Saladin, for arts and arms renown'd,
 (Egypt and Syria's wide domains subdu'd)
 Returning with imperial triumphs crown'd,
 Sigh'd, when the perishable pomp he view'd ;

And as he rode, high in his regal car,
 In all the purple pride of conquest dress'd ;
 Conspicuous, o'er the trophies gain'd in war,
 Plac'd, pendent on a spear, his burial vest :

While thus the herald cry'd—' This son of power,
 ' This Saladin, to whom the nations bow'd ;
 ' May, in the space of one revolving hour,
 ' Boast of no other spoil, but yonder shroud !'

Search where ambition rag'd, with rigour steel'd ;
 Where slaughter, like the rapid lightning, ran ;
 And say, while memory weeps the blood-stain'd field,
 Where lies the chief, and where the common man ?

Vain are the pyramids, and motto'd stones,
 And monumental trophies rais'd on high !
 For time confounds them with the crumbling bones,
 That mix'd in hasty graves unnotic'd lie.

Rests not, beneath the turf, the peasant's head,
 Soft as the lord's beneath the labour'd tomb ?
 Or sleeps one colder, in his close clay bed,
 Than t'other, in the wide vault's dreary womb ?

Hither let Luxury lead her loose-rob'd train ;
 Here flutter Pride, on purple-painted wings :
 And, from the moral prospect, learn—how vain
 The wish, that sighs for sublunary things !

THE THREE WARNINGS.

A TALE.

BY MRS. THRALE.

THE tree of deepest root is found
 Least willing still to quit the ground ;
 'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,
 That love of life increas'd with years
 So much, that in our latter stages,
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
 The greatest love of life appears.
 This great affection to believe,
 Which all confess, but few perceive,
 If old assertions can't prevail,
 Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.

When

When sports went round, and all were gay,
 On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,
 Death call'd aside the jocund groom
 With him into another room ;
 And looking grave, ' You must,' says he,
 ' Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.'—
 ' With you ! and quit my Susan's side !
 ' With you !' the hapless husband cry'd :
 ' Young as I am ! 'Tis monstrous hard !
 ' Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd :
 ' My thoughts on other matters go,
 ' This is my wedding-night, you know.'

What more he urg'd I have not heard,
 His reasons could not well be stronger ;
 So Death the poor delinquent spar'd,
 And left to live a little longer.
 Yet calling up a serious look,
 His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,
 ' Neighbour,' he said, ' farewell ; no more
 ' Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour :
 ' And farther, to avoid all blame
 ' Of cruelty upon my name,
 ' To give you time for preparation,
 ' And fit you for your future station,
 ' Three several Warnings you shall have,
 ' Before you're summon'd to the grave :
 ' Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
 ' And grant a kind reprieve ;
 ' In hopes you'll have no more to say,
 ' But when I call again this way,
 ' Well pleas'd the world will leave.'

To these conditions both consented,
 And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befel,
 How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,
 How roundly he pursu'd his course,
 And smoak'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,

The willing muse shall tell :
 He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,
 Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,

Nor thought of Death as near ;
 His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
 Many his gains, his children few,

He pass'd his hours in peace :
 But while he view'd his wealth increase,
 While thus along Life's dusty road
 The beaten track content he trod,
 Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
 Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
 Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night, in musing mood,
 As all alone he sat,
 Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate
 Once more before him stood.

Half kill'd with anger and surprize,
 ' So soon return'd !' old Dobson cries.
 ' So soon, d'ye call it !' Death replies :
 ' Surely, my friend, you're but in jest !
 ' Since I was here before,
 ' 'Tis six and thirty years, at least,
 ' And you are now fourscore.'
 ' So much the worse,' the clown rejoind ;
 ' To spare the aged would be kind :
 ' However, see your search be legal ;
 ' And your authority—is't regal ?
 ' Else you are come on a fool's errand,
 ' With but a Secretary's warrant.

' Besides,

- Besides, you promis'd me Three Warnings,
- Which I have look'd for nights and mornings !
- But for that loss of time and ease,
- I can recover damages.'
- ' I know,' cries Death, ' that, at the best,
- I seldom am a welcome guest ;
- But don't be captious, friend, at least :
- I little thought you'd still be able
- To stump about your farm and stable ;
- Your years have run to a great length ;
- I wish you joy, tho', of your strength !'
- ' Hold,' says the farmer ; ' not so fast,
- I have been lame these four years past.'
- ' And no great wonder,' Death replies ;
- However, you still keep your eyes ;
- And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
- For legs and arms would make amends.'
- ' Perhaps,' says Dobson, ' so it might,
- But latterly I've lost my fight.'
- ' This is a shocking story, faith ;
- Yet there's some comfort still,' says Death :
- Each strives your sadness to amuse ;
- I warrant you hear all the news.'
- ' There's none,' cries he ; ' and if there were,
- I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear.'
- ' Nay, then !' the spectre stern rejoind,
- ' These are unjustifiable yearnings ;
- If you are Lame, and Deaf, and Blind,
- ' You've had your Three sufficient Warnings.'
- ' So come along, no more we'll part :'
- He said, and touch'd him with his dart ;
- And now, old Dobson turning pale,
- Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

A LETTER FROM CAMBRIDGE

TO

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN AT ETON SCHOOL.

BY DR LITTLETON.

THOUGH plagu'd with algebraick lectures,
 And astronomical conjectures,
 Wean'd from the sweets of poetry
 To scraps of dry philosophy,
 You see, dear Sir, I've found a time
 T' express my thoughts to you in rhyme :
 For why, my friend, should distant parts,
 Or times, disjoin united hearts;
 Since, though by intervening space
 Depriv'd of speaking face to face,
 By faithful emissary, letter,
 We may converse as well, or better?
 And, not to stretch a narrow fancy,
 To shew what pretty things I can say,
 (As some will strain a simile,
 First work it fine, and then apply ;
 'Tag Butler's rhimes to Prior's thoughts,
 And chuse to mimick all their faults ;
 By head and shoulders bring in a stick,
 To shew their knack at hudibrastick :)
 I'll tell you, as a friend and crony,
 How here I spend my time and money ;
 For time and money go together,
 As sure as weathercock and weather ;
 And thrifty guardians all allow
 This grave reflection to be true,

That

That whilst we pay so dear for learning
 Those weighty truths we've no concern in,
 The spark who squanders time away
 In vain pursuits, and fruitless play,
 Not only proves an arrant blockhead,
 But, what's much worse, is out of pocket.
 Whether my conduct bad or good is,
 Judge from the nature of my studies.

No more majestic Virgil's heights,
 Nor tow'ring Milton's loftier flights,
 Nor courtly Flaccus's rebukes,
 Who banters vice with friendly jokes ;
 Nor Congreve's life, nor Cowley's fire,
 Nor all the beauties that conspire
 To place the greenest bays upon
 Th' immortal brows of Addison ;
 Prior's inimitable ease,
 Nor Pope's harmonious numbers please ;
 Homer, indeed, (for critics shew it)
 Was both philosopher, and poet ;
 But tedious philosophick chapters
 Quite stifle my poetick raptures ;
 And I to Phœbus bade adieu
 When first I took my leave of you.
 Now algebra, geometry,
 Arithmetick, astronomy,
 Opticks, chronology, and staticks,
 All tiresome parts of mathematics ;
 With twenty harder names than these,
 Disturb my brain, and break my peace.
 All seeming inconsistencies
 Are nicely solv'd by a's, and b's ;
 Our eye-sight is disprov'd by prisms,
 Our arguments by syllogisms.
 If I should confidently write
 This ink is black, this paper white ;

Or,

Or, to express myself yet fuller,
 Should say, that black or white's a colour;
 They'd contradict it, and perplex one
 With motion, rays, and their reflexion;
 And solve th' apparent falshood by
 The curious texture of the eye.
 Should I the poker want, and take it,
 When't looks as hot as fire can make it,
 And burn my finger, and my coat,
 They'd flatly tell me, 'tis not hot:
 ' The fire,' say they, ' has in't, 'tis true,
 ' The pow'r of causing heat in you;
 ' But no more heat's in fire that beats you,
 ' Than there is pain in stick that beats you.'

Thus, too, philosophers expound
 The names of odour, taste, and sound:
 The salts and juices in all meat,
 Affect the tongues of them that eat,
 And by some secret poignant power
 Give them the taste of sweet, and sour.
 Carnations, violets, and roses,
 Cause a sensation in our noses;
 But then there's none of us can tell
 The things themselves have taste or smell.
 So, when melodious Mason sings,
 Or Gethring tunes the trembling strings,
 Or when the trumpet's brisk alarms
 Call forth the chearful youth to arms,
 Convey'd thro' undulating air,
 The musick's only in the ear.

We're told how planets roll on high,
 How large their orbits, and how nigh;
 I hope in little time to know
 Whether the moon's a cheese, or no;
 Whether the man in't, as some tell ye,
 With beef and carrots fills his belly;

Why

Why, like a lunatick confin'd,
 He lives at distance from mankind ;
 When he, at one good hearty shake,
 Might whirl his prison off his back ;
 Or, like a maggot in a nut,
 Full bravely eat his passage out.
 Who knows what vast discoveries
 From such enquiries might arise ?
 But feuds, and tumults in the nation,
 Disturb such curious speculation.
 Cambridge, from furious broils of state,
 Foresees her near-approaching fate ;
 Her surest patrons are remov'd,
 And her triumphant foes approv'd.

No more ! this due to friendship take,
 Not idly writ for writing's sake ;
 Nor longer question my respect,
 Nor call this short delay, neglect ;
 At least excuse it, when you see
 This pledge of my sincerity ;
 For one who rhimes to make you easy,
 And his invention strains to please you,
 To shew his friendship cracks his brains,
 Sure is a madman if he feigns.

TO MRS. GILLMAN.

BY DR. LANGHORNE.

WITH sense enough for half your sex beside ;
 With just no more than necessary pride ;
 With knowledge caught from Nature's living page,
 Politely learn'd, and elegantly sage ;
 Alas ! how piteous, that in such a mind
 So many foibles free reception find !

M

Can

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

Can such a mind, ye gods ! admit DISDAIN ;
 Be PARTIAL, ENVIOUS, COVETOUS, and VAIN !
 Unwelcome truth ! to love, to blindness clear !
 Yet, GILLMAN, bear it—while you blush to hear.

That in your gentle breast DISDAIN can dwell,
 Let knavery, meanness, pride, that feel it, tell !
 With PARTIAL eye a friend's defects you see,
 And look with kindness on my faults and me.
 And does no ENVY that fair mind o'ershade ;
 Does no short sigh for greater wealth invade ;
 When silent merit wants the fostering meed,
 And the warm wish suggests the virtuous deed ?
 Fairly the charge of VANITY you prove,
 Vain of each virtue of the friends you love.

What charms, what arts of magick have conspir'd,
 Of power to make so many faults admir'd ?

THE HISTORY OF PORSENNA,
 KING OF RUSSIA.

IN TWO BOOKS.

BY THE REV. DR. LISLE.

Arva, Beata
 Petamus arva, divites et infulas.

MOR. EPOD. XVI.

BOOK I.

IN Russia's frozen clime, some ages since,
 There dwelt, historians say, a worthy prince,
 Who to his people's good confin'd his care,
 And fix'd the basis of his empire there ;
 Enlarg'd their trade, the liberal arts improv'd,
 Made nations happy, and himself belov'd ;

To all the neighb'ring states a terror grown;
 The dear delight and glory of his own;
 Not like those kings, who vainly seek renown
 From countries ruin'd, and from battles won;
 Those mighty Nimrods, who mean laws despise,
 Call murder but a princely exercise;
 And, if one bloodless sup should steal away,
 Cry out, with Titus, they have lost a day;
 Who, to be more than men, themselves debase,
 Beneath the brute, their Maker's form deface,
 Raising their titles by their God's disgrace.
 Like fame to bold Egecratus we give,
 Who scorn'd by less than sacrifice to live;
 On holy ruins rais'd a lasting name,
 And in the temple's fire diffus'd his shame.
 Far diff'rent praises, and a brighter fame,
 The virtues of the young Porfenna claim;
 For by that name the Russian king was known,
 And sure a nobler ne'er adorn'd the throne.
 In war he knew the deathful sword to wield,
 And sought the thickest dangers of the field;
 A bold commander! but, the storm o'erblown,
 He seem'd as he were made for peace alone;
 Then was the golden age again restor'd,
 Nor less his justice honour'd than his sword.
 All needless pomp and outward grandeur spar'd,
 The deeds that grac'd him were his only guard;
 No private views beneath a borrow'd name;
 His and the publick interest were the same.
 In wealth and pleasure let the subject live,
 But virtue is the king's prerogative;
 Porfenna there without a rival stood,
 And would maintain his right of doing good.
 Nor did his person less attraction wear,
 Such majesty and sweetness mingled there;

Heav'n with uncommon art the clay refin'd,
 A proper mansion for so fair a mind ;
 Each look, each action, bore peculiar grace,
 And love itself was painted on his face.
 In peaceful time he suffer'd not his mind
 To rust in sloth, though much to peace inclin'd ;
 Nor wanton in the lap of pleasure lay,
 And, lost to glory, loiter'd life away ;
 But active rising ere the prime of day,
 Through woods and lonely desarts lov'd to stray ;
 With hounds and horns to wake the furious bear,
 Or rouse the tawny lion from his laire ;
 To rid the forest of the savage brood,
 And whet his courage for his country's good.

One day, as he pursu'd the dang'rous sport,
 Attended by the nobles of his court,
 It chanc'd a beast of more than common speed
 Sprang from the brake, and through the desert fled.
 The ardent prince, impetuous as the wind,
 Rush'd on, and left his lagging train behind.
 Fir'd with the chace, and full of youthful blood,
 O'er plains, and vales, and woodland wilds he rode,
 Urging his courser's speed ; nor thought the day
 How wasted, nor how intricate the way :
 Nor, till the night in dusky clouds came on,
 Refrain'd his pace, or found himself alone.
 Missing his train, he strove to measure back
 The road he came, but could not find the track ;
 Still turning to the place he left before,
 And only lab'ring to be lost the more.
 The bugle horn, which o'er his shoulders hung,
 So loud he winded, that the forest rung :
 In vain ; no voice but echo from the ground,
 And vocal woods made mock'ry of the sound.

And now the gath'ring clouds began to spread,
 O'er the dun face of night a deeper shade ;

And

And the hoarse thunder, growling from afar,
 With herald voice proclaim'd th' approaching war;
 Silence awhile ensu'd—then by degrees
 A hollow wind came mutt'ring through the trees;
 Sudden the full-fraught sky discharg'd its store,
 Of rain and rattling hail, a mingled shower;
 The active lightning ran along the ground;
 The fiery bolts by fits were hurl'd around,
 And the wide forests trembled at the sound.
 Amazement seiz'd the prince: where could he fly;
 No guide to lead, no friendly cottage nigh;
 Pensive and unresolv'd awhile he stood,
 Beneath the scanty covert of the wood;
 But, drove from thence, soon fall'd forth again,
 As chance directed, on the dreary plain;
 Constrain'd his melancholy way to take
 Through many a doathsome bog, and thorny brake,
 Caught in the thicket, flound'ring in the lake.
 Wet with the storm, and wearied with the way,
 By hunger pinch'd, himself to beasts a prey;
 Nor wine to cheer his heart, nor fire to burn,
 Nor place to rest, nor prospect to return:
 Drooping and spiritless, at life's despair,
 He bade it pass, not worth his farther care;
 When suddenly he spy'd a distant light,
 That faintly twinkled through the gloom of night,
 And his heart leap'd for joy, and blest'd the welcome sight.
 Oft-times he doubted, it appear'd so far,
 And hung so high, 'twas nothing but a star,
 Or kindled vapour wand'ring thro' the sky,
 But still press'd on his steed, still kept it in his eye;
 Till, much fatigue, and many dangers past,
 At a huge mountain he arriv'd at last.
 There, lighting from his horse, on hands and knees,
 Grop'd out the darksome road, by slow degrees,

Crawling

Crawling or clamb'ring o'er the rugged way ;
 The thunder rolls above, the flames around him play ;
 Joyful at length he gain'd the steepy height,
 And found the rift whence sprang the friendly light.
 And here he stopp'd to rest his wearied feet,
 And weigh the perils he had still to meet ;
 Unsheath'd his trusty sword, and dealt his eyes
 With caution round him, to prevent surprize ;
 Then summon'd all the forces of his mind,
 And ent'ring boldly cast his fears behind ;
 Resolv'd to push his way, whate'er withstood,
 Or perish bravely as a monarch shou'd.

While he the wonders of the place survey'd,
 And thro' the various cells at random stray'd,
 In a dark corner of the cave he view'd
 Somewhat that in the shape of woman flood ;
 But more deform'd than dreams can represent
 The midnight hag, or poet's fancy paint
 The Lapland witch, when she her broom bestrides,
 And scatters storms and tempests as she rides.
 She look'd, as Nature made her to disgrace
 Her kind, and cast a blot on all the race.
 Her shrivel'd skin with yellow spots besmear'd
 Like mouldy records seem'd ; her eyes were blear'd ;
 Her feeble limbs with age and palsy shook ;
 Bent was her body, haggard was her look :
 From the dark nook out crept the filthy crone ;
 And, propp'd upon her crutch, came tott'ring on.

The prince in civil guise approach'd the dame,
 Told her his piteous case, and whence he came ;
 And, till Aurora should the shades expel,
 Implor'd a lodging in her friendly cell.
 ' Mortal ! whoe'er thou art,' the fiend began ;
 And as she spake, a deadly horror ran
 Thro' all his frame ; his cheeks the blood forsook,
 Chatter'd his teeth, his knees together struck.

• Whoe'er

' Whoe'er thou art, that with presumption rude,
 ' Dar'st on our sacred privacy intrude;
 ' And without licence in our court appear,
 ' Know, thou'rt the first that ever enter'd here!
 ' But since thou plead'st excuse, thou'rt hither brought
 ' More by thy fortune than thy own default;
 ' Thy crime, tho' great, an easy pardon finds,
 ' For mercy ever dwells in royal minds:
 ' And, would you learn from whose indulgent hand
 ' You live, and in whose awful presence stand,
 ' Know farther, thro' yon wide-extended plains
 ' Great Eolus the king of tempests reigns,
 ' And in this lofty palace makes abode,
 ' Well suited to his state, and worthy of the god.
 ' The various elements his empire own,
 ' And pay their humble homage at his throne;
 ' And hither all the storms and clouds resort,
 ' Proud to encrease the splendor of his court.
 ' His queen am I, from whom the beauteous race
 ' Of winds arose, sweet fruit of our embrace!

She scarce had ended, when, with wild uproar,
 And horrid din, her sons impetuous pour
 Around the cave; came rushing in amain
 Lybs, Eurus, Boreas, all the boist'rous train;
 And close behind them on a whirlwind rode,
 In clouded majesty, the blust'ring god:

Their locks a thousand ways were blown about;
 Their cheeks like full-blown bladders strutted out;
 Their boasting talk was of the feats they'd done,
 Of trees uprooted, and of towns o'erthrown;
 And when they kindly turn'd them, to accost
 The prince, they almost pierc'd him with their frost.

The gaping bag in fix'd attention stood,
 And at the close of every tale, cried—' Good!
 Blessing with outstretch'd arms each darling son,
 In due proportion to the mischief done.

' And

' And where,' said she, ' does little Zephyr stray?
 ' Know ye, my sons, your brother's rout to-day?
 ' In what bold deeds does he his hours employ?
 ' Grant Heav'n no evil has befall'n my boy!
 ' Ne'er was he known to linger thus before.'

Scarce had she spoke, when at the cavern door
 Came lightly tripping, in a form more fair
 Than the young poet's fond ideas are,
 When fir'd with love he tries his utmost art
 To paint the beauteous tyrant of his heart.

A fatin vest his slender shape confin'd,
 Embroider'd o'er with flow'rs of every kind,
 Flora's own work, when first the goddess strove
 To win the little wanderer to her love.
 Of burnish'd silver were his sandals made,
 Silver his buskins, and with gems o'erlaid;
 A saffron-colour'd robe behind him flow'd,
 And added grace and grandeur as he trod.
 His wings than lilies whiter to behold,
 Sprinkled with azure spots, and streak'd with gold;
 So thin their form, and of so light a kind,
 That they for ever danc'd and flutter'd in the wind.
 Around his temples, with becoming air,
 In'wanton ringlets, curl'd his auburn hair,
 And o'er his shoulders negligently spread;
 A wreath of fragrant roses crown'd his head.

Such his attire; but, O! no pen can trace,
 No words can shew the beauties of his face;
 So kind! so winning! so divinely fair!
 Eternal youth and pleasure flourish there!
 There all the little loves and graces meet,
 And ev'ry thing that's soft, and ev'ry thing that's sweet!

' Thou vagrant,' cry'd the dame in angry tone,
 ' Where could'st thou loiter thus so long alone!
 ' Little thou car'st what anxious thoughts molest,
 ' What pangs are lab'ring in a mother's breast!

Well

- * Well do you shew your duty by your haste,
 * For thou of all my sons art always last;
 * A child less fondled would have fled more fast.
 * Sure 'tis a curse on mothers, doom'd to mourn,
 * Where best they love, the least and worst return!
 * ' My dear mamma,' the gentle youth reply'd,
 And made a low obeisance, ' cease to chide,
 * Nor wound me with your words; for well you know,
 * Your Zephyr bears a part in all your woe;
 * How great must be his sorrow, then, to learn
 * That he himself's the cause of your concern!
 * Nor had I loiter'd thus, had I been free;
 * But the fair Princess of Felicity
 * Entreated me to make some short delay;
 * And ask'd by her, who could refuse to stay?
 * Surrounded by the damsels of her court,
 * She sought the shady grove, her lov'd resort:
 * Fresh rose the grass, the flow'rs were mix'd between,
 * Like rich embroid'ry on a ground of green;
 * And in the midst, protected by the shade,
 * A crystal stream in wild meanders play'd;
 * While on it's banks, the trembling leaves among,
 * A thousand little birds in concert sung.
 * Close by a mount, with fragrant shrubs o'ergrown,
 * On a cool mossy couch she laid her down;
 * Her air, her posture, all conspir'd to please;
 * Her head, upon her snowy arm at ease
 * Reclin'd, a study'd carelessness express'd;
 * Loose lay her robe, and naked heav'd her breast.
 * Eager I flew to that delightful place,
 * And pour'd a shower of kisses on her face;
 * Now hover'd o'er her neck, her breast, her arms,
 * Like bees o'er flow'rs, and tasted all her charms;
 * And then her lips, and then her cheeks I try'd,
 * And fann'd and wanton'd round on every side.

N

" O Zephyr!"

" O Zephyr !" cry'd the fair, " thou charming boy,
 " Thy presence only can create me joy ;
 " To me thou art beyond expression dear,
 " Nor can I quit the place while thou art here !"
 " Excuse my weakness, Madam, when I swear
 " Such gentle words, join'd with so soft an air,
 " Pronounc'd so sweetly from a mouth so fair,
 " Quite ravish'd all my sense ; nor did I know
 " How long I stay'd, or when or where to go !
 " Meanwhile the damsels debonnaire and gay,
 " Prattled around, and laugh'd the time away :
 " These, in soft notes, address'd the ravish'd ear,
 " And warbled out so sweet, 'twas heav'n to hear ;
 " And those in rings, beneath the greenwood shade,
 " Danc'd to the melody their fellows made.
 " Some studious of themselves, employ'd their care
 " In weaving flow'ry wreathes to deck their hair ;
 " While others to some fav'rite plant convey'd
 " Refreshing show'rs, and cheer'd it's drooping head.
 " A joy so general spread through all the place,
 " Such satisfaction dwelt on every face,
 " The nymphs so kind, so lovely look'd the queen,
 " That never eye beheld a sweeter scene !"

Porfenna, like a statue fix'd appear'd,
 And, rapt in silent wonder, gaz'd and heard :
 Much he admir'd the speech, the speaker more,
 And dwelt on ev'ry word, and griev'd to find it o'er.

" O gentle youth !" he cry'd, " proceed to tell,
 " In what fair country does this princess dwell ;
 " What region unexplor'd, what hidden coast,
 " Can so much goodness, so much beauty boast !"

To whom the winged god with gracious look,
 Numberless sweets diffusing while he spoke,
 Thus answer'd kind : " These happy gardens lie
 " Far hence remov'd, beneath a milder sky ;
 " Their name—the kingdom of Felicity.

" Sweet

- ‘ Sweet scenes of endless bliss, enchanted ground,
- ‘ A foil for ever fought, but seldom found ;
- ‘ Though in the search all human kind in vain
- ‘ Weary their wits, and waste their lives in pain.
- ‘ In diff’rent parties, diff’rent paths they tread,
- ‘ As reason guides them, or as follies lead ;
- ‘ These wrangling for the place they ne’er shall see,
- ‘ Debating those, if such a place there be ;
- ‘ But not the wisest, nor the best, can say
- ‘ Where lies the point, or mark the certain way.
- ‘ Some few, by Fortune favour’d for her sport,
- ‘ Have fail’d in sight of this delightful port ;
- ‘ In thought already seiz’d the blest’d abodes,
- ‘ And in their fond delirium rank’d with gods.
- ‘ Fruitless attempt ! all avenues are kept
- ‘ By dreadful foes, sentry that never slept.
- ‘ Here, fell Detraction darts her pois’nous breath
- ‘ Fraught with a thousand stings, and scatters death ;
- ‘ Sharp-sighted Envy there maintains her post,
- ‘ And shakes her flaming brand, and stalks around the coast.
- ‘ These on the helpless bark their fury pour,
- ‘ Plunge in the waves, or dash against the shore ;
- ‘ Teach wretched mortals they were doom’d to mourn,
- ‘ And ne’er must rest but in the silent urn !
- ‘ But say, young monarch, for what name you bear,
- ‘ Your mien, your dress, your person, all declare ;
- ‘ And though I seldom fan the frozen North,
- ‘ Yet I have heard of brave Porfenna’s worth.
- ‘ My brother Boreas through the world has flown,
- ‘ Swelling his breath to spread forth your renown ;
- ‘ Say, would you chuse to visit this retreat,
- ‘ And view the world where all these wonders meet ?
- ‘ Wish you some friend o’er that tempestuous sea
- ‘ To bear you safe ! Behold that friend in me.
- ‘ My active wings shall all their force employ,
- ‘ And nimbly waft you to the realms of joy ;

' As once, to gratify the god of love,
 ' I bore fair Psyche to the Cyprian grove ;
 ' Or as Jove's bird, descending from on high,
 ' Snatch'd the young Trojan trembling to the sky.
 ' There perfect bliss thou may'st for ever share,
 ' 'Scap'd from the busy world, and all it's care ;
 ' There, in the lovely princess, thou shalt find
 ' A mistress ever blooming, ever kind !'
 All extasy, on air Porfenna trod,
 And to his bosom strain'd the little god ;
 With grateful sentiments his heart o'erflow'd,
 And in the warmest words millions of thanks bestow'd.

When Eolus, in surly humour, broke
 Their strict embrace, and thus abruptly spoke.
 ' Enough of compliment ; I hate the sport
 ' Of meanless words : this is no human court,
 ' Where plain and honest are discarded quite,
 ' For the more modish title of polite ;
 ' Where, in soft speeches, hypocrites impart
 ' The venom'd ills that lurk beneath the heart ;
 ' In friendship's holy guise their guilt improve,
 ' And kindly kill with specious shew of love.
 ' For us—my subjects are not us'd to wait,
 ' And waste their hours, to hear a mortal prate ;
 ' They must abroad before the rising sun,
 ' And hie 'em to the seas ! there's mischief to be done.
 ' Excuse my plainness, Sir ; but business stands ;
 ' And we have storms and shipwrecks on our hands !'

He ended frowning ; and the noisy rout,
 Each to his several cell went puffing out :
 But Zephyr, far more courteous than the rest,
 To his own bow'r convey'd the royal guest ;
 There on a bed of roses, neatly laid,
 Beneath the fragrance of a myrtle shade,
 His limbs to needful rest the prince apply'd,
 His sweet companion slumb'ring by his side,

B O O K II.

NO sooner in her silver chariot rose
 The ruddy morn, than, fated with repose,
 The prince address'd his host ; the god awoke,
 And leaping from his couch, thus kindly spoke :
 ' This early call, my lord, that chides my stay,
 ' Requires my thanks, and I with joy obey.
 ' Like you, I long to reach the blissful coast,
 ' Hate the slow night, and mourn the moments lost.
 ' The bright Rosinda, loveliest of the fair
 ' That croud the princess' court, demands my care ;
 ' E'en now, with fears and jealousies o'erborne,
 ' Upbraids, and calls me cruel and forsworn.
 ' What sweet rewards on all my toils attend,
 ' Serving at once my mistress and my friend !
 ' Just to my love, and to my duty too,
 ' Well paid in her, well pleas'd in pleasing you !'
 This said, he led him to the cavern gate,
 And clasp'd him in his arms, and poiz'd his weight ;
 Then balancing his body here and there,
 Stretch'd forth his agile wings, and launch'd in air,
 Swift as the fiery meteor from on high
 Shoots to it's goal, and gleams athwart the sky.
 Here with quick fan his lab'ring pinions play ;
 There glide at ease along the liquid way ;
 Now lightly skim the plain with even flight ;
 Now proudly soar above the mountain's height.
 Spiteful Detraction, whose envenom'd hate
 Sports with the suff'rings of the good and great,
 Spares not our prince ; but, with opprobrious sneer,
 Arraigns him of the heinous sin of fear ;
 That he, so try'd in arms, whose very name
 Infus'd a secret panick where it came ;

E'en

E'en he, as high above the clouds he flew,
 And spy'd the mountains less'ning to the view,
 Nought round him but the wide-expanded air,
 Helpless, abandon'd to a stripling's care,
 Struck with the rapid whirl, and dreadful height,
 Confess'd some faint alarm, some little fright.

The friendly god, who instantly divin'd
 The terrors that possess'd his fellow's mind,
 To calm his troubled thoughts, and cheat the way,
 Describ'd the nations that beneath them lay;
 The name, the climate, and the soil's encrease,
 Their arms in war, their government in peace;
 Shew'd their domestick arts, their foreign trade,
 What int'rest they pursu'd, what leagues they made.
 The sweet discourse so charm'd Porfenna's ear,
 That, lost in joy, he had no time for fear.

From Scandinavia's cold inclement waste,
 O'er wide Germania's various realms they pass'd,
 And now on Albion's fields suspend their toil,
 And hover for a while, and bless the soil.
 O'er the gay scene the prince delighted hung,
 And gaz'd in rapture, and forgot his tongue;
 Till bursting forth at length, 'Behold,' cry'd he,
 'The promis'd isle, the land I long'd to see!
 'Those plains, those vales, and fruitful hills, declare
 'My queen, my charmer, must inhabit there!
 Thus rav'd the monarch; and the gentle guide,
 Pleas'd with his error, thus in smiles reply'd.

'I must applaud, my lord, the lucky thought;
 'E'en I, who know th' original, am caught,
 'And doubt my senses, when I view the draught.
 'The slow-ascending hill, the lofty wood
 'That mantles o'er it's brow, the silver flood
 'Wand'ring in mazes through the flow'ry mead,
 'The herd that in the plenteous pastures feed,

And

- ‘ And ev’ry object, ev’ry scene excites
- ‘ Fresh wonder in my soul, and fills with new delights;
- ‘ Dwells chearful Plenty there, and learned Ease,
- ‘ And Art with Nature seems at strife to please.
- ‘ There Liberty, delightful goddess, reigns,
- ‘ Gladdens each heart, and gilds the fertile plains;
- ‘ There firmly seated may she ever smile,
- ‘ And show’r her blessings o’er her fav’rite isle!
- ‘ But see! the rising sun reproves our stay.’

He said, and to the ocean wing’d his way,
 Stretching his course to climates then unknown,
 Nations that swelter in the burning zone.
 There in Peruvian vales a moment stay’d,
 And smooth’d his wings beneath the citron shade;
 Then swift his oary pinions ply’d again,
 Cross’d the new world, and fought the Southern main;
 Where, many a wet and weary league o’erpass’d,
 The wish’d-for paradise appear’d at last.

With force abated now they gently sweep
 O’er the smooth surface of the shining deep;
 The Dryads hail’d them from the distant shore,
 The Nereids play’d around, the Tritons swam before;
 While soft Favonius their arrival greets,
 And breathes his welcome in a thousand sweets.

Nor pale disease, nor health-consuming care,
 Nor wrath, nor foul revenge, can enter there;
 No vapour’s foggy gloom imbrowns the sky;
 No tempests rage, no angry lightnings fly;
 But dews and soft-refreshing airs are found,
 And pure ethereal azure shines around.
 Whate’er the sweet Sabæan soil can boast,
 Or Mecca’s plain, or India’s spicy coast;
 What Hybla’s hills, or rich Ebalia’s fields,
 Or flow’ry vale of fam’d Hymettus yields;
 Or what of old th’ Hesperian orchard grac’d;
 All that was e’er delicious to the taste,

Sweet

Sweet to the smell, or lovely to the view,
 Collected there, with added beauty grew.
 High-tow'ring to the heav'ns the trees are seen,
 Their bulk immense, their leaf for ever green;
 So closely interwove, the tell-tale sun
 Can ne'er descry the deeds beneath them done,
 But where by fits the sportive gales divide
 Their tender tops, and fan the leaves aside.
 Like a smooth carpet, at their feet lies spread
 The matted grafs, by bubbling fountains fed;
 And on each bough the feather'd choir employ
 Their melting notes, and nought is heard but joy.
 The painted flow'rs exhale a rich perfume,
 The fruits are mingled with eternal bloom;
 And Spring and Autumn hand in hand appear,
 Lead on the merry months, and join to cloath the year.
 Here, o'er the mountain's shaggy summit pour'd,
 From rock to rock the tumbling torrent roar'd,
 While beauteous Iris, in the vale below,
 Paints on the rising fumes her radiant bow.
 Now through the meads the mazy current stray'd,
 Now hid it's wand'rings in the myrtle shade;
 Or in a thousand veins divides it's store,
 Visits each plant, refreshes ev'ry flow'r;
 O'er gems and golden sands in murmurs flows,
 And sweetly sooths the soul, and lulls to soft repose.

If hunger call, no sooner can the mind
 Express her will to needful food inclin'd,
 But in some cool recess, or op'ning glade,
 The seats are plac'd, the tables neatly laid;
 And instantly, convey'd by magick hand,
 In comely rows the costly dishes stand;
 Meats of all kinds that Nature can impart,
 Prepar'd in all the nicest forms of art.
 A troop of sprightly nymphs array'd in green,
 With flow'ry chaplets crown'd, come scudding in;

With

With fragrant blossoms these adorn the feast,
 Those with officious zeal attend the guest ;
 Beneath his feet the silken carpet spread,
 Or sprinkle liquid odours o'er his head.
 Others in ruby cups with roses bound,
 Delightful ! deal the sparkling nectar round ;
 Or weave the dance, or tune the vocal lay ;
 The lyres resound, the merry minstrels play ;
 Gay health, and youthful joys o'erspread the place,
 And swell each heart, and triumph in each face.
 So, when embolden'd by the vernal air,
 The busy bees to blooming fields repair,
 For various use employ their chymick pow'r,
 One culls the snowy pounce, one sucks the flow'r ;
 Again to diff'rent works returning home,
 Some steeve the honey, some erect the comb :
 All for the gen'ral good in concert strive,
 And ev'ry soul's in motion, ev'ry limb's alive.

And now descending from his flight, the god
 On the green turf releas'd his precious load ;
 There, after mutual salutations past,
 And endless friendship vow'd, they part in haste ;
 Zephyr impatient to behold his love,
 The prince in raptures wand'ring through the grove ;
 Now skipping on, and singing as he went,
 Now stopping short to give his transports vent ;
 With sudden gusts of happiness oppress'd,
 Or stands entranc'd, or raves like one possess'd :
 His mind afloat, his wand'ring senses quite
 O'ercome with charms, and frantick with delight ;
 From scene to scene by random steps convey'd,
 Admires the distant views, explores the secret shade ;
 Dwells on each spot, with eager eye devours
 The woods, the lawns, the buildings, and the bow'rs ;
 New sweets, new joys at ev'ry glance arise,
 And ev'ry turn creates a fresh surprize.

Cloſe by the borders of a riſing wood,
 In a green vale a cryſtal grotto flood ;
 And o'er it's ſide, beneath a beechen ſhade,
 In broken falls a ſilver fountain play'd.
 Hither, attracted by the murm'ring ſtream,
 And cool reſeſ, the pleas'd Porſenna came ;
 And, on the tender graſs reclining, choſe
 To wave his joys awhile, and take a ſhort repoſe.
 The ſcene invites him, and the wanton breeze
 That whiſpers thro' the vale, the dancing trees,
 The warbling birds, and rills that gently creep,
 All join their muſick to prolong his ſleep.

The princeſs for her morning walk prepar'd,
 The female troops attend, a beauteous guard.
 Array'd in all her charms appear'd the fair ;
 Tall was her ſtature, unconfin'd her air ;
 Proportion deck'd her limbs, and in her face
 Lay love inſhrin'd, lay ſweet attractive grace,
 Temp'ring the awful beams her eyes convey'd,
 And like a lambent flame around her play'd.
 No foreign aids, by mortal ladies worn,
 From ſhells and rocks her artleſs charms adorn :
 For grant that beauty were by gems increas'd,
 'Tis render'd more ſuſpected at the leaſt ;
 And foul defects, that would eſcape the ſight,
 Start from the piece, and take a ſtronger light.
 Her cheſnut hair, in careleſs rings, around
 Her temples wav'd, with pinks and jaſ'mine crown'd ;
 And, gather'd in a filken cord behind,
 Curl'd to the waſt, and floated in the wind ;
 O'er theſe a veil of yellow gawze ſhe wore,
 With amaranths and gold embroider'd o'er.
 Her ſnowy neck, half naked to the view,
 Gracefully fell ; a robe of purple hue
 Hung looſely o'er her ſlender ſhape, and try'd
 To ſhade thoſe beauties that it could not hide.





The damsels of her train with mirth and song
 Frolick behind, and laugh and sport along.
 The birds proclaim their queen from every tree ;
 The beasts run frisking thro' the groves to see ;
 The Loves, the Pleasures, and the Graces, meet
 In antick rounds, and dance before her feet.
 By whate'er fancy led, it chanc'd that day
 They thro' the secret valley took their way ;
 And, to the crystal grot advancing, spy'd
 The prince extended by the fountain's side.

He look'd as, by some skilful hand express'd,
 Apollo's youthful form retir'd to rest ;
 When, with the chace fatigu'd, he quits the wood,
 For Pindus' vale, and Aganippe's flood ;
 There sleeps secure, his careless limbs display'd
 At ease, encircled by the laurel shade ;
 Beneath his head his sheaf of arrows lie ;
 His bow unbent hangs negligently by.
 The slumb'ring prince might boast an equal grace,
 So turn'd his limbs, so beautiful his face.

Waking, he started from the ground in haste,
 And saw the beauteous choir around him plac'd ;
 Then, summoning his senses, ran to meet
 The queen, and laid him humbly at her feet.
 ' Deign, lovely princess, to behold,' said he,
 ' One who has travers'd all the world, to see
 ' Those charms, and worship thy divinity :
 ' Accept thy slave, and with a gracious smile
 ' Excuse his rashness, and reward his toil.'
 Stood motionless the fair with mute surprize,
 And read him over with admiring eyes ;
 And, while she steadfast gaz'd, a pleasing smart
 Ran thrilling thro' her veins, and reach'd her heart.
 Each limb she scann'd, consider'd every grace,
 And sagely judg'd him of the phoenix race.

An animal like this she ne'er had known,
 And thence concluded there could be but one :
 The creature, too, had all the phoenix' air ;
 None but the phoenix could appear so fair.
 The more she look'd, the more she thought it true ;
 And call'd him by that name, to shew she knew.

' O handsome phoenix ! for that such you are,
 ' We know ; your beauty does your breed declare ;
 ' And I with sorrow own, thro' all my coast,
 ' No other bird can such perfection boast ;
 ' For Nature form'd you single and alone :
 ' Alas ! what pity 'tis there is but one !
 ' Were there a queen so fortunate to shew
 ' An aviary of charming birds like you,
 ' What envy would her happiness create
 ' In all who saw the glories of her state !'

The prince laugh'd inwardly, surpriz'd to find
 So strange a speech, so innocent a mind.
 The compliment, indeed, did some offence
 To reason, and a little wrong'd her sense :
 He could not let it pass ; but told his name,
 And what he was, and whence, and why he came ;
 And hinted other things of high concern
 For him to mention, and for her to learn ;
 And she'd a piercing wit, of wond'rous reach,
 To comprehend whatever he could teach.
 Thus, hand in hand, they to the palace walk,
 Pleas'd and instructed with each other's talk.

Here, should I tell the furniture's expence,
 And all the structure's vast magnificence,
 Describe the walls of shining sapphire made,
 With emerald and pearl the floors inlaid,
 And how the vaulted canopies unfold
 A mimic heav'n, and flame with gems and gold ;
 Or how Felicity regales her guest,
 The wit, the mirth, the musick, and the feast ;

And

And on each part bestow the praises due ;
 'Twou'd tire the writer, and the reader too.
 My amorous tale a softer path pursues ;
 Love, and the happy pair, demand my muse !
 O could her art in equal terms express
 The lives they lead, the pleasures they possess !
 Fortune had ne'er so plenteously before
 Bestow'd her gifts, nor can she lavish more,
 'Tis heav'n itself, 'tis extasy of bliss,
 Uninterrupted joy, untir'd excess ;
 Mirth following mirth, the moments dance away ;
 Love claims the night, and friendship rules the day.

Their tender care no cold indiff'rence knows ;
 No jealousies disturb their sweet repose ;
 No sickness, no decay ; but youthful grace
 And constant beauty shines in either face.
 Benumbing age may mortal charms invade,
 Flow'rs of a day, that do but bloom and fade :
 Far diff'rent here, on them it only blows
 The lily's white, and spreads the blushing rose ;
 No conquest o'er those radiant eyes can boast ;
 They, like the stars, shine brighter in it's frost ;
 Nor fear it's rigour, nor it's rule obey ;
 All seasons are the same, and every month is May.

Alas ! how vain is happiness below !
 Man, soon or late, must have his share of woe ;
 Slight are his joys, and fleeting as the wind ;
 His griefs wound home, and leave a sting behind.
 His lot, distinguish'd from the brute, appears
 Less certain by his laughter than his tears ;
 For ignorance too oft our pleasure breeds,
 But sorrow from the reas'ning soul proceeds.

If man on earth in endless bliss could be,
 The boon, young prince, had been bestow'd on thee :
 Bright shone thy stars, thy fortune flourish'd fair,
 And seem'd secure beyond the reach of care ;

And

And so might still have been, but anxious thought!
Has dash'd thy cup, and thou must taste the draught.

It so befel, as on a certain day
This happy couple toy'd their time away,
He ask'd how many charming hours were flown,
Since on her slave her heav'n of beauty shone.
'Should I consult my heart,' cry'd he, 'the rate
'Were small; a week would be the utmost date:
'But when my mind reflects on actions past,
'And counts it's joys, time must have fled more fast.
'Perhaps I might have said, three months are gone.'—
'Three months!' reply'd the fair, 'three months alone!
'Know, that three hundred years have roll'd away,
'Since at my feet the lovely phoenix lay.'—
'Three hundred years!' re-echo'd back the prince,
'A whole three hundred years compleated since
'I landed here! O whither then are flown
'My dearest friends, my subjects, and my throne?
'How strange, alas! how alter'd shall I find
'Each earthly thing, each scene I left behind!
'Who knows me now? on whom shall I depend
'To gain my rights? where shall I find a friend?
'My crown, perhaps, may grace a foreign line,
'A race of kings, that know not me nor mine;
'Who reigns, may wish my death; his subjects treat
'My claim with scorn, and call their prince a cheat!
'Oh, had my life been ended as begun!
'My destin'd stage, my race of glory run,
'I should have died well pleas'd; my honour'd name
'Had liv'd, had flourish'd in the list of fame!
'Reflecting now, my mind with horror sees
'The sad survey, a scene of shameful ease;
'The odious blot, the scandal of my race;
'Scarce known, and only mention'd with disgrace!'
The fair beheld him with impatient eye,
And, red with anger, made this warm reply.

'Ungrate-

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

III

- ‘ Ungrateful man ! is this the kind return
- ‘ My love deserves ? and can you thus with scorn
- ‘ Reject what once you priz’d : what once you swore
- ‘ Surpass’d all charms, and made e’en glory poor ?
- ‘ What gifts have I bestow’d, what favours shewn !
- ‘ Made you partaker of my bed and throne ;
- ‘ Three centuries preserv’d in youthful prime,
- ‘ Safe from the rage of Death, and injuries of Time !
- ‘ Weak arguments ! for glory reigns above
- ‘ The feeble ties of gratitude and love.
- ‘ I urge them not, nor would request your stay ;
- ‘ The phantom glory calls, and I obey ;
- ‘ All other virtues are regardless quite,
- ‘ Sunk and absorb’d in that superior light.
- ‘ Go then, barbarian ! to thy realms return,
- ‘ And shew thyself unworthy my concern !
- ‘ Go, tell the world, your tender heart could give
- ‘ Death to the princess, by whose care you live.’

At this a deadly pale her cheeks o’erspread,
 Cold trembling seiz’d her limbs, her spirits fled ;
 She sunk into his arms : the prince was mov’d,
 Felt all her griefs, for still he greatly lov’d.
 He sigh’d, he wish’d he could forget his throne,
 Confine his thoughts, and live for her alone ;
 But glory shot him deep, the venom’d dart
 Was fix’d within, and rankled at his heart ;
 He could not hide it’s wounds, but pin’d away
 Like a sick flow’r, and languish’d in decay.
 An age no longer like a month appears,
 But ev’ry month becomes an hundred years.
 ‘ Felicity was griev’d, and could not bear
 A scene so chang’d, a sight of so much care.
 She told him, with a look of cold disdain,
 And seeming ease, as women well can feign,
 He might depart at will ; a milder air
 Would mend his health, he was no pris’ner there :

She

She kept him not, and wish'd he ne'er might find
Cause to regret the place he left behind ;
Which once he lov'd, and where he still must own,
He had at least some little pleasure known.

If these prophetick words awhile destroy
His peace ; the former balance it in joy:
He thank'd her for her kind concern, but chose
To quit the place, the rest let Heav'n dispose.
For Fate, on mischiefs bent, perverts the will,
And first infatuates whom it means to kill.

Aurora now, not as she wont to rise,
In gay attire ting'd with a thousand dyes,
But sober-sad in solemn state appears,
Clad in a dusky veil bedew'd with tears.
Thick mantling clouds beneath her chariot spread,
A faded wreath hangs drooping from her head.
The sick'ning sun emits a feeble ray,
Half drown'd in fogs, and struggling into day.
Some black event the threat'ning skies foretel.
Porfenna rose to take his last farewell.
A curious vest the mournful princess brought,
And armour by the Lemnian artist wrought ;
A shining lance with secret virtue stor'd,
And of resistless force a magick sword ;
Caparisons and gems of wond'rous price ;
And loaded him with gifts, and good advice :
But chief she gave, and what he most would need,
The fleetest of her stud, a flying steed.
'The swift Grisippo,' said th' afflicted fair,
(Such was the courser's name) 'with speed shall bear,
'And place you safely in your native air ;
'Assist against the foe ; with matchless might
'Ravage the field, and turn the doubtful fight :
'With care protect you till the danger cease,
'Your trust in war, your ornament in peace.

But

' But this, I warn, beware ; whate'er shall lay
 ' To intercept your course, or tempt your stay,
 ' Quit not your saddle, nor your speed abate,
 ' Till safely landed at your palace gate.
 ' On this alone depends your weal or woe ;
 ' Such is the will of Fate, and so the gods foreflew.'
 He in the softest terms repaid her love,
 And vow'd, nor age nor absence should remove
 His constant faith ; and sure she could not blame
 A short divorce due to his injur'd fame.
 The debt discharg'd, then should her soldier come
 Gay from the field, and flush'd with conquest, home ;
 With equal ardour her affection meet,
 And lay his laurels at his mistress's feet.
 He ceas'd ; and, fighting, took a kind adieu :
 Then urg'd his steed. The fierce Grifippo flew ;
 With rapid force outstripp'd the lagging wind,
 And left the blissful shores and weeping fair behind ;
 Now o'er the seas pursu'd his airy flight,
 Now scour'd the plains, and climb'd the mountain's height.

Thus driving on at speed, the prince had run
 Near half his course ; when, with the setting sun,
 As thro' a lonely lane he chanc'd to ride,
 With rocks and bushes fenc'd on either side,
 He spy'd a waggon full of wings, that lay
 Broke and o'erturn'd across the narrow way.
 The helpless driver, on the dirty road
 Lay struggling, crush'd beneath th' incumbent load.
 Never in human shape was seen before
 A wight so pale, so feeble, and so poor.
 Comparisons of age would do him wrong,
 For Nestor's self, if plac'd by him, were young.
 His limbs were naked all, and worn so thin,
 The bones seem'd starting thro' the parchment skin ;
 His eyes half drown'd in rheum, his accents weak ;
 Bald was his head, and furrow'd was his cheek.

The conscious steed stopp'd short in deadly fright,
 And back recoiling, stretch'd his wings for flight;
 When thus the wretch, with supplicating tone,
 And rueful face, began his piteous moan;
 And, as he spake, the tears ran trickling down.

' O gentle youth, if pity e'er inclin'd
 ' Thy soul to gen'rous deeds; if e'er thy mind
 ' Was touch'd with soft distress, extend thy care
 ' To save an old man's life, and ease the load I bear.
 ' So may propitious Heav'n your journey speed,
 ' Prolong your days, and all your vows succeed!'

Mov'd with the pray'r, the kind Porfenna stay'd,
 Too nobly-minded to refuse his aid;
 And, prudence yielding to superior grief,
 Leap'd from his steed, and ran to his relief;
 Remov'd the weight, and gave the pris'n'r breath,
 Just choak'd, and gasping on the verge of death.
 Then reach'd his hand; when lightly with a bound
 The grizly spectre vaulting from the ground,
 Seiz'd him with sudden gripe: th' astonish'd prince
 Stood horror-struck, and thoughtless of defence.

' O king of Russia!' with a thund'ring sound
 Bellow'd the ghastly fiend, ' at length thou'rt found.
 ' Receive the ruler of mankind; and know,
 ' My name is Time, thy ever-dreaded foe.
 ' These feet are founder'd, and the wings you see
 ' Worn to the pinions in pursuit of thee;
 ' Thro' all the world in vain for ages sought,
 ' But Fate has doom'd thee now, and thou art caught!'
 Then round his neck his arms he nimbly cast,
 And seiz'd him by the throat, and grasp'd him fast;
 Till forc'd at length the soul forsook it's seat,
 And the pale breathless corse fell bleeding at his feet.

Scarce had the curst spoiler left his prey,
 When, so it chanc'd, young Zephyr pass'd that way;

Too

Too late his presence to assist his friend,
 A sad, but helpless witness of his end.
 He chafes, and fans, and strives in vain to cure
 His streaming wounds ; the work was done too sure.
 Now lightly with a soft embrace uprears
 The lifeless load, and bathes it in his tears ;
 Then to the blissful seats with speed conveys,
 And graceful on the mossy carpet lays
 With decent care, close by the fountain's side,
 Where first the princess had her phoenix spy'd.
 There with sweet flow'rs his lovely limbs he strew'd,
 And gave a parting kiss, and sighs and tears bestow'd.

To that sad solitude the weeping dame,
 Wild with her loss, and swoln with sorrow, came.
 There was she wont to vent her griefs, and mourn
 Those dear delights that must no more return.
 Thither that morn, with more than usual care,
 She sped, but O what joy to find him there !
 As just arriv'd, and weary with the way,
 Retir'd to soft repose her hero lay.
 Now near approaching, she began to creep
 With careful steps, loth to disturb his sleep ;
 Till quite o'ercome with tenderness, she flew,
 And round his neck her arms in transport threw.
 But, when she found him dead, no tongue can tell
 The pangs she felt ! she shriek'd ! and, swooning, fell !
 Waking, with loud accents she pierc'd the skies,
 And fill'd the affrighted forest with her cries.
 That fatal hour the palace gates she barr'd,
 And fix'd around the coast a stronger guard ;
 Now rare appearing, and at distance seen,
 With crowds of black misfortunes plac'd between ;
 Mischiefs of every kind, corroding care,
 And fears, and jealousies, and dark despair.

And since that day (the wretched world must own
 These mournful truths by sad experience known)
 No mortal e'er enjoy'd that happy clime,
 And every thing on earth submits to Time.

WINDSOR FOREST.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

BY MR. POPE.

TH Y forests, Windsor ! and thy green retreats,
 At once the monarch's and the muse's seats,
 Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids !
 Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
 Granville commands ; your aid, O Muses, bring !
 What muse for Granville can refuse to sing ?
 The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
 Live in description, and look green in song :
 These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
 Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
 Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
 Here earth and water seem to strive again ;
 Not, chaos-like, together crush'd and bruis'd,
 But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd :
 Where order in variety we see,
 And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
 Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
 And part admit, and part exclude the day ;
 As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
 There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
 Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.

5

10

15

20

Here

Here in full light the russet plains extend ;
 There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
 E'en the wild heath displays her purple dyes, 25
 And 'midst the desert, fruitful fields arise,
 That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
 Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
 Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
 The weeping amber, or the balmy tree, 30
 While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
 Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
 Tho' gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
 Than what more humble mountains offer here, 35
 Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.
 See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
 Here blushing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground,
 Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
 And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand ; 40
 Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
 And Peace and Plenty tell, a STUART reigns.
 Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
 A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
 To savage beasts, and savage laws a prey, 45
 And kings more furious and severe than they ;
 Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods :
 Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
 (For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves.) 50
 What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
 And e'en the elements a tyrant sway'd ?
 In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
 Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain ;
 The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields, 55
 And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
 What wonder then, a beast or subject slain,
 Were equal crimes, in a despotick reign ?
 Both

Both doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled,
 But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed. 60
 Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was man :
 Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
 The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains, 65
 From men their cities, and from gods their fanes :
 The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er,
 The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar,
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd,
 O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind, 70
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
 And savage howlings fill the sacred choirs.
 Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curs'd,
 Th' oppressor rul'd tyrannick where he durst ;
 Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod, 75
 And serv'd alike his vassals and his God.
 Whom e'en the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.
 But, see ! the man who spacious regions gave
 A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave ! 80
 Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
 At once the chaser, and at once the prey :
 Lo, Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
 Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
 Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects cries, 85
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
 Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
 O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
 The forest wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
 And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain. 90
 Fair Liberty, Britannia's goddess, rears
 Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.
 Ye vig'rous swains ! while youth ferments your blood,
 And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,

Now

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

119

Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
 When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
 Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds ;
 But when the tainted gales the game betray,
 Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey :
 Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
 Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
 Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
 When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
 Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty blest,
 Near, and more near, the closing lines invest ;
 Sudden they seize th' amaz'd defenceless prize,
 And high in air Britannia's standard flies.

95

100

105

110

See ! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings :
 Short is his joy ; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
 Ah ! what avails his glossy, varying dyes,
 His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold !

115

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
 The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
 To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare :
 (Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo !)
 With slaughter'd guns th' unwear'd fowler roves,
 When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves ;
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'er shade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye ;
 Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky :

120

125

130
 Oft,

Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death ;
 Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade, 135
 Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
 The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
 Intent, his angle trembling in his hand :
 With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
 And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed. 140
 Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
 The bright-ey'd perch, with fins of Tyrian dye ;
 The silver'eel, in shining volumes roll'd ;
 The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold ;
 Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains ; 145
 And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car :
 The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
 Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
 Rouze the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound. 150
 Th' impatient courser pants in every vein,
 And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain :
 Hills, vales, and floods, appear already cross'd,
 And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
 See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep, 155
 Rush through the thickets, down the vallies sweep,
 Hang o'er their courfers heads with eager speed,
 And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
 Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
 Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train ; 160
 Nor envy, Windsor ! since thy shades have seen
 As bright a goddess, and as chaste a queen ;
 Whose care, like her's, protects the sylvan reign,
 The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd, 165
 And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade ;

Here

Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
 Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove ;
 Here, arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
 Her buskin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.

170

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
 Thy offspring, Thames ! the fair Lodona nam'd ;
 (Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
 The muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)

Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,
 But by the crescent, and the golden zone.

175

She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care ;

A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair ;

A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,

And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.

180

It chanc'd, as eager of the chace, the maid

Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,

Pan saw, and lov'd ; and, burning with desire,

Pursu'd her flight ; her flight increas'd his fire.

Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,

185

When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky ;

Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,

When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves ;

As from the god she flew with furious pace,

Or as the god, more furious, urg'd the chace.

190

Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears ;

Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears ;

And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,

His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun ;

And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,

195

Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.

In vain on Father Thames she calls for aid,

Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.

Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain ;

' Ah, Cynthia ! ah—tho' banish'd from thy train,

200

' Let me, O let me, to the shades repair ;

' My native shades—there weep, and murmur there.'

Q

She

She said ; and melting as in tears she lay,
 In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.
 The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps, 205
 For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps ;
 Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
 And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
 In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
 And with celestial tears augments the waves. 210
 Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
 The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
 The wat'ry landscape of the pendant woods,
 And absent trees that tremble in the floods ;
 In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen, 215
 And floating forests paint the waves with green,
 Thro' the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,
 Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.
 Thou, too, great father of the British floods !
 With joyful pride survey'ft our lofty woods ; 220
 Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
 And future navies on thy shores appear,
 Not Neptune's self, from all her streams, receives
 A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.
 No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear, 225
 No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
 Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,
 While led along the skies his current strays,
 As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
 To grace the mansion of our earthly gods : 230
 Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
 Like the bright beauties on thy banks below ;
 Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal passion still,
 Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.
 Happy the man whom this bright court approves, 235
 His sov'reign favours, and his country loves :
 Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
 Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires ;

Whom

Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
 Successive study, exercise, and ease. 240
 He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
 And of their fragrant physick spoils the fields :
 With chymick art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
 And draws the aromattick souls of flow'rs :
 Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high ; 245
 O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye ;
 Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
 Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er :
 Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
 Attends the duties of the wise and good, 250
 T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
 To follow nature, and regard his end ;
 Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
 Amid her kindred stars familiar roam, 255
 Survey the region, and confess her home !
 Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
 Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus retir'd.
 Ye sacred Nine ! that all my soul possess,
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless, 260
 Bear me, O bear me to sequester'd scenes,
 The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens ;
 To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye muses sport on Cooper's Hill.
 (On Cooper's Hill eternal wreathes shall grow, 265
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow)
 I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove,
 I hear soft musick die along the grove :
 Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
 By god-like poets venerable made. 270
 Here his first lays majestick Denham sung ;
 There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.
 O early lost ! what tears the river shed,
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led !

His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire, 273
And on his willows hung each muse's lyre.

Since fate relentless stopp'd their heav'nly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice ;
Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley strung
His living harp, and lofty Denham sung ? 280
But hark ! the groves rejoice, the forest rings !
Are these reviv'd ? or is it Granville sings ?
'Tis yours, my lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the muses to their ancient seats ;
To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes, 285
To crown the forests with immortal greens,
Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies ;
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star. 290

Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age :
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance :
In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre, 295
To the same notes, of love, and soft desire :
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
'Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

Oh, would'st thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore, 300
Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains !
With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age,
Draw monarch's chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field, 305
The lilies blazing on the regal shield :
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear. 310
Let

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
 And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
 Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
 And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps :
 Whom not th' extended Albion could contain, 315
 From old Belerium to the northern main,
 The grave unites ; where e'en the great find rest,
 And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppress !
 Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
 (Obscure the place, and un-inscrib'd the stone) 320
 Oh, fast accurs'd ! what tears has Albion shed !
 Heav'n's, what new wounds ! and how her old have bled !
 She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
 Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
 A dreadful series of intestine wars, 325
 Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest fears ;
 At length, great Anna said— Let discord cease !
 She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace !
 In that bless'd moment, from his oozy bed,
 Old Father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head. 330
 His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'er the stream
 His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam :
 Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
 His swelling waters, and alternate tides ;
 The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd, 335
 And on their banks Augusta rose in gold.
 Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
 Who swell with tributary urns his flood !
 First, the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
 The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame : 340
 The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd ;
 The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd ;
 Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave ;
 And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave :
 The blue, transparent Vandalis appears ; 345
 The gulphy Lee his sedgey tresses rears ;

And

And fullen Mole, that hides his diving flood ;
And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind) 350
The god appear'd : he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windfor domes and pompous turrets rise ;
Then bow'd, and spoke ; the winds forget to roar,
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

' Hail, sacred Peace ! hail, long-expected days, 355
' That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise !
' Tho' Tiber's streams immortal Rome behold,
' Tho' foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
' From heav'n itself the sev'n-fold Nilus flows,
' And harvests on a hundred realms bestows ; 360
' These now no more shall be the muse's themes,
' Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
' Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
' And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
' Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train, 365
' Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign ;
' No more my sons shall dye with British blood,
' Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood :
' Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
' Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain ; 370
' The shady empire shall retain no trace
' Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace ;
' The trumpet sleep, while chearful horns are blown,
' And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
' Behold ! th' ascending villa's on my side, 375
' Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide.
' Behold ! Augusta's glitt'ring spires encrease,
' And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.
' I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
' Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend ! 380
' There mighty nations shall enquire their doom,
' The world's great oracle in times to come ;

' There

- There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
- Once more to bend before a British queen.
- Thy trees, fair Windsor ! now shall leave their woods 385
- And half thy forests rush into the floods ;
- Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,
- To the bright regions of the rising day ;
- Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
- Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole ; 390
- Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
- Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales !
- For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
- The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
- The pearly shell it's lucid globe infold, 395
- And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
- The time shall come, when free as seas or wind,
- Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
- Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
- And seas but join the regions they divide ; 400
- Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
- And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
- Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
- And feather'd people croud my wealthy side,
- And naked youths and painted chiefs admire 405
- Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire !
- Oh, stretch thy reign, fair Peace ! from shore to shore,
- Till conquest cease, and slav'ry be no more ;
- Till the freed Indians, in their native groves,
- Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves, 410
- Peru once more a race of kings behold,
- And other Mexico's be roof'd with gold !
- Exil'd by thee, from earth to deepest hell,
- In brazen bonds, shall barb'rous discord dwell :
- Gigantick pride, pale terror, gloomy care, 415
- And mad ambition, shall attend her there :
- There purple vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
- Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires :

• There

' There hateful envy her own snakes shall feel,
 ' And persecution mourn her broken wheel:
 ' There faction roar, rebellion bite her chain,
 ' And gasping furies thirst for blood in vain.'

426

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
 Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
 The thoughts of gods let Granville's verse recite,
 And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light:
 My humble muse, in unambitious strains,
 Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,
 Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
 And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
 E'en I more sweetly pass my careless days,
 Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
 Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
 First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

425

430

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

BY THE REV. MR. MERRICK.

GOD of my health! whose bounteous care
 First gave me power to move,
 How shall my thankful heart declare
 The wonders of thy love!

While void of thought and sense I lay,
 Dust of my parent earth,
 Thy breath inform'd the sleeping clay,
 And call'd me into birth.

From thee my parts their fashion took,
 And ere my life begun,
 Within the volume of thy book
 Were written one by one.

Thy

Thy eye beheld in open view
The yet unfinish'd plan ;
The shadowy lines thy pencil drew,
And form'd the future man.

O may this frame, that rising grew
Beneath thy plattick hands,
Be studious ever to pursue
Whate'er thy will commands !

The soul that moves this earthly load,
Thy semblance let it bear,
Nor lose the traces of the God
That stamp'd his image there !

THE PLEASURES OF CONTEMPLATION.

BY MRS. DARWAL, FORMERLY MISS WHATLEY.

QUEEN of the halcyon breast, and heaven-ward eye,
Sweet Contemplation, with thy ray benign
Light my lone passage thro' this vale of life,
And raise the siege of Care ! This silent hour
To thee is sacred, when the star of eve,
Like Dian's virgins trembling ere they bathe,
Shoots o'er the Hesperian wave it's quivering ray.

All nature joins to fill my labouring breast
With high sensations : awful silence reigns
Above, around ; the founding winds no more
Wild thro' the fluctuating forest fly
With gust impetuous ; Zephyr scarcely breathes
Upon the trembling foliage ; flocks and herds,
Retir'd beneath the friendly shade repose,
Fann'd by oblivion's wing. Ha ! is not this,

R

This

This the dread hour, as ancient fables tell,
 When flitting spirits, from their prisons broke,
 By moon-light glide along the dusky vales,
 The solemn church-yard, or the dreary grove ;
 Fond to revisit their once-lov'd abodes,
 And view each friendly scene of past delight !

Satyrs, and fawns, that in sequester'd woods
 And deep-embowering shades delight to dwell ;
 Quitting their caves, where in the reign of day
 They sleep in silence, o'er the daisied green
 Pursue their gambols, and with printless feet
 Chase the fleet shadows o'er the waving plains.

Dryads, and Naiads, from each spring and grove,
 Trip blithsome o'er the lawns ; or, near the side
 Of mossy fountains, sport in Cynthia's beams.

The fairy elves, attendant on their queen,
 With light steps bound along the velvet mead,
 And leave the green impression of their dance
 In rings mysterious to the passing swain ;
 While the pellucid glow-worm kindly lends
 Her silver lamp to light the festive scene.

From yon majestick pile, in ruin great,
 Whose lofty towers once on approaching foes
 Look'd stern defiance, the sad bird of night,
 In mournful accent, to the moon complains :
 'Those towers with venerable ivy crown'd,
 And mouldering into ruin, yield no more
 A safe retirement to the hostile bands ;
 But there the lonely bat, that shuns the day,
 Dwells in dull solitude ; and screaming thence
 Wheels the night raven shrill, with hideous note
 Portending death to the dejected swain.

Each plant and flow'ret bath'd in evening dews,
 Exhale refreshing sweets : from the smooth lake,
 On whose still bosom sleeps the tall tree's shade,
 The moon's soft rays reflected mildly shine.

Now

Now towering Fancy takes her airy flight
Without restraint, and leaves this earth behind ;
From pole to pole, from world to world she flies ;
Rocks, seas, nor skies, can interrupt her course.

Is this what men, to thought estrang'd, miscall
Despondence ? this dull melancholy's scene ?

To trace the Eternal Cause thro' all his works,

Minutely and magnificently wise ?

Mark the gradations which thro' Nature's plan

Join each to each, and form the vast design ?

And tho' day's glorious guide withdraws his beams

Impartial, clearing other skies and shores ;

Rich intellect, that scorns corporeal bands,

With more than mid-day radiance gilds the scene :

The mind, now rescu'd from the cares of day,

Roves unrestrain'd thro' the wide realms of space ;

Where (thought stupendous !) systems infinite,

In regular confusion taught to move,

Like gems bespangle yon ethereal plains !

Ye sons of pleasure, and ye foes to thought,

Who search for bliss in the capacious bowl,

And blindly woo intemperance for joy ;

Durst ye retire, hold converse with yourselves,

And in the silent hours of darkness court

Kind Contemplation with her peaceful train ;

How would the minutes dance on downy feet,

And unperceiv'd the midnight taper waste,

While intellectual pleasure reign'd supreme !

Ye muses, graces, virtues, heaven-born maids !

Who love in peaceful solitude to dwell

With meek-ey'd innocence, and radiant truth,

And blushing modesty ; that frighted fly

From the midnight masquerade ;

Whence pleasure which enchants mankind ?

'Tis frenzy ; like the cup

Of Circé, fam'd of old; who tastes it finds
Th' ethereal spark divine to brute transform'd.

And now, methinks, I hear the libertine
With supercilious leer cry, ' Preach no more.
' Your musty morals; hence, to desarts fly,
' And in the gloom of solitary caves
' Austerely dwell: what's life, debarr'd from joy?
' Crown, then, the bowl; let Musick lend her aid,
' And Beauty her's, to soothe my wayward cares.'

Ah! little does he know the nymph he styles
A foe to pleasure; pleasure is not more
His aim than her's; with him she joins to blame
The hermit's gloom, and savage penances;
Each social joy approves. Oh! without thee,
Fair Friendship, life were nothing; without thee,
The page of fancy would no longer charm,
And solitude disgust e'en pensive minds.

Nought I condemn, but that excess which clouds
The mental faculties, to soothe the sense:
Let Reason, Truth, and Virtue, guide thy steps,
And every blessing Heav'n bestows, be thine!

V E R S E S

ADDRESSED TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES*.

BY MR. J. MACAULAY.

WHILE gen'ral plaudits of deserv'd renown
(The hero's glory, and the patriot's crown)
Proclaim the day to British virtue dear,
And hail the produce of an added year;

* These Verses were presented at Windsor to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on the morning of his late birth-day, August 12. 1780, when he entered his nineteenth year.

Permit

Permit the muse, in no seductive strains,
 From rural shades and summer-smiling plains,
 To speak the wish that fires each gen'rous breast,
 Of joy the founder, and of love the test.
 Ere yet bright Phœbus gilds the ruddy east,
 To sloth a stranger, and a foe to rest,
 Why does the swain, with unremitting toil,
 Guide the sharp plough-share thro' the yielding soil?
 Why does his nervous frame each shock defy,
 And dare the rigour of th' inclement sky;
 Ere yet confirm'd the doubtful spring is seen,
 And the chill blast sweeps o'er the dewy green?
 Does not his eye in future scene behold
 The spacious fields enrich'd with waving gold?
 Does not the blissful hope inspire his breast,
 Of rising barns with plenteous harvest press'd?
 Swift to his view in gay succession rise,
 The bright productions of autumnal skies.
 Deck'd in their richest dress the plains appear,
 And all the glories of the ripen'd year.

'Tis thus, great Sir, with hopes like these possess'd,
 (Each fond emotion kindling in her breast)
 Has Britain view'd her prince with anxious eyes,
 And joy'd to see each genuine virtue rise.
 From tend'rest infancy to childhood brought,
 She bade each grace inform the rising thought:
 More vig'rous grown, she hail'd the blooming shoot,
 And the rich promise of the riper fruit.
 But now matur'd she sees her prospect rise,
 Beneath the genial warmth of British skies.
 Sees the long course of gen'rous culture past,
 And hopes the harvest of her toils at last:
 To future glories lifts her dazzl'd view,
 And bids those future glories rest on You,

Nor vain her hopes—for sure, if aught can charm
 The human soul; if gen'rous thought can warm

The

The youthful breast, and bid each virtue there
 Sprout forth redundant to th'enlivening air,
 'Tis Publick Love! by noblest deeds express'd!
 The god-like tenant of the hero's breast!
 By this inspir'd, each ancient chief of fame
 Gain'd the vast honour of a deathless name;
 By this upheld, amidst her patriot-band,
 What splendid triumphs grac'd the Argive land!
 By this Imperial Rome was taught to rise,
 And Eastern grandeur shone in Latian skies.
 Beneath this sun, emerging to the day,
 Each glory shining with redoubl'd ray,
 Majestick Britain rose—Hail, native land!
 Strong to subdue, and skilful to command.
 No hostile force shall shake thy steadfast base,
 Nor secret guile thy well-form'd plans deface;
 While thine own sons, by publick virtue fir'd,
 By glory charm'd, by liberty inspir'd,
 Stand forth thy guardians, nations league in vain,
 Britain shall sway the trident of the main;
 And wond'ring foes, in deep conviction, see
 The force of British unanimity.
 Be this, O George! be this thy noblest aim;
 By this ascent pursue the heights of fame!
 Princes, like Heav'n, should wide around dispense
 The rich profusion of benevolence.
 Great in their people's love, and wisely just,
 The best deposits of the noblest trust.
 While, by each virtue rais'd, each grace refin'd,
 By Heav'n advanc'd, they prove what Heav'n design'd,
 The rulers and the saviours of mankind.

Thus, when by heary age and toil oppress'd,
 Your gracious Sire shall seek immortal rest;
 When, call'd by Heav'n, he joyfully lays down
 A temp'ral circlet for an endless crown;

Your

Your virtues then shall Britain's loss supply,
 And bid affliction dry the streaming eye :
 Brunswick again shall grace Britannia's throne,
 Great in paternal fame, and spotless in his own !

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

BY MRS. MADAN.

*Vitis ut arboribus decori est, ut vitibus uvæ ;
 Ut gregibus tauri, segetes ut pinguibus arvis ;
 Tu decus omne tuis.*

VINE.

UNEQUAL, how shall I the search begin,
 Or paint with artless hand the awful scene ?
 Thro' paths divine with steps adventurous tread,
 And trace the muses to their fountain-head ?
 Ye sacred Nine, your mighty aid impart,
 Assist my numbers, and enlarge my heart !
 Direct my lyre, and tune each trembling string,
 While Poetry's exalted charms I sing ;
 How, free as air, her strains spontaneous move,
 Kindle to rage, or melt the soul to love :
 How her first emanations dawn'd, disclose ;
 And where, great source of verse ! bright Phœbus first arose.

Where nature warmth and genius has deny'd,
 In vain are art's stiff languid powers apply'd.
 Unforc'd the muses smile, above controul :
 No art can tune the inharmonious soul.
 Some rules, 'tis true, unerring, you may cull,
 And void of life, be regularly dull ;
 Correctly flat may flow each studied rhyme,
 And each low period indolently chime.
 A common ear, perhaps, or vulgar heart,
 Such lays may please—the labour'd work of art !

Far

Far other strains delight the polish'd mind,
 The ear well judging, and the taste refin'd.
 To blend in heavenly numbers ease and fire,
 An Addison will ask, a Pope require :
 Genius alone can force, like theirs, bestow,
 As stars, unconscious of their brightness, glow.

Hail Greece ! from whence the spark **ethereal came,**
 That wide o'er earth diffus'd it's sacred flame;
 There the first laurel form'd a deathless shade,
 And sprung immortal for thy Homer's head.
 There the great bard the rising wonder wrought,
 And plann'd the Iliad in his boundless thought ;
 By no mean steps to full perfection grew,
 But burst at once refulgent to the view.
 Who can unmov'd the warm description read,
 Where the wing'd shaft repels the bounding steed ?
 Where the torn spoils of the rapacious war,
 With shocking pomp adorn the victor's car ?
 When, from some hostile arm dismiss'd, the reed
 On the mark'd foe directs it's thirsty speed,
 Such strength, such action, strikes our eager sight,
 We view, and shudder at it's fatal flight ;
 We hear the straighten'd yew recoiling start,
 And see thro' air glide swift the whizzing dart !
 When higher themes a bolder strain demand,
 Life waits the poet's animating hand :
 There, where majestic, to the sanguin'd field,
 Stern Ajax stalks behind his seven-fold shield ;
 Or where, in polish'd arms severely bright,
 Pelides dreadful rushes to the fight ;
 With martial ardour breathes each kindling page
 The direful havoc and unbounded rage,
 The clash of arms tumultuous from afar,
 And all that fires the hero's soul to war !

Bold Pindar next, with matchless force and fire
 Divinely careless, wak'd the sounding lyre.

Unbound

Unbound by rule, he urg'd each vigorous lay,
And gave his mighty genius room to play :
The Grecian games employ his daring strings,
In numbers rapid as the race he sings.

Mark, Mæse, the conscious shade and vocal grove,
Where Sappho tan'd her melting voice to love,
While Echo each harmonious strain return'd,
And with the soft-complaining Lesbian mourn'd.

With roses crown'd, on flowers supinely laid,
Anacreon next the sprightly lyre essay'd,
In light fantastick measures beat the ground,
Or dealt the mirth-inspiring juice around.
No care, no thought, the tuneful Tefan knew,
But mark'd with bliss each moment as it flew.

Behold the soil, where smooth Clitumnus glides,
And rolls thro' smiling fields his ductile tides ;
Where swollen Eridanus in state proceeds,
And tardy Mincio wanders thro' the meads ;
Where breathing flowers ambrosial sweets distil,
And the soft air with balmy fragrance fill.
O Italy! tho' joyful plenty reigns,
And Nature laughs amid thy bloomy plains ;
Tho' all thy shades poetick warmth inspire,
Tune the rapt soul, and fan the sacred fire ;
Those plains and shades shall reach th' appointed date,
And all their fading honours yield to fate :
Thy wide renown, and ever-blooming fame,
Stand on the basis of a nobler claim ;
In thee his harp immortal Virgil strung,
Of shepherds, flocks, and mighty heroes sung.

See Horace, shaded by the lyrick wreath,
Where every grace and all the muses breathe ;
Where courtly ease adorns each happy line,
And Pindar's fire and Sappho's softness join.
Politely wise, with calm well-govern'd rage,
He lash'd the reigning follies of the age ;

With wit, not spleen, indulgently severe,
 To reach the heart he charm'd the listening ear.
 When soothing themes each milder note employ,
 Each milder note swells soft to love and joy ;
 Smooth as the fame-presaging doves * that spread
 Prophetick wreathes around his infant head.

Ye numerous bards unsung (whose various lays
 A genius equal to your own should praise)
 Forgive the Muse, who feels an inbred flame
 Resistless, to exalt her country's fame ;
 A foreign clime she leaves—and turns her eyes
 Where her own Britain's favourite towers arise ;
 Where Thames rolls deep his plenteous tides around,
 His banks with thick-ascending turrets crown'd ;
 Yet not these scenes th' impartial muse could boast,
 Were liberty, thy great distinction, lost.
 Britannia, hail ! o'er whose luxuriant plain,
 For the free natives waves the rip'ning grain :
 'Twas sacred Liberty's celestial smile
 First lur'd the muses to thy generous isle ;
 'Twas Liberty bestow'd the power to sing,
 And bid the verse-rewarding laurel spring.

Here Chaucer first his comick vein display'd,
 And merry tales in homely guise convey'd ;
 Unpolish'd beauties grac'd the artless song,
 Tho' rude the diction, yet the sense was strong.

To smoother strains chastising tuneless prose,
 In plain magnificence great Spencer rose ;
 In forms distinct, in each creating line,
 The virtues, vices, and the passions shine :
 Subservient Nature aids the poet's rage,
 And with herself inspires each nervous page.

Exalted Shakespear, with a boundless mind,
 Rang'd far and wide ; a genius unconfin'd !

* Vide Hor. Lib. iii. Ode iv.

The passions sway'd, and captive led the heart,
 Without the critick's rules, and void of art :
 So some fair clime, by smiling Phœbus blest'd,
 And in a thousand charms by Nature dress'd,
 Where limpid streams in wild meanders flow,
 And on the mountains tow'ring forests grow,
 With lovely landscapes lures the ravish'd sight,
 While each new scene supplies a new delight :
 No industry of man, no needless toil,
 Can mend the rich uncultivated soil.

While Cowley's lays with sprightly vigour move,
 Around him wait the gods of verse and love ;
 So quick the crouding images arise,
 The bright variety distracts our eyes ;
 Each sparkling line, where fire with fancy flows,
 The rich profusion of his genius shows.

To Waller, next, my wandering view I bend,
 Gentle, as flakes of feather'd snow descend :
 Not the same snow, it's silent journey done,
 More radiant glitters in the rising sun,
 O happy nymph ! who could those lays demand,
 And claim the care of this immortal hand :
 In vain might age thy heavenly form invade,
 And o'er thy beauties cast an envious shade ;
 Waller the place of youth and bloom supplies,
 And gives exhaustless lustre to thy eyes ;
 Each muse assisting rifles every grace,
 To paint the wonders of thy matchless face.
 Thus, when at Greece, divine Apelles strove
 To give to earth the radiant queen of love,
 From each bright nymph some dazzling charm he took,
 This fair-one's lips, another's lovely look ;
 Each beauty pleas'd, a smile, or air bestows,
 Till all the goddesses from the canvas rose.

Immortal Milton, hail ! whose lofty strain
 With conscious strength does vulgar themes disdain ;

Sublime

Sublime ascended thy superior soul,
 Where neither lightnings flash, nor thunders roll;
 Where other suns drink deep th' eternal ray,
 And thence to other worlds transmit the day;
 Where, high in ether, countless planets move,
 And various moons, attendant, round them rove.
 O bear me to those soft, delightful scenes,
 Where shades far-spreading boast immortal greens;
 Where paradise unfolds her fragrant flowers,
 Her sweets unfading, and celestial bowers;
 Where Zephyr breathes amid the blooming wild,
 Gentle as Nature's infant-beauty smil'd;
 Where gaily reigns one ever-laughing spring;
 Eden's delights! which thou alone couldst sing.
 Yet not these scenes could bound his daring flight;
 Born to the task, he rose a nobler height.
 While o'er the lyre his hallow'd fingers fly,
 Each wonderous touch awakens raptures high.
 Those glorious feats he boldly durst explore,
 Where faith alone, till then, had power to soar.

Smooth glide thy waves, O Thames, while I rehearse
 The name that taught thee first to flow in verse *;
 Let sacred silence hush thy grateful tides,
 The osier cease to tremble on thy sides;
 Let thy calm waters gently steal along;
 Denham this homage claims, while he inspires my song.
 Far as thy billows roll, dispers'd away
 To distant climes, the honour'd name convey:
 Not Xanthus can a nobler glory boast,
 In whose rich stream a thousand floods are lost.

The strong, the soft, the moving, and the sweet,
 In artful Dryden's various numbers meet;
 Aw'd by his lays, each rival bard retir'd:
 So fades the moon, pale, lifeless, unadmir'd,

* Sir John Denham's Cooper's Hill.

When

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

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When the bright sun bursts glorious on the sight,
With radiant lustre, and a flood of light.

The comick muse, with lively humour gay,
In Congreve's strains does all her charms display.
She rallies each absurd impertinence,
And without labour laughs us into sense.
The follies of mankind she sets to view,
In scenes still pleasing, and for ever new.

Sure Heaven, that destin'd William to be great,
The mighty bulwark of the British state,
The scourge of tyrants, guardian of the law,
Bestow'd a Garth, designing a Nassau!

Wit, ease, and life, in Prior blended, flow,
Polite as Granville, soft as moving Rowe;
Granville, whose lays unnumber'd charms adorn,
Serene and sprightly as the opening morn:
Rowe, who the spring of every passion knew,
And from our eyes call'd forth the opening dew;
Still shall his gentle muse our souls command,
And our warm'd hearts confess his skilful hand.
Be this the least of his superior fame,
Whose happy genius caught great Lucan's flame,
Where noble Pompey dauntless meets his doom,
And each free strain breathes Liberty and Rome.

O Addison, lamented, wond'rous bard!
The god-like hero's great, his best reward:
Not all the laurels reap'd on Blenheim's plains
A fame can give like thy immortal strains*.
While Cato dictates in thy awful lines,
Cæsar himself with second lustre shines:
As our rais'd souls the great distress pursue,
Triumphs and crowns still lessen in our view;
We trace the victor with disdainful eyes,
And all that made a Cato bleed, despise.

* The Campaign.]

The bold pindarick, and soft lyrick muse,
 Breath'd all her energy in tuneful Hughes !
 Musick herself did on his lines bestow
 The polish'd lustre, and enchanting flow !
 His sweet cantatas, and melodious song,
 Shall ever warble on the skilful tongue !
 When nobler themes a loftier strain require,
 His bosom glow'd with more than mortal fire !
 Not Orpheus' self * could in sublimer lays
 Have sung th' omnipotent Creator's praise.
 Damascus' moving fate, display'd to view,
 From every eye the ready tribute drew :
 Th' attentive ear the bright Eudocia † charms,
 And with the generous love of virtue warms ;
 She seems above the ills she greatly bears,
 While Phocyas' † woes command our gushing tears.
 Abudah † shines a pattern to mankind !
 In him the hero and the man are join'd !

High on the radiant list, see ! Pope appears,
 With all the fire of youth, and strength of years ;
 Where'er supreme he points the nervous line,
 Nature and art in bright conjunction shine.
 How just the turns ! how regular the draught !
 How smooth the language ! how refin'd the thought !
 Secure beneath the shade of early bays,
 He dar'd the thunder of great Homer's lays ;
 A sacred heat inform'd his heaving breast,
 And Homer in his genius stands confess'd :
 To heights sublime he rais'd the pond'rous lyre,
 And our cold isle grew warm with Grecian fire !

Fain would I now th' excelling bard reveal,
 And point the seat where all the muses dwell ;

* See Mr. Hughes's Ode, entitled, *An Ode to the Creator of the World*, occasioned by the Fragments of Orpheus.

† Characters in his tragedy entitled *The Siege of Damascus*.

Where Phoebus has his warmest smiles bestow'd,
 And who most labours with th' inspiring god :
 But while I strive to fix the ray divine,
 And round that head the laurel'd triumph twine,
 Unnumber'd bards distract my dazzled sight,
 And my first choice grows faint with rival light.
 So the white road that streaks the cloudless skies,
 When silver Cynthia's temperate beams arise,
 Thick set with stars, o'er our admiring heads
 One undistinguish'd streamy twilight spreads ;
 Pleas'd we behold from heaven's unbounded height,
 A thousand orbs pour forth promiscuous light :
 While all around the spangled lustre flows,
 In vain we strive to mark which brightest glows ;
 From each the same enlivening splendors fly,
 And the diffusive glory charms the eye.

A N E L E G Y,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

BY MR. GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour:
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to it's mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

T

Their

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd ;
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 ' Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
 ' Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 ' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

' There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 ' That wreathes it's old fantastick roots so high,
 ' His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 ' And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 ' Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove :
 ' Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
 ' Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopelefs love.

' One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 ' Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree :
 ' Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 ' Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

' The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 ' Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne :
 ' Approach, and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
 ' Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown ;
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send :
 He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend,

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

A PASTORAL BALLAD,

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY W. SHENSTONE, ESQ.

Arbuta humilesque myrica.

VIRE.

I. ABSENCE.

YE shepherds so chearful and gay,
 Whose flocks never carelessly roam,
 Should Corydon's happen to stray,
 Oh, call the poor wanderers home.
 Allow me to muse and to sigh,
 Nor talk of the change that ye find ;
 None once was so watchful as I :
 —I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
 With the torture of doubt and desire ;
 What it is, to admire and to love,
 And to leave her we love and admire.

Ah,

Ah, lead forth my flock in the morn,
 And the damps of each evening repel :
 Alas ! I am faint and forlorn ;
 —I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchsaf'd me a look,
 I never once dream'd of my vine ;
 May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
 If I knew of a kid that was mine !
 I priz'd every hour that went by,
 Beyond all that had pleas'd me before ;
 But now they are past, and I sigh,
 And I grieve that I priz'd them no more,

But why do I languish in vain !
 Why wander thus pensively here ?
 Oh ! why did I come from the plain,
 Where I fed on the smiles of my dear ?
 They tell me, my favourite maid,
 The pride of that valley, is flown ;
 Alas ! where with her I have stray'd,
 I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
 What anguish I felt at my heart !
 Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
 'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
 She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew ;
 My path I could hardly discern ;
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
 To visit some far distant shrine,
 If he bear but a relique away,
 Is happy, nor heard to repine.

Thus,

Thus, widely remov'd from the fair,
 Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
 Soft hope is the relique I bear,
 And my solace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
 My grottoes are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white-over with sheep.
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow;
 My fountains all border'd with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,
 But a sweet-briar entwines it around.
 Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
 More charms than my cattle unfold:
 Not a brook that is limped and clear,
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
 To the bower I have labour'd to rear;
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
 But I hasted and planted it there.
 Oh, how sudden the jessamine strove
 With the lilac to render it gay!
 Already it calls for my love,
 To prune the wild branches away.

From

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear;
She will say, 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of it's young:
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold,
How that pity was due to—a dove;
That it ever attended the bold;
And she call'd it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught in her absence could please.

But

But where does my Phyllida stray ?
 And where are her grots and her bowers ?
 Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours ?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the vallies as fine ;
 The swains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove ?
 Why term it a folly to grieve ?
 Ere I shew you the charms of my love,
 She is fairer than you can believe.
 With her mien she enamours the brave ;
 With her wit she engages the free ;
 With her modesty pleases the grave ;
 She is every way pleasing to me.

To see, as my fair-one goes by,
 Some hermit peep out of his cell,
 How he thinks on his youth with a sigh !
 How fondly he wishes her well !
 On him she may smile if she please,
 'Twill warm the cold bosom of age ;
 But cease, gentle Phyllida, cease !
 Such softness would ruin the sage.

O you that have been of her train,
 Come and join in my amorous lays ;
 I could lay down my life for the swain
 That will sing but a song in her praise.

When

When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown;
—But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—O may Phyllis beware
Of a magick there is in the sound!

'Tis his with mock passion to glow;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
' How her face is as bright as the snow,
' And her bosom, be sure, is as cold:
' How the nightingales labour the strain,
' With the notes of his charmer to vie;
' How they vary their accents in vain,
' Repine at her triumphs, and die.'

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet;
Then suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
' O Phyllis,' he whispers, ' more fair,
' More sweet than the jessamine's flower!
' What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?
' What is eglantine after a shower?

' Then the lily no longer is white;
' Then the rose is depriv'd of it's bloom;
' Then the violets die with despoite,
' And the woodbines give up their perfume.'

Thus glide the soft numbers along,
 And he fancies no shepherd his peer ;
 —Yet I never should envy the song,
 Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
 So Phyllis the trophy despise ;
 Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
 So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
 The language that flows from the heart
 Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue ;
 —Yet may she beware of his art,
 Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE shepherds, give ear to my lay,
 And take no more heed of my sheep :
 They have nothing to do but to stray ;
 I have nothing to do, but to weep.
 Yet do not my folly reprove ;
 She was fair—and my passion begun ;
 She smil'd—and I could not but love ;
 She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought ;
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
 That a nymph so compleat would be sought
 By a swain more engaging than me.
 Ah ! love every hope can inspire ;
 It banishes wisdom the while ;
 And the lip of the nymph we admire,
 Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She

She is faithless, and I am undone !

Ye that witness the woes I endure,

Let reason instruct you to shun

What it cannot instruct you to cure.

Beware how ye loiter in vain,

Amid nymphs of an higher degree:

It is not for me to explain,

How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas ! from the day that we met,

What hope of an end to my woes ;

When I cannot endure to forget

The glance that undid my repose !

Yet time may diminish the pain :

The flower, and the shrub, and the tree,

Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,

In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,

The sound of a murmuring stream,

The peace which from solitude flows,

Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.

High transports are shewn to the fight,

But we are not to find them our own ;

Fate never bestow'd such delight,

As I with my Phyllis had known !

O ye woods, spread your branches apace ;

To your deepest recesses I fly ;

I would hide with the beasts of the chase ;

I would vanish from every eye.

Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove

With the same sad complaint it begun ;

How she smil'd, and I could not but love ;

Was faithless, and I am undone !

THE PARTRIDGES.

AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN ON THE LAST OF AUGUST.

BY THE REV. MR. PRATT.

HARD by yon copse that skirts the flow'ry vale,
 As late I walk'd to taste the ev'ning breeze,
 A plaintive murmur mingled in the gale,
 And notes of sorrow echo'd thro' the trees.

Touch'd by the pensive sound, I nearer drew ;
 But my rude step increas'd the cause of pain !
 Soon o'er my head the whirring partridge flew,
 Alarm'd ; and with her flew an infant train.

But short th' excursion ; for, unus'd to play,
 Feebly the unfledg'd wings th' essay could make :
 The parent, shelter'd by the closing day,
 Lodg'd her lov'd covey in a neighb'ring brake.

Her cradling pinions there she amply spread,
 And hush'd th' affrighted family to rest ;
 But still the late alarm suggested dread,
 And closer to their feath'ry friend they press'd.

She, wretched parent ! doom'd to various woe,
 Felt all a mother's hope, a mother's care ;
 With grief foresaw the dawn's impending blow,
 And, to avert it, thus preferr'd her pray'r.

' O Thou ! who e'en the sparrow dost befriend ;
 ' Whose providence protects the harmless wren ;
 ' Thou, God of birds ! these innocents defend,
 ' From the vile sport of unrelenting men.

' For

- For soon as dawn shall dapple yonder skies,
• The slaught'ring gunner, with the tube of fate,
- While the dire dog the faithless stubble tries,
• Shall persecute our tribe with annual hate.
- O may the sun, unfann'd by cooling gale,
• Parch with unusual heat th' undewy ground ;
- So shall the pointer's wonted cunning fail,
• So shall the sportsman leave my babes unfound.
- Then shall I fearless guide them to the mead ;
• Then shall I see with joy their plumage grow ;
- Then shall I see (fond thought !) their future breed,
• And every transport of a parent know!
- But if some victim must endure the dart,
• And fate marks out that victim from my race,
- Strike, strike the leaden vengeance thro' this heart,
• Spare, spare my babes ; and I the death embrace !

THE SQUIRE AND THE PARSON.

AN ECLOGUE.

BY SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.

BY his hall chimney, where in rusty grate
Green faggots wept their own untimely fate,
In elbow-chair the pensive squire reclin'd,
Revolving debts and taxes in his mind :
A pipe just fill'd, upon a table near
Lay by the London Evening stain'd with beer,
With half a bible, on whose remnants torn
Each parish round was annually forsworn.
The gate now claps, as evening just grew dark,
Tray starts, and with a growl prepares to bark ;

But

But soon discerning, with sagacious nose,
 The well-known flavour of the parson's toes,
 Lays down his head, and sinks in soft repose.
 The doctor entering, to the tankard ran,
 Takes a good hearty pull, and thus began :

PARSON.

Why sit'st thou, thus forlorn and dull, my friend,
 Now war's rapacious reign is at an end ?
 Hark, how the distant bells inspire delight !
 See, bonfires spangle o'er the veil of night !

SQUIRE.

What's peace, alas ! in foreign parts, to me ?
 At home, nor peace nor plenty can I see ;
 Joyless, I hear drums, bells, and fiddles sound,
 'Tis all the same—four shillings in the pound.
 My wheels, tho' old, are clogg'd with a new tax ;
 My oaks, tho' young, must groan beneath the axe :
 My barns are half unthatch'd, untiled my house,
 Lost by this fatal sickness all my cows :
 See, there's the bill my late damn'd law-suit cost !
 Long as the land contended for—and lost :
 E'en Ormond's Head I can frequent no more,
 So short my pocket is, so long the score ;
 At shops all round I owe for fifty things—
 This comes of fetching Hanoverian kings.

PARSON.

I must confess the times are bad, indeed !
 No wonder—when we scarce believe our creed ;
 When purblind Reason's deem'd the surest guide,
 And heaven-born Faith at her tribunal try'd :
 When all church-power is thought to make men slaves,
 Saints, martyrs, fathers, all call'd fools and knaves.

SQUIRE.

Come, preach no more, but drink and hold your tongue.
 I'm for the church : but think the parsons wrong.

PAR-

PARSON.

See there ! Free-thinking now so rank is grown,
It spreads infection thro' each country town ;
Deistick scoffs fly round at rural boards,
Squires, and their tenants too, prophane as lords,
Vent impious jokes on every sacred thing—

SQUIRE.

Come, drink !—

PARSON,

Here's to you, then ; to church and king,

SQUIRE.

Here's church and king ; I hate the glass should stand ;
Tho' one takes tithes, and t'other taxes land.

PARSON.

Heaven with new plagues will scourge this sinful nation,
Unless we soon repeal the toleration,
And to the church restore the convocation.

SQUIRE.

Plagues we should feel sufficient, on my word,
Starv'd by two houses, priest-rid by a third.
For better days we lately had a chance,
Had not the honest Plaids been trick'd by France.

PARSON.

Is not most gracious George our faith's defender?
You love the church, yet wish for the Pretender !

SQUIRE.

Preferment, I suppose, is what you mean;
Turn Whig, and you, perhaps, may be a dean ;
But you must first learn how to treat your betters.
What's here ? sure some strange news ; a boy with letters ;
O ho ! here's one, I see, from Parson Sly :
' My reverend neighbour Squab being like to die,
' I hope, if Heaven should please to take him hence,
' To ask the living would be no offence.'

PARSON.

Have you not sworn, that I should Squab succeed ?
Think how for this I taught your sons to read ;

How

How oft discover'd pufs on new-plough'd land;
 How oft supported you with friendly hand,
 When I could scarcely go, nor could your worship stand. }

SQUIRE.

'Twas yours, had you been honest, wife, or civil;
 Now e'en go court the bishops—or the devil.

PARSON.

If I meant any thing, now let me die;
 I'm blunt, and cannot fawn and cant, not I,
 Like that old presbyterian rascal Sly.
 I am, you know, a right true-hearted Tory,
 Love a good glass, a merry song, or story. }

SQUIRE.

Thou art an honest dog, that's truth, indeed;
 Talk no more nonsense, then, about the creed.
 I can't, I think, deny thy first request:
 'Tis thine; but first, a bumper to the best.

PARSON.

Most noble squire, more generous than your wine,
 How pleasing's the condition you assign!
 Give me the sparkling glass, and here, d'ye see,
 With joy I drink it on my bended knee.
 Great Queen †! who governest this earthly ball,
 And mak'st both kings; and kingdoms, rise and fall;
 Whose wonderous power in secret all things rules,
 Makes fools of mighty peers, and peers of fools;
 Dispenses mitres, coronets, and stars;
 Involves far distant realms in bloody wars,
 Then bids the snaky tresses cease to hiss,
 And gives them peace again—nay, giv'st us this;
 Whose health does health to all mankind impart:—
 Here's to thy much-lov'd health!

SQUIRE, *rubbing his hands.*

—With all my heart.

† Madam de Pompadour.

THE

THE POOR MAN'S PRAYER.

WRITTEN IN M DCC LXVI.

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

BY DR. ROBERTS.

A MIDST the more important toils of state,
The counsels labouring in thy patriot soul,
Tho' Europe from thy voice expect her fate,
And thy keen glance extend from pole to pole :

O Chatham ! nurs'd in ancient Virtue's lore,
To these sad strains incline a favouring ear ;
Think on the God, whom thou and I adore,
Nor turn unpitying from the poor man's prayer !

Ah, me ! how blest'd was once a peasant's life !
No lawless passion swell'd my even breast :
Far from the stormy waves of civil strife,
Sound were my slumbers, and my heart at rest.

I ne'er for guilty, painful pleasures rov'd,
But taught by Nature, and by choice, to wed,
From all the hamlet cull'd whom best I lov'd,
With her I laid my heart, with her my bed.

To gild her worth, I ask'd no wealthy power,
My toil could feed her, and my arm defend ;
In youth, or age, in pain, or pleasure's hour,
The same fond husband, father, brother, friend.

X

And

And she, the faithful partner of my care,
 When ruddy evening streak'd the western sky,
 Look'd tow'rd's the uplands, if her mate was there,
 Or thro' the beech-wood cast an anxious eye :

Then, careful matron, heap'd the maple board
 With savoury herbs, and pick'd the nicer part,
 From such plain food as Nature could afford,
 Ere simple Nature was debauch'd by Art;

While I, contented with my homely chear,
 Saw round my knees my prattling children play ;
 And oft, with pleas'd attention, sat to hear
 The little history of their idle day.

But ah ! how chang'd the scene ! On the cold stones
 Where wont at night to blaze the chearful fire,
 Pale Famine sits, and counts her naked bones,
 Still sighs for food, still pines with vain desire.

My faithful wife, with ever-streaming eyes,
 Hangs on my bosom her dejected head ;
 My helpless infants raise their feeble cries,
 And from their father claim their daily bread.

Dear tender pledges of my honest love,
 On that bare bed behold your brother lie :
 Three tedious days with pinching want he strove,
 The fourth, I saw the helpless cherub die.

Nor long shall ye remain. With visage sour
 Our tyrant lord commands us from our home ;
 And arm'd with cruel Law's coercive power,
 Bids me and mine o'er barren mountains roam.

Yet.

Yet never, Chatham, have I pass'd a day
 In riot's orgies, or in idle ease;
 Ne'er have I sacrific'd to sport and play,
 Or wish'd a pamper'd appetite to please.

Hard was my fate, and constant was my toil;
 Still with the morning's orient light I rose,
 Fell'd the stout oak, or rais'd the lofty pile,
 Parch'd in the sun, in dark December froze.

Is it that Nature with a niggard hand
 Witholds her gifts from these once-favour'd plains?
 Has God, in vengeance to a guilty land,
 Sent dearth and famine to her labouring swains?

Ah, no! yon hill, where daily sweats my brow,
 A thousand flocks, a thousand herds adorn;
 Yon field, where late I drove the painful plough,
 Feels all her acres crown'd with wavy corn.

But what avails that o'er the furrow'd soil
 In autumn's heat the yellow harvests rise,
 If artificial want elude my toil,
 Untasted plenty wound my craving eyes?

What profits, that at distance I behold
 My wealthy neighbour's fragrant smoke ascend,
 If still the griping cormorants withhold
 The fruits which rain and genial seasons send?

If those fell vipers of the publick weal
 Yet unrelenting on our bowels prey;
 If still the curse of penury we feel,
 And in the midst of plenty pine away?

In every port the vessel rides secure,
 That wafts our harvest to a foreign shore :
 While we the pangs of pressing want endure,
 The sons of strangers riot on our store.

O generous Chatham ! stop those fatal sails,
 Once more with out-stretch'd arm thy Britons save ;
 Th' unheeding crew but wait for favouring gales,
 O stop them, ere they stem Italia's wave !

From thee alone I hope for instant aid,
 'Tis thou alone canst save my children's breath ;
 O deem not little of our cruel need !
 O haste to help us ! for delay is death.

So may nor spleen nor envy blast thy name,
 Nor voice prophane thy patriot acts deride ;
 Still may'st thou stand the first in honest fame,
 Unstung by folly, vanity, or pride !

So may thy languid limbs with strength be brac'd,
 And glowing health support thy active soul ;
 With fair renown thy publick virtue grac'd,
 Far as thou bad'st Britannia's thunder roll.

Then ' Joy to thee, and to thy children peace,'
 The grateful hind shall drink from Plenty's horn :
 And while they share the cultur'd land's increase,
 The poor shall blefs the day when Pitt was born !

E P I S T L E

FROM

LORD WILLIAM RUSSEL, TO LORD WILLIAM CAVENDISH.

BY GEORGE CANNING, ESQ.

LOST to the world, to-morrow doom'd to die,
 Still for my country's weal my heart beats high.
 Tho' rattling chains ring peals of horror round,
 While night's black shades augment the savage sound,
 'Midst bolts and bars the active soul is free,
 And flies, unfetter'd, Cavendish, to thee!

Thou dear companion of my better days,
 When hand in hand we trod the paths of praise;
 When, leagu'd with patriots, we maintain'd the cause
 Of true religion, liberty, and laws;
 Disdaining down the golden stream to glide,
 But bravely stemm'd Corruption's rapid tide;
 Think not I come to bid thy tears to flow,
 Or melt thy generous soul with tales of woe!
 No! view me firm, unshaken, undismay'd,
 As when the welcome mandate I obey'd.
 Heavens! with what pride that moment I recal!
 Who would not wish, so honour'd, thus to fall!
 When England's Genius, hovering o'er, inspir'd
 Her chosen sons, with love of Freedom fir'd,
 Spite of an abject, servile, pension'd train,
 Minions of power, and worshippers of gain,

* This Epistle is supposed to have been written by Lord Russel, on Friday night, July 20, 1683, in Newgate; that prison having been the place of his confinement for some days immediately preceding his execution.

To save from bigotry it's destin'd prey,
And shield three nations from tyrannick sway.

'Twas then my Cavendish caught the glorious flame,
The happy omen of his future fame ;
Adorn'd by Nature, perfected by Art,
The clearest head, and warmest, noblest heart,
His words, deep sinking in each captiv'd ear,
Had power to make e'en Liberty more dear.

While I, unskill'd in oratory's lore,
Whose tongue ne'er speaks but when the heart runs o'er,
In plain blunt phrase my honest thoughts express'd,
Warm from the heart, and to the heart address'd,

Justice prevail'd ; yes, Justice, let me say,
Well pois'd her scales on that auspicious day.
The watchful shepherd spies the wolf afar,
Nor trusts his flock to try th' unequal war :
What tho' the savage crouch in humble guise,
And check the fire that flashes from his eyes,
Should once his barbarous fangs the fold invade,
Vain were their cries, too late the shepherd's aid ;
Thirsting for blood, he knows not how to spare,
His jaws distend, his fiery eye-balls glare,
While ghastly Desolation, stalking round,
With mangled limbs bestrews the purple ground.

Now, memory, fail ! nor let my mind revolve,
How England's peers annull'd the just resolve,
Against her bosom aim'd a deadly blow,
And laid at once her great Palladium low !

Degenerate nobles ! Yes ; by Heaven I swear,
Had Bedford's self appear'd delinquent there,
And join'd, forgetful of his country's claims,
To thwart th' exclusion of apostate James,
All filial ties had then been left at large,
And I myself the first to urge the charge !

Such the fix'd sentiments that rule my soul,
Time cannot change, nor tyranny controul ;

While

While free, they hung upon my pensive brow,
Then my chief care, my pride and glory now;
Foil'd, I submit, nor think the measure hard,
For conscious virtue is its own reward.

Vain then is force, and vain each subtle art,
To wring retraction from my tortur'd heart;
There lie, in marks indelible engrav'd,
The means whereby my country must be sav'd:
Are to thine eyes those characters unknown?
To read my inmost heart, consult thine own;
There wilt thou find this sacred truth reveal'd,
Which shall to-morrow with my blood be seal'd,
• Seek not infirm expedients to explore,
• But banish James, or England is no more.*

Friendship her tender offices may spare,
Nor strive to move the unforgiving pair,
Hopeless the tyrant's mercy-seat to climb—
Zeal for my country's freedom, is my crime!
Ere that meets pardon, lambs with wolves shall range,
Charles be a saint, and James his nature change.

Press'd by my friends, and Rachael's fond desires*,
(Who can deny what weeping love requires!)
Frailty prevail'd, and for a moment quell'd
Th' indignant pride that in my bosom swell'd;
I su'd—the weak attempt I blush to own—
I su'd for mercy, prostrate at the throne.
O! blot the foible out, my noble friend!
With human firmness, human feelings blend!
When love's endearments softest moments seize,
And love's dear pledges hang upon the knees,
When Nature's strongest ties the soul entral,
(Thou canst conceive, for thou hast felt them all!)
Let him resist their prevalence who can;
He must, indeed, be more or less than man!

* Lady Rachael Russell, his wife. See *her Letters*.

Yet let me yield my Rachael honour due,
 The tenderest wife, the noblest heroine too !
 Anxious to save her husband's honest name,
 Dear was his life, but dearer still his fame !
 When suppliant prayers no pardon could obtain,
 And, wond'rous strange ! e'en Bedford's gold prov'd vain ;
 The informer's part her generous soul abhor'd,
 Tho' life preserv'd had been the sure reward ;
 Let impious Elcrick act such treacherous scenes,
 And shrink from death by such opprobrious means.

O my lov'd Rachael ! all-accomplish'd fair !
 Source of my joy, and soother of my care !
 Whose heavenly virtues, and unfading charms,
 Have blest'd thro' happy years my peaceful arms !
 Parting with thee into my cup was thrown ;
 It's harshest dregs else had not forc'd a groan !
 But all is o'er—these eyes have gaz'd their last—
 And now the bitterness of death is past.

Burnet and Tillotson, with pious care,
 My fleeting soul for heavenly bliss prepare ;
 Wide to my view the glorious realms display,
 Pregnant with joy, and bright with endless day,
 Charm'd, as of old when Israel's prophet sung,
 Whose words distill'd like manna from his tongue,
 While the great bard sublimest truths explor'd,
 Each ravish'd hearer wonder'd and ador'd ;
 So rapt, so charm'd, my soul begins to rise,
 Spurns the base earth, and seems to reach the skies !

But when, descending from the sacred theme,
 Of boundless power, and excellence supreme,
 They would, for man, and his precarious throne,
 Exact obedience, due to Heaven alone,
 Forbid resistance to his worst commands,
 And place God's thunderbolts in mortal hands ;
 The vision sinks to life's contracted span,
 And rising passion speaks me still a man.

What !

What ! shall a tyrant trample on the laws,
And stop the source whence all his power he draws !
His country's rights to foreign foes betray,
Lavish her wealth, yet stipulate for pay !
To shameful falsehoods venal slaves suborn,
And dare to laugh the virtuous man to scorn !
Deride religion, justice, honour, fame,
And hardly know of honesty the name !
In luxury's lap lie screen'd from cares and pains,
And only toil to forge his subjects chains !
And shall he hope the publick voice to drown,
The voice which gave, and can resume his crown !

When Conscience bares her horrors, and the dread
Of sudden vengeance, bursting o'er his head,
Wrings his black soul ; when injur'd nations groan,
And cries of millions shake his tottering throne ;
Shall flattering churchmen soothe his guilty ears,
With tortur'd texts, to calm his growing fears ;
Exalt his power above th' æthereal climes,
And call down Heaven to sanctify his crimes !

O impious doctrine !—Servile priests away !
Your prince you poison, and your God betray.

Hapless the monarch, who, in evil hour,
Drinks from your cup the draught of lawless power !
The magick potion boils within his veins,
And locks each sense in adamantinè chains ;
Reason revolts, insatiate thirst ensues,
The wild delirium each fresh draught renews ;
In vain his people urge him to refrain,
His faithful servants supplicate in vain ;
He quaffs at length, impatient of controul,
The bitter dregs that lurk within the bowl.

Zeal your pretence, but wealth and power your aim,
You e'en could make a Solomon of James.
Behold the pedant, thron'd in awkward state,
Abforb'd in pride, ridiculously great ;

His courtiers seem to tremble at his nod,
 His prelates call his voice, the voice of God ;
 Weakness and vanity with them combine,
 And James believes his majesty divine.
 Presumptuous wretch ! Almighty Power to scan,
 While every action proves him less than man !

By your delusions to the scaffold led,
 Martyr'd by you, a royal Charles has bled.
 Teach, then, ye sycophants ! O teach his son,
 The gloomy paths of tyranny to shun !
 Teach him to prize religion's sacred claim,
 Teach him how virtue leads to honest fame ;
 How freedom's wreath a monarch's brows adorns,
 Nor, basely fawning, plant his couch with thorns.
 Point to his view his people's love alone,
 The solid basis of his steadfast throne ;
 Chosen by them their dearest rights to guard,
 The bad to punish, and the good reward,
 Clement and just let him the sceptre sway,
 And willing subjects shall with pride obey,
 Shall vie to execute his high commands,
 His throne their hearts, his sword and shield their hands.

Happy the prince ! thrice firmly fix'd his crown !
 Who builds on publick good his chaste renown ;
 Studious to bless, who knows no second aim,
 His people's interest, and his own, the same ;
 The ease of millions rests upon his cares,
 And thus Heav'n's high prerogative he shares.
 Wide from the throne the bless'd contagion spreads,
 O'er all the land it's gladdening influence sheds ;
 Faction's discordant sounds are heard no more,
 And foul Corruption flies th' indignant shore.

His ministers with joy their courses run,
 And borrow lustre from the royal sun.

But should some upstart, train'd in Slavery's school,
 Learn'd in the maxims of despotick rule,

Full fraught with forms, and grave pedantick pride,
 (Mysterious cloak, the minds defects to hide!)
 Sordid in small things, prodigal in great;
 Saving for minions, squandering for the state—
 Should such a miscreant, born for England's bane,
 Obscure the glories of a prosperous reign;
 Gain, by the semblance of each praiseful art,
 A pious prince's unsuspecting heart;
 Envious of worth, and talents not his own,
 Chase all experienc'd merit from the throne;
 To guide the helm a motley crew compose,
 Servile to him, the king's and country's foes;
 Meanly descend each paultry place to fill,
 With tools of power, and panders to his will;
 Brandishing high the scorpion scourge o'er all,
 Except such slaves as bow the knee to Baal—
 Should Albion's fate decree the baneful hour,
 Short be the date of his detested power!
 Soon may his sovereign break his iron rods,
 And hear his people—for their voice is God's!

Cease then your wiles, ye fawning courtiers, cease!
 Suffer your rulers to repose in peace:
 By reason led, give proper names to things,
 God made *them* men, the people made them kings;
 To all their acts but legal powers belong,
 Thus England's monarch never can do wrong;
 Of right divine let foolish Filmer dream,
 The publick welfare is the law supreme.

Lives there a wretch, whose base degen'rate soul
 Can crouch beneath a tyrant's stern controul?
 Cringe to his nod, ignobly kiss the hand
 In galling chains that binds his native land?
 Purchas'd by gold, or aw'd by slavish fear,
 Abandon all his ancestors held dear?
 Tamely behold that fruit of glorious toil,
 England's Great Charter, made a ruffian's spoil;

Hear, unconcern'd; his injur'd country groan,
 Nor stretch an arm to hurl him from the throne?
 Let such to Freedom forfeit all their claims,
 And Charles's minions be the slaves of James!

But soft awhile—Now, Cavendish, attend
 The warm effusions of thy dying friend;
 Fearless who dares his inmost thoughts reveal,
 When thus to Heaven he makes his last appeal.

' All-gracious God, whose goodness knows no bounds!
 ' Whose power the ample universe surrounds!
 ' In whose great balance, infinitely just,
 ' Kings are but men, and men are only dust;
 ' At thy tribunal, low thy suppliant falls,
 ' And here condemn'd, on thee for mercy calls!

' Thou hear'st not, Lord, an hypocrite complain!
 ' And sure with thee hypocrisy were vain;
 ' To thy all-piercing eye the heart lies bare,
 ' Thou know'st my sins, and, knowing, still canst spare!
 ' Though partial power it's ministers may awe,
 ' And murder here by specious forms of law;
 ' The axe, which executes the harsh decree,
 ' But wounds the flesh, to set the spirit free!
 ' Well may the man a tyrant's frown despise,
 ' Who, spurning earth, to heaven for refuge flies;
 ' And on thy mercy, when his foes prevail,
 ' Builds his firm trust—that rock can never fail!

' Hear then, Jehovah! hear thy servant's prayer!
 ' Be England's welfare thy peculiar care!
 ' Defend her laws, her worship, chaste and pure,
 ' And guard her rights while heaven and earth endure!
 ' O let not ever fell tyrannick sway
 ' His blood-stain'd standard on her shores display!
 ' Nor fiery zeal usurp thy holy name,
 ' Blinded with blood, and wrapt in rolls of flame!
 ' In vain let Slavery shake her threat'ning chain,
 ' And Persecution wave her torch in vain!

' Arise,

- Arise, O Lord ! and hear thy people's call !
- Nor for one man let three great kingdoms fall !
- O that my blood may glut the barbarous rage
- Of Freedom's foes, and England's ills assuage !
- Grant but that prayer, I ask for no repeal,
- A willing victim for my country's weal !
- With rapt'rous joy the crimson stream shall flow,
- And my heart leap to meet the friendly blow !
- But should the fiend, tho' drench'd with human gore,
- Dire Bigotry, insatiate, thirst for more ;
- And, arm'd from Rome, seek this devoted land ;
- Death in her eye, and bondage in her hand :
- Blast her fell purpose ! blast her foul desires !
- Break short her sword, and quench her horrid fires !
- Raise up some champion, zealous to maintain
- The sacred compact by which monarchs reign !
- Wife to foresee all danger from afar,
- And brave to meet the thunders of the war !
- Let pure religion, not to forms confin'd,
- And love of freedom, fill his generous mind !
- Warm let his breast with sparks celestial glow,
- Benign to man, the tyrant's deadly foe !
- While sinking nations rest upon his arm,
- Do thou the great Deliverer shield from harm !
- Inspire his councils ! aid his righteous sword !
- Till Albion rings with Liberty restor'd !
- Thence let her years in bright succession run !
- And Freedom reign coeval with the sun !

'Tis done, my Cavendish ; Heav'n has heard my pray'rs :
So speaks my heart, for all is rapture there.

To Belgia's coast advert thy ravish'd eyes,
That happy coast whence all our hopes arise !
Behold the Prince, perhaps thy future king
From whose green years matured shall
Whose youthful arm, when all
Ruthless march'd forth his conquering

With firm-brac'd nerve repell'd the brutal force,
 And stopp'd th' unweildy giant in his course.
 Great William, hail ! who sceptres could despise,
 And spurn a crown with unretorted eyes !
 O when will princes learn to copy thee,
 And leave mankind, as Heaven ordain'd them, free !

Haste, mighty chief ! our injur'd rights restore !
 Quick spread thy sails for Albion's longing shore !
 Haste, mighty chief ! ere millions groan enslav'd ;
 And add three realms to one already sav'd !
 While Freedom lives, thy memory shall be dear,
 And reap fresh honours each returning year ;
 Nations preserv'd shall yield immortal fame,
 And endless ages blest thy glorious name !

Then shall my Cavendish, foremost in the field,
 By justice arm'd, his sword conspicuous wield ;
 While willing legions croud around his car,
 And rush impetuous to the righteous war.
 On that great day be every chance defy'd,
 And think thy Russel combats by thy side ;
 Nor, crown'd with victory, cease thy generous toil,
 Till firmest peace secure this happy isle.

Ne'er let thine honest, open heart, believe
 Professions specious, forg'd but to deceive ;
 Fear may extort them, when resources fail,
 But O ! reject the baseless, flattering tale.
 Think not that promises or oaths can bind,
 With solemn ties, a Rome-devoted mind ;
 Which yields to all the holy juggler faith,
 And deep imbibes the bloody, damning faith.
 What tho' the bigot raise to heaven his eyes,
 And call th' Almighty witness from the skies !
 Soon as the wish'd occasion he explores,
 To plant the Roman cross on England's shores,
 All, all will vanish, while his priests applaud,
 And faint the perjurer for the pious fraud !

Far let him fly these freedom-breathing climes,
 And seek proud Rome, the fosterer of his crimes;
 There let him strive to mount the Papal chair,
 And scatter empty thunders in the air,
 Grimly preside in superstition's school,
 And curse those kingdoms he could never rule.

Here let me pause, and bid the world adieu,
 While heaven's bright mansions open to my view!

Yet still one care, one tender care remains;
 My bounteous friend, relieve a father's pains!
 Watch o'er my son, inform his waxen youth,
 And mould his mind to virtue and to truth;
 Soon let him learn fair liberty to prize,
 And envy him who for his country dies;
 In one short sentence to comprize the whole,
 Transfuse to his the virtues of thy soul.

Preserve thy life, my too, too generous friend,
 Nor seek with mine thy happier fate to blend!
 Live for thy country, live to guard her laws;
 Proceed, and prosper, in the glorious cause;
 While I, tho' vanquish'd, scorn the field to fly,
 But boldly face my foes, and bravely die!

Let princely Monmouth courtly wiles beware,
 Nor trust too far to fond paternal care;
 Too oft dark deeds deform the midnight cell,
 Heaven only knows how noble Essex fell!
 Sidney yet lives, whose comprehensive mind
 Ranges at large thro' systems unconfin'd;
 Wrapt in himself, he scorns the tyrant's power,
 And hurls defiance even from the Tower;
 With tranquil brow awaits th' unjust decree,
 And, arm'd with virtue, looks to follow me.

Cavendish, farewell! May Fame our names entwine!
 Thro' life I lov'd thee—dying, I am thine;
 With pious rites let dust to dust be thrown,
 And thus inscribe my monumental stone:

• Here

- Here **RUSSEL** lies, enfranchis'd by the grave !
- He priz'd his birthright, nor would live a slave.
- Few were his words, but honest and sincere,
- Dear were his friends, his country still more dear ;
- In parents, children, wife, supremely blest'd,
- But that one passion swallow'd all the rest ;
- To guard her freedom was his only pride ;
- Such was his love, and for that love he dy'd.
- Yet fear not thou, when Liberty displays
- Her glorious flag, to steer his course to praise ;
- For know, (whoe'er thou art that read'st his fate,
- And think'st, perhaps, his sufferings were too great !)
- Blest'd as he was, at her imperial call,
- Wife, children, parents, he resign'd them all ;
- Each fond affection then forsook his soul,
- And Amor Patriæ occupied the whole ;
- In that great cause he joy'd to meet his doom,
- Blest'd the keen axe, and triumph'd o'er the tomb !

The hour draws near—But what are hours to me ?
 Hours, days, and years hence undistinguish'd flee !
 Time, and his glass, unheeded pass away,
 Absorb'd and lost in one vast flood of day !
 On Freedom's wings my soul is borne on high,
 And soars exulting to it's native sky !

THE WINTER'S WALK.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
 What dreary prospects round us rise ;
 The naked hill, the leafless grove,
 The hoary ground, the frowning skies !

Nor

Nor only through the wafted plain,
Stern winter, is thy force confess'd;
Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy power usurp my breast.

Enlivening hope, and fond desire,
Resign the heart to spleen and care;
Scarce frighted love maintains her fire,
And rapture saddens to despair.

In groundless hope, and causeless fear,
Unhappy man! behold thy doom;
Still changing with the changeful year,
The slave of sunshine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
With mental and corporeal strife,
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
And screen me from the ills of life!

THE AUTHOR'S ACCOUNT

OF HIS

JOURNEY TO IRELAND.

TO MR. JOHN ELLIS,

BY MOSES MENDEZ, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

Dublin, July 3, 1744.

BY the lyre of Apollo, the locks of the muses,
And the pure lucid stream Aganippe produces,
My Ellis, I love thee, then pay me in kind,
Let the thought of a friend never slip from your mind;

So may fancy and judgment together combine,
 And thy bosom be fill'd with an ardour divine;
 That thy brows may the laurel with justice still claim,
 And the temple of liberty mount thee to fame.

If it e'er can give pleasure to know my career,
 When proud London I left with intentions so queer,
 Accept it in verse.—On the very first day
 When the queen of warm passions precedes the fair May;
 When, so custom prescribes, and, to follow old rules,
 One half of mankind makes the other half fools;
 From the town I first breath'd in, I sally'd in haste,
 Thro' Highgate, and Finchley, and Barnet, I pass'd:
 At St. Alban's I din'd with a laughing gay crew,
 Not compleat was the set without Tucker and you.
 Where * the Eighth of our Harries deserted his mate,
 And procur'd a full sentence against his old Kate,
 Our brisk company supp'd, while our wine gave a spring,
 And tho' at the Crown, we ne'er thought of the King.
 The morrow succeeding I got from my bed,
 As a sheet, all the roads were with snows overspread;
 But the gods, who will never abandon a poet,
 As oft has been said, condescended to show it:
 In a coach and six horses the storm I defy'd;
 And, left by my friends, thro' the tempest I ride.
 Newport-Pagnel receiv'd me, and gave me a dinner,
 And a bed at Northampton was press'd by a stranger:
 No signs of fair weather, the West-Chester coach
 At nine the next morning, a welcome approach,
 Presents fresh example; I travell'd all day,
 At Crick eat my dinner, at Coventry lay;
 I tremble whene'er I reflect on the roads
 That lead to those dirty worm-eaten abodes,
 Where a woman † rode naked their taxes to clear,
 And a taylor for peeping paid damnably dear;

* Dunstable.

† Lady Godiva.

For two parliaments fam'd *, which intail a disgrace,
And have left their foul manners to poison the place.

Next morning the sun, with a face of red hue,
Had clear'd up th' expanse, and array'd it in blue,
When I left the vile town, 'gainst which ever I'll rail,
While Meriden † offers no humble regale ;
But near Mixal Park din'd at house of mean fame,
And at night to the field of slain carcasses came ‡ ;
'Tho' full old are thy tow'rs, yet receive my just praise,
May the ale be recorded, and live in my lays !
Thy Gothick cathedral new homage still claims,
Nor refuse I thy due, tho' repair'd by King James §.
I forgot to advise you, the sky being clear,
'Twas at Coventry first I ascended my chair,
But, alas ! on the morrow, how dismal the sight !
For the day had assum'd all the horrors of night ;
The clouds their gay visage had chang'd to a frown,
And in a white mantle cloath'd Litchfield's old town ;
But at noon all was o'er, when intrepid and bold
As a train-band commander, or Falstaff of old,
And proudly defying the wind and the snow,
When the danger was past, I determin'd to go.
At Stone I repos'd, but at Ousley I din'd,
Where our reck'ning was cheap, and the landlord was kind :
Next morning we sally'd, and Staffordshire lost ;
But not ill entertain'd by a Cestrian host.
On the banks of the Wever, at Nantwich, renown'd
For an excellent brine pit, our dinner we found ;

* A parliament was held here in the reign of Henry IV. called *Parliamentum Indoctorum* ; and another in that of Henry VI. called *Diabolicum*.

† Meriden is famous for ale.

‡ *Campus Cadaverum*, was the ancient name for Litchfield, on account of a persecution there in the days of Dioclesian.

§ King James II.

The wine was not bad, tho' the ale did displease,
 And an unctuous desert was serv'd up of old cheese;
 But as time will not tarry, our course we resume,
 And St. George's dragoons take their seats in our room * :
 So travelling onwards, with pleasure we see
 Old Caerleon so famous o'er-looking the Dee;
 Four days there we rested; and, blithesome and gay,
 Forgot the bad weather we met on the way;
 Then old Chester, farewell, till I see thee again,
 And can stroll thro' thy streets without dreading the rain †;
 May thy river still swell ‡, better pleas'd with his charge,
 Than when Edgar was row'd by eight kings in his barge!
 Be the maidens all virtuous who drink of thy tide,
 And each virgin in bloom be affianc'd a bride!
 May the heart and the hand at the altar be join'd,
 And no matron complain that a husband's unkind!
 Let their bounty to strangers resound in each song;
 Be Barnstone § their copy, they cannot go wrong.

O'er the cuts of the river our track we pursue,
 And old Flint in the prospect now rises to view;
 How strange to behold! here our language is fled;
 To converse with these people 's to talk to the dead;
 And a Turk or Chinese is as well understood
 By these roisters, who boast of Cadwalladar's blood;
 As an Englishman here, who is certainly undone,
 If he thinks to make use of the language of London.
 From Flint we depart with our landlord and guide,
 Who shew'd us that kindness which courts never try'd;

* General St. George's dragoons were marching up to London, and a party of them just came in when we were leaving it.

† The streets of Chester have shops on each side covered over; which, if not beautiful to the eye, at least preserve one from the rain.

‡ People are now employed to make the River Dee navigable up to the town.

§ Robert Barnstone, Esq. who used me with the utmost hospitality.

The castle where Richard * his grandeur laid down,
 And betray'd his own life by surrend'ring the crown:
 Now the well † we survey, where a virgin ‡ of old
 To all flame but religion's was lifeless and cold;
 When in vain princely Cradoc had offer'd his bed,
 The merciless heathen e'en chopp'd off her head:
 Hence the stones are distain'd with the colour of blood,
 And each cripple is cur'd who will bathe in the flood.
 Thus the rankest absurdity brain can conceive,
 Superstition imposes, and crowds will believe!
 Turn from legends and nonsense to see a gay sight,
 Where the meadows of Clewyn § the senses delight,
 And excuse that I aim not to point out the place,
 Lest my numbers too lowly the landscape disgrace.
 At Rhyland we dine, and a castle we view,
 Whose founder I'd name if the founder I knew;
 But our host gives the word, and we hurry away,
 Lest the length of the journey out-run the short day;
 Now ascend Penmenrose, oh! beware as you rise,
 What a prospect of horror, what dreadful surprize!
 See that height more sublime, which no footsteps e'er try'd!
 There the ocean roars loudly; how awful his pride!
 How narrow the path! observe where you tread,
 Nor stumble the feet, nor grow dizzy the head;
 If you slip, not mankind can avert your sad doom,
 Dash against the rough rocks, and the sea for your tomb!
 The danger is past, and now Conway's broad beach,
 Fatigu'd and dismay'd, with great gladness we reach;
 In a leaky old boat we were wafted safe o'er
 (Tho' two drunkards our steersmen) to th' opposite shore.

* It was at this place that Richard was prevailed upon to resign the crown.

† Holywell.

‡ St. Winifred, patroness of Wales.

§ The vale of Clewyn.

Here the town and the river are both of a name,
 And boast the First Edward, who rais'd her to fame :
 There a supper was order'd, which no one could touch,
 This too little was boil'd, and that roasted too much ;
 To his chamber full hungry each pilgrim retreats,
 And forgets his lost meal 'twixt a pair of Welch sheets.
 A castle hard by I with pleasure behold,
 Which kings had long dwelt in, or giants of old ;
 But the daw, and each night-bird, now builds up her nest,
 And with clamours and shrieks the old mansion infest.
 We waken'd at four, and our host left us here,
 As the worst ways were past, so but small was our fear ;
 We follow'd our route, and cross'd Penmenmaur's side,
 Where the prudent will walk, but the bolder will ride.
 Still above us old rocks seem to threaten a fall,
 And present to spectators the form of a wall.
 Now Bangor we reach—oh ! if e'er thou hadst fame,
 Tho' lawn sleeves thou bestow'st, on my life, 'tis a shame.
 There we cross o'er an arm of the sea, and carouse
 On the opposite shore at an excellent house ;
 Thro' Anglesea's island we rattle our chaise,
 While the goats all in wonder seem on us to gaze ;
 For be pleas'd to observe, and with diligence note,
 That 'twas here first in Wales that I met with a goat.
 O'er roads rough and craggy our journey we sped,
 Nor baited again till we reach'd Holyhead.

The next day, at noon, in the Wyndham we sail,
 And the packet danc'd brisk with a prosperous gale.
 We at ten pass'd the Bar * ; in the wherry confin'd,
 Which swims on no water, and sails with no wind,
 Till near two we sat cursing ; in vain they may row,
 Not a snail is so sluggish, nor tortoise so slow ;
 Till a boat took us in, and at length set us down
 At the quay of St George in St. Patrick's chief town :

* Dublin Bar.

Thence I wrote to my friend, nor believe what those say,
Or too fond to find fault, or too wantonly gay,
Who with taunts contumelious this island o'erload,
As with bogs and with blunders and nonsense full stow'd;
For, believe me, they live not unblest'd with good air,
And their daughters are beauteous, and sons debonair:
Here tho' Bacchus too often displays his red face,
Yet Minerva he holds in the strictest embrace;
Nor the maiden is coy ev'ry charm to resign;
And the ivy and laurel peep forth from the vine.

Thus I've told you in verse the whole progress I took,
As true as if sworn in full court on the book:
Let me know how in London you measure your time;
'Twill be welcome in prose, but twice welcome in rhyme.

PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

BY MRS. GREVILLE.

OF T I've implor'd the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary:
For once, I'll seek my wish to gain
Of Oberon the fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton sprite,
Who lurk'st in woods unseen;
And oft by Cynthia's silver light,
Trip'st gaily o'er the green;

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd,
As ancient stories tell;
And for th' Athenian maid * who lov'd,
Thou sought'st a wondrous spell;

* See *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

O deign once more t' exert thy power !
 Haply some herb or tree,
 Sovereign as juice of western flower *,
 Conceals a balm for me.

I ask no kind return of love,
 No tempting charm to please ;
 Far from the heart those gifts remove,
 That sigh for peace and ease !

Nor peace, nor ease, the heart can know,
 That, like the needle true,
 Turns at the touch of joy or woe ;
 But, turning, trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,
 'Tis pain in each degree :
 'Tis bliss but to a certain bound ;
 Beyond, is agony.

Then take this treach'rous sense of mine,
 Which dooms me still to smart ;
 Which pleasure can to pain refine,
 To pain new pangs impart.

O, haste to shed the sovereign balm,
 My shatter'd nerves new string ;
 And for my guest, serenely calm,
 The nymph Indifference bring !

At her approach, see Hope, see Fear,
 See Expectation fly !
 And Disappointment in the rear,
 That blasts the promis'd joy.

* See Midsummer Night's Dream.

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The tear which Pity taught to flow,
The eye shall then disown ;
The heart that melts for others' woe,
Shall then scarce feel it's own.

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
Each moment then shall close ;
And tranquil days shall fill sacred
To nights of calm repose.

O Fairy Elf ! but grant me this,
This one kind comfort send ;
And so may never-fading bliss
Thy flow'ry paths attend !

So may the glow-worm's glimm'ring light
Thy tiny footsteps lead
To some new region of delight,
Unknown to mortal tread !

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd
With heav'n's ambrosial dew ;
From sweetest, freshest flow'rs distill'd,
That shed fresh sweets for you !

And what of life remains for me,
I'll pass in sober ease ;
Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
Content but half to please.

THE FAIRY'S ANSWER.

TO MRS. GREVILLE.

BY THE COUNTESS OF C—.

WITHOUT preamble, to my friend,

These hasty lines I'm bid to send,

Or give, if I am able;

I dare not hesitate to say,

Tho' I have trembled all the day,

It looks so like a fable.

Last night's adventure is my theme,

And should it strike you as a dream,

Yet soon it's high import

Must make you own the matter such,

So delicate, it were too much

To be compos'd in sport.

The moon did shine serenely bright,

And every star did deck the night,

While Zephyr fann'd the trees;

No more assail'd my mind's repose,

Save that yon stream, which murmuring flows,

Did echo to the breeze.

Enrapt in solemn thought, I fate,

Revolving o'er the turns of Fate,

Yet void of hope or fear;

When, lo! behold an airy throng,

With lightest steps, and jocund song,

Surpris'd my eye and ear.

A form

A form superior to the rest,
His little voice to me address'd,

And gently thus began :

- I've heard strange things from one of you,
- Pray tell me if you think 'tis true,
- Explain it if you can.

- Such incense has perfum'd my throne,
- Such eloquence my heart has won,- I think I guess the hand !
- I know her wit and beauty too,
- But why she sends a prayer so new
- I cannot understand.

- To light some flames, and some revive,
- To keep some others just alive,
- Full oft I am implor'd ;
- But, with peculiar power to please,
- To supplicate for nought but ease,
- 'Tis odd, upon my word !

- Tell her, with fruitless care I've fought ;
- And tho' my realms, with wonders fraught,
- In remedies abound,
- No grain of cold Indifference
- Was ever yet ally'd to Sense,
- In all my Fairy round,

- The regions of the sky I'd trace,
- I'd ransack every earthly place,
- Each leaf, each herb, each flower,
- To mitigate the pangs of Fear,
- Dispel the clouds of black Despair,
- Or lull the restless hour !

- I would be generous, as I'm just,
- But I obey, as others must,
- Those laws which Fate has made :
- My tiny kingdom how defend,
- And what might be the horrid end
- Should man my state invade !

- 'Twould put your mind into a rage,
- And such unequal war to wage
- Suits not my regal duty !
- I dare not change a first decree,
- She's doom'd to please, nor can be free !
- Such is the lot of Beauty.

This said, he darted o'er the plain,
 And after follow'd all his train ;
 No glimpse of him I find :
 But sure I am, the little sprite,
 These words, before he took his flight,
 Imprinted on my mind,

TO A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

BY MR. TICKEL.

O H ! form'd by Nature, and refin'd by Art,
 With charms to win, and sense to fix the heart !
 By thousands sought, Clotilda, can'st thou free
 Thy crowd of captives, and descend to me ?
 Content in shades obscure to waste thy life,
 A hidden beauty, and a country wife !
 O listen while thy summers are my theme !
 Ah, soothe thy partner in his waking dream !

In some small hamlet on the lonely plain,
 Where Thames, thro' meadows, rolls his mazy train;
 Or where high Windsor, thick with greens array'd,
 Waves his old oaks, and spreads his ample shade,
 Fancy has figur'd out our calm retreat :
 Already, round the visionary seat,
 Our limes begin to shoot, our flow'rs to spring,
 The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.
 Where dost thou lie, thou thinly-peopled green ;
 Thou nameless lawn, and village yet unseen ;
 Where sons, contented with their native ground,
 Ne'er travel farther than ten furlongs round ;
 And the tan'd peasant, and his ruddy bride,
 Were born together, and together died !
 Where early larks best tell the morning-light,
 And only Philomel disturbs the night !
 'Midst gardens here my humble pile shall rise,
 With sweets surrounded of ten thousand dyes ;
 All savage where th' embroider'd gardens end,
 The haunt of echoes shall my woods ascend ;
 And, O ! if Heaven th' ambitious thought approve,
 A rill shall warble cross the gloomy grove ;
 A little rill, o'er pebbly beds convey'd,
 Gush down the steep, and glitter thro' the glade !
 What chearing scents those bord'ring banks exhale !
 How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale !
 That thrush, how shrill ! his note so clear, so high,
 He drowns each feather'd minstrel of the sky.
 Here let me trace, beneath the purpled morn,
 The deep-mouth'd beagle, and the sprightly horn ;
 Or lure the trout with well-dissembled flies,
 Or fetch the flutt'ring partridge from the skies :
 Nor shall thy hand disdain to crop the vine,
 The downy peach, or flavour'd nectarine ;
 Or rob the bee-hive of its golden hoard,
 And bear th' unbought luxuriance to thy board.

Sometimes my books by day shall kill the hours ;
 While from thy needle rise the silken flow'rs ;
 And thou, by turns, to ease my feeble fight,
 Resume the volume, and deceive the night.
 O ! when I mark thy twinkling eyes oppress'd,
 Soft whisp'ring, let me warn my love to rest ;
 Then watch thee, charm'd, while sleep locks every sense,
 And to sweet Heav'n commend thy innocence.
 Thus reign'd our fathers o'er the rural fold,
 Wise, hale, and honest, in the days of old ;
 Till courts arose, where substance pays for show,
 And specious joys are bought with real woe.
 See Flavia's pendants, large, well spread, and right ;
 The ear that wears them hears a fool each night ;
 Mark how th' embroider'd col'nel sneaks away,
 To shun the with'ring dame that made him gay,
 That knave, to gain a title, lost his fame ;
 That rais'd his credit by a daughter's shame :
 This coxcomb's ribband cost him half his land ;
 And oaks unnumber'd bought that fool a wand.
 Fond man, as all his sorrows were too few,
 Acquires strange wants that Nature never knew !
 By midnight-lamps he emulates the day,
 And sleeps, perverse, the chearful suns away ;
 From goblets high emboss'd his wine must glide ;
 Round his clos'd sight the gorgeous curtain slide ;
 Fruits, ere their time, to grace his pomp, must rise,
 And three untasted courses glut his eyes.
 For this are Nature's gentle calls withstood,
 The voice of conscience, and the bonds of blood !
 This, Wisdom, thy reward for ev'ry pain !
 And this, gay Glory, all thy mighty gain !
 Fair phantoms, woo'd and scorn'd from age to age,
 Since bards began to laugh, or priests to rage :
 And yet, just curse on man's aspiring kind,
 Prone to ambition, to example blind,

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Our children's children shall our steps pursue,
 And the same errors be for ever new !
 Meanwhile, in hope a guiltless country swain,
 My reed with warblings cheers th' imagin'd plain.
 Hail, humble shades, where truth and silence dwell !
 Thou, noisy town, and faithless court, farewell !
 Farewel ambition, once my darling flame !
 The thirst of lucre, and the charm of fame !
 In life's bye-road, that winds thro' paths unknown,
 My days, tho' number'd, shall be all my own !
 Here shall they end (O might they twice begin !)
 And all be white the fates intend to spin.

THE CIT'S COUNTRY-BOX.

BY 'MR. ROBERT LLOYD,

*Vos sapere et solos aio bene vivere, quorum,
 Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis.*

HOR.

THE wealthy cit, grown old in trade,
 Now wishes for the rural shade,
 And buckles to his one-horse chair
 Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare ;
 While wedg'd in closely by his side,
 Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
 With Jacky on a stool before 'em,
 And out they jog in due decorum.
 Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
 ' How all the country seems to smile !'
 And as they slowly jog together,
 The cit commends the road and weather ;
 While Madam doats upon the trees,
 And longs for ev'ry house she sees,

Admires

Admires it's views, it's situation,

And thus she opens her oration.

- What signifies the loads of wealth,
- Without that richest jewel, health?
- Excuse the fondness of a wife,
- Who doats upon your precious life!
- Such caseless toil, such constant care,
- Is more than human strength can bear:
- One may observe it in your face—
- Indeed, my dear, you break apace;
- And nothing can your health repair,
- But exercise, and country air.
- Sir Traffick has a house, you know,
- About a mile from Cheney Row:
- He's a good man, indeed, 'tis true,
- But not so warm, my dear, as you;
- And folks are always apt to sneer—
- One would not be out-done, my dear!

Sir Traffick's name so well apply'd,
Awak'd his brother merchant's pride;
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmost deference to his wife,
Confess'd her arguments had reason;
And by th' approaching summer season,
Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
And purchases his Country-box.

Some three or four miles out of town,
(An hour's ride will bring you down)
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road;
And so convenient does it lay,
The stages pass it ev'ry day:
And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
To have a house so near the city!
Take but your places at the Boar,
You're set down at the very door.

Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
 White-washing, painting, scrubbing past;
 Hugging themselves in ease and cloyer,
 With all the fufs of moving over;
 Lo, a new heap of whims are bred,
 And wanton in my lady's head!

Well; to be sure, it must be own'd;
 'Tis a charming spot of ground:
 So sweet a distance for a ride,
 And all about so countrify'd!
 'Twould come to but a trifling price
 To make it quite a paradise!
 I cannot bear those nasty rails,
 Those ugly, broken, mouldy pales:
 Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
 We build a railing all Chinese;
 Altho' one hates to be expos'd,
 'Tis dismal to be thus enclos'd:
 One hardly any object sees—
 I wish you'd fell those odious trees.
 Objects continual passing by,
 Were something to amuse the eye;
 But to be pent within the walls,
 One might as well be at St. Paul's.
 Our house, beholders would adore,
 Was there a level lawn before,
 Nothing it's views to incommode,
 But quite laid open to the road;
 While ev'ry trav'ler in amaze,
 Should on our little mansion gaze;
 And pointing to the choice retreat,
 Cry, "That's Sir Thrifty's country-seat!"

No doubt her arguments prevail,
 For Madam's TASTE can never fail.

Bless'd age! when all men may procure
 The title of a connoisseur;

When noble and ignoble herd
 Are govern'd by a single word ;
 Tho', like the royal German dames,
 It bears an hundred Christian names—
 As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Godt,
 Whim, Caprice, Je ne sçai quel, Virtù :
 Which appellations all describe
 TASTE, and the modern tasteful tribe.

Now bricklay'rs, carpenters, and joiners,
 With Chinese artists and designers,
 Produce their schemes of alteration,
 To work this wond'rous reformation,
 The useful dome, which secret stood,
 Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
 The trav'ller with amusement sees
 A temple Gothick or Chinese,
 With many a bell and tawdry rag on,
 And crested with a sprawling dragon;
 A wooden arch is bent astride
 A ditch of water, four feet wide,
 With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,
 From Halfpenny's exact designs :
 In front, a level lawn is seen,
 Without a shrub upon the green ;
 Where Taste would want it's first great law,
 But for the skulking, sly ha-ha ;
 By whose miraculous assistance
 You gain a prospect two fields distance.
 And now from Hyde-Park-Corner come
 The gods of Athens and of Rome.
 Here squabby Cupids take their places,
 With Venus, and the clumsy Graces ;
 Apollo there, with aim so clever,
 Stretches his leaden bow for ever ;
 And there, without the pow'r to fly,
 Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The

The villa thus compleatly grac'd;
 All own, that Thrifty has a taste;
 And Madam's female friends and cousins,
 With common-council-men, by dozens,
 Flock ev'ry Sunday to the seat,
 To stare about them, and to eat.

THE HOUSE OF SUPERSTITION.

A VISION.

BY MR. DENTON.

I.

WHEN Sleep's all-loothing hand, with fetters soft,
 Ties down each sense, and lulls to balmy rest,
 Th' internal pow'r, creative Fancy, oft
 Broods o'er her treasures in the formful breast.
 Thus, when no longer daily cares engage,
 The busy mind pursues the darling theme;
 Hence angels whisper'd to the slumb'ring sage,
 And gods of old inspir'd the hero's dream:
 Hence, as I slept, these images arose
 To Fancy's eye; and join'd, this fairy scene compose.

II.

As, when fair morning dries her pearly tears,
 The mountain lifts o'er mists its lofty head;
 Thus, new to sight, a Gothick dome appears
 With the grey rust of rolling years o'erspread.
 Here Superstition holds her dreary reign,
 And her lip-labour'd orisons she plies
 In tongue unknown, when morn bedews the plain;
 Or ev'ning skirts with gold the western skies;
 To the dumb stock she bends, or sculptur'd wall,
 And many a cross she makes, and many a bead lets fall.

III.

Near to the dome a magick pair reside,
 Prompt to deceive, and practis'd to confound ;
 Here hoodwink'd Ignorance is seen to bide,
 Stretching in darksome cave along the ground.
 No object e'er awakes his stupid eyes,
 Nor voice articulate arrests his ears,
 Save when beneath the moon pale spectres rise,
 And haunt his soul with visionary fears ;
 Or when hoarse winds incavern'd murmur round,
 And babbling echo wakes, and iterates the sound.

IV.

Where boughs entwining form an artful shade,
 And in faint glimm'rings just admit the light,
 There Error sits in borrow'd white array'd,
 And in 'Truth's form deceives the transient sight.
 A thousand glories wait her op'ning day,
 Her beaming lustre when fair Truth imparts :
 Thus Error would pour forth a spurious ray,
 And cheat th' unpractis'd mind with mimic arts ;
 She cleaves with magick wand the liquid skies,
 Bids airy forms appear, and scenes fantastick rise.

V.

A porter deaf, decrepid, old, and blind,
 Sits at the gate, and lifts a lib'ral bowl
 With wine of wond'rous pow'r to lull the mind,
 And check each vig'rous effort of the soul :
 Who'er un'wares shall ply his thirsty lip,
 And drink in gulps the luscious liquor down,
 Shall hapless from the cup delusion sip,
 And objects see in features not their own.
 Each way-worn traveller that hither came,
 He lav'd with copious draughts, and Prejudice his name.

VI. Within

VI.

Within a various race are seen to wonne,
 Props of her age, and pillars of her state,
 Which erst were nurtur'd by the wither'd crone,
 And born to Tyranny, her grisly mate :
 The first appear'd in pomp of purple pride,
 With triple crown erect, and throned high ;
 Two golden keys hang dangling by his side,
 To lock or ope the portals of the sky ;
 Crouching and prostrate there (ah ! fight unmeet !)
 The crowned head would bow, and lick his dusty feet.

VII.

With bended arm he on a book reclin'd,
 Fast lock'd with iron clasps from vulgar eyes ;
 Heav'n's gracious gift to light the wand'ring mind,
 To lift fall'n man, and guide him to the skies !
 A man no more, a god he would be thought,
 And 'mazed mortals blindly must obey ;
 With slight of hand he lying wonders wrought,
 And near him loathsome heaps of reliques lay :
 Strange legends would he read, and figments dire
 Of Limbus' prison'd shades, and purgatory fire.

VIII.

There meagre Penance sate, in sackcloth clad,
 And to his breast close hugg'd the viper, Sin ;
 Yet oft, with brandish'd whip would gaul, as mad,
 With voluntary stripes his shrivell'd skin.
 Counting large heaps of o'er-abounding good
 Of saints that dy'd within the church's pale,
 With gentler aspect there Indulgence stood,
 And to the needy culprit would retail ;
 There too, strange merchandize ! he pardons sold,
 And treason would absolve, and murder purge with gold !

IX. With

IX.

With shaven crown, in a sequester'd cell,
 A lazy lubbard there was seen to lay ;
 No work had he, save some few beads to tell,
 And indolently snore the hours away.
 The nameless joys that bless the nuptial bed,
 The mystick rites of Hymen's hallow'd tie,
 Impure he deems, and from them starts with dread,
 As crimes of foulest stain, the deepest dye :
 No social hopes hath he, no social fears,
 But spends in lethargy devout the ling'ring years.

X.

Gnashing his teeth in mood of furious ire,
 Fierce Persecution sate, and with strong breath
 Wakes into living flame large heaps of fire,
 And feasts on murders, massacres, and death.
 Near him was plac'd Procrustes' iron bed
 To stretch or mangle to a certain size :
 To see their writhing pains each heart must bleed,
 To hear their doleful shrieks and piercing cries ;
 Yet he beholds them with unmoisten'd eye,
 Their writhing pains his sport, their moans his melody.

XI.

A gradual light diffusing o'er the gloom,
 And slow approaching with majestic pace,
 A lovely maid appears in beauty's bloom,
 With native charms and unaffected grace :
 Her hand a clear reflecting mirror shows,
 In which all objects their true features wear ;
 And on her cheek a blush indignant glows
 To see the horrid forc'ries practis'd there :
 She snatch'd the volume from the tyrant's rage,
 Unlock'd it's iron clasps, and op'd the heav'nly page.

XII.

- * My name is Truth, and you, each holy seer,
 * That all my steps with ardent gaze pursue,
 * Unveil,' she said, ' the sacred myst'ries here,
 * Give the celestial boon to publick view.
 * Tho' blatant Obloquy, with lep'rous mouth,
 * Shall blot your fame, and blast the generous deed,
 * Yet in revolving years some lib'ral youth
 * Shall crown your virtuous act with glory's meed ;
 * Your names adorn'd in Gilpin's * polish'd page
 * With each historick grace, shall shine thro' ev'ry age !

XIII.

- * With furious hate, tho' fierce relentless pow'r
 * Exert of torment all her horrid skill ;
 * Tho' your lives meet too soon the fatal hour,
 * Scorching in flames, or writhing on the wheel ;
 * Yet when the dragon † in the deep abyfs
 * Shall lie, fast bound in adamantinè chain,
 * Ye with the Lamb shall rise to ceaseless bliss,
 * First-fruits of death, and partners of his reign ;
 * Then shall repay the momentary tear,
 * The great sabbatick rest, the Millennary Year !*

* The Rev. Mr. William Gilpin, author of the Lives of Bernard Gilpin and Bishop Latimer, and of the Lives of Wickliffe and the principal of his followers.

† See Rev. chap. xx. and the learned and ingenious Bishop of Bristol's comment upon it, in the third volume of his Dissertation on the Prophecies.

DUNNOTTER CASTLE.

BY MISS SCOTT.

DUNNOTTER's ruin'd pride, and falling towers,
 I sing, O Walker * ! and the song is yours.
 With you I wander'd o'er the moss-grown domes ;
 Still o'er the scene with you my fancy roams ;
 Still the idea rises to my view,
 With gloomy grandeur, pleasure ever new !
 The rolling main, the rock's stupendous height,
 A striking prospect ! swim before my sight.
 In flowing verse now be the scene display'd,
 Muse, Fancy, Memory, I crave your aid !
 High on a rock, projecting from the land,
 The castle stood, and still its ruins stand ;
 Wide o'er the German main the prospect bent,
 Steep is the path, and rugged the ascent ;
 And when with labour climb'd the narrow way,
 Long sounding-vaults receive you from the day.
 There hung the huge port-cullis, there the bar,
 Drawn on the iron-gate, defy'd the war.
 Ah, great Dunnotter ! once of strength the seat !
 Once deem'd impregnable ! thou yield'st to Fate !
 Nor rocks, nor seas, nor arms, thy gates defend ;
 Thy pride is fallen, thy ancient glories end !
 Up from the gate we climb the slipp'ry way,
 Still falling turrets, mould'ring towers, survey ;
 The walls and caves with various moss o'ergrown,
 And threat'ning nods on high the loosen'd stone.
 Slowly we mount, thro' broken arches creep,
 And gain at last the summit of the steep ;

* The Rev. Mr. Walker, minister of the parish of Dunnotter.

Curious around the airy height we gaze,
There the great well it's ample round displays,
A vast circumference, and depth profound,
Now fill'd with ruins of the falling mound.
There stood the palace, rais'd in air sublime,
On rows of vaults that seem'd to mock at Time;
Yet he asserts his power, and claims his prey;
They break, they fall! what can resist his sway!

Here, thro' innumerable vaults we run,
Cold, dreary, damp, impervious to the sun,
Brown with the rust of years; and from their tops
Incessantly the oozing moisture drops.

We leave the gloom, the wheeling steps ascend,
Our walk along the roofless palace bend;
Here, thro' the long apartments as we pass,
The soft wind whistles thro' the waving grass,
That cloaths the pavement, crowns the naked walls,
Of broken turrets and deserted halls.

Here, once the seat of many a mighty name,
The jack-daws chatter, and the sea-fowl scream!
Here dwelt great Ogilvie, and held the tower,
The last that yielded to th' usurper's power;
By honest craft from hence the crown convey'd,
And Caledonia's gems in safety laid:
Nor hopes of favour, nor the threats of power,
Could shake his soul, or his fix'd heart allure.
Firm as the rocks, he and his daring wife
Endur'd the torture, scorning shameful life;
And kept the charge, till Heav'n their king restor'd;
Then sent, uninjur'd, to their rightful lord.

Glorious defenders of the regal gold,
Illustrious Caledonians, patriots bold!
With joy your heroism I rehearse,
And give your mem'ry all I can—a verse.
O may this land your guardian care engage,
Your great example fire with gen'rous rage,
And rouse to glorious deeds each future age!

Thou, Barras, hear ! and deign t' approve the lays,
That aim thy valiant ancestors to praise !

Now turning from the walls, high o'er the steep
Impending cliff, we view the boundless deep ;
All round the winding coast, black rocks arise,
And with uncouth variety surprize :
The waves roll slow and silent to the shore,
Then lash the craggy beach, and sullen roar ;
From rock to rock the breaking surge rebounds,
While endless echoes catch and swell the sounds.
The green sea here with ceaseless fury raves,
And tosses high in air her raging waves ;
Bursting they fall with loud repeated shock,
And in white torrents pour along the rock ;
Whilst oft from shore in peace the ocean lies,
Ting'd with the colour of the glowing skies,
The gentle breezes sport upon the deep,
And, murm'ring soft, the vast expansion sweep ;
Refulgent Phœbus, in meridian height,
Enrobes the lucid waves with mellow light ;
The sparkling beams on the small surface play,
And streams of foam float on the wat'ry way.

Here let description cease ; but still prolong
Thy task, O Muse ! and moralize the song.
Think, all who gaze on fam'd Dunnotter's wall,
Like it shall all terrestrial glories fall !
Youth flies apace, frail beauty meets decay ;
The mighty's strength, like ice, shall melt away.
Riches take wings ; and Fame's far-sounding boast,
Shall die away—the pride of pow'r be lost.
Health, pleasure, life, shall pass, a fading flow'r,
Sport of a day, and pageant of an hour !
Fix not on these thy heart ; but rise sublime,
And seek a bliss, unmov'd by fate or time :
Virtue alone can give eternal joy,
No chance can alter, no possession cloy !

Virtue,

Virtue, like this great rock, stands firmly brave,
And scorns the ebb or flow of Fortune's wave;
Unmov'd the storms of life can calmly bear,
Collected in itself, and void of fear!

E'en when these rocks and seas shall pass away,
And that bright orb no longer rule the day,
Virtue shall stand the test, like gold refin'd,
And beam immortal radiance on the mind;
Thro' endless ages gain increasing store
Of light and life, of joy, and active pow'r,
And bloom when time and nature are no more!

}

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF LADY COVENTRY.

WRITTEN IN MDCCCLX.

BY MR. MASON.

THE midnight clock has toll'd; and hark, the bell
Of death beats slow! heard ye the note profound?
It pauses now; and now, with rising knell,
Flings to the hollow gale it's sullen sound.
Yes; Coventry is dead. Attend the strain,
Daughters of Albion! ye that, light as air,
So oft have tripp'd in her fantastick train,
With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair;
For she was fair beyond your brightest bloom;
(This Envy owns, since now her bloom is fled;)
Fair as the forms that, wove in Fancy's loom,
Float in light vision round the poet's head.
Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprize,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes!

C c 2

Each

Each look, each motion, wak'd a new-born grace,

That o'er her form it's transient glory cast :

Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,

Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last.

That bell again ! It tells us what she is ;

On what she was, no more the strain prolong :

Luxuriant Fancy pause ! an hour like this,

Demands the tribute of a serious song.

Maria claims it from that sable bier,

Where cold and wan the slumb'rer rests her head ;

In still small whispers to Reflection's ear,

She breathes the solemn dictates of the dead.

O catch the awful notes, and lift them loud !

Proclaim the theme, by sage, by fool rever'd ;

Hear it, ye young, ye vain, ye great, ye proud !

'Tis Nature speaks, and Nature will be heard.

Yes ; ye shall hear, and tremble as you hear,

While, high with health, your hearts exulting leap ;

E'en in the midst of Pleasure's mad career,

The mental monitor shall wake and weep !

For say, than Coventry's propitious star,

What brighter planet on your births arose ;

Or gave of Fortune's gifts an ampler share,

In life to lavish, or by death to lose !

Early to lose ; while borne on busy wing,

Ye sip the nectar of each varying bloom :

Nor fear, while basking in the beams of spring,

The wint'ry storm that sweeps you to the tomb.

Think of her fate ! revere the heav'nly hand

That led her hence, tho' soon, by steps so slow ;

Long at her couch Death took his patient stand,

And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow ;

To give Reflection time, with lenient art,

Each fond delusion from her soul to steal ;

Teach her from Folly peaceably to part,

And wean her from a world she lov'd so well.

Say,

Say, are ye sure his mercy shall extend
 To you so long a span? Alas, ye sigh!
 Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
 And learn with equal ease to sleep or die!
 Nor think the Muse, whose sober voice ye hear,
 Contracts with bigot-frown her sullen brow;
 Casts round Religion's orb the mists of fear,
 Or shades with horrors, what with smiles should glow.
 No; she would warm you with seraphick fire,
 Heirs as ye are of heav'n's eternal day;
 Would bid you boldly to that heav'n aspire,
 Not sink and slumber in your cells of clay.
 Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,
 In yon ethereal founts of bliss to lave;
 Force then, secure in Faith's protecting shield,
 The sting from Death, the vict'ry from the Grave!
 Is this the bigot's rant? Away, ye Vain,
 Your hopes, your fears in doubt, in dulness sleep:
 Go soothe your souls in sickness, grief, or pain,
 With the sad solace of eternal sleep!
 Yet will I praise you, triflers as ye are,
 More than those preachers of your fav'rite creed,
 Who proudly swell the brazen throat of war,
 Who form the phalanx, bid the battle bleed;
 Nor wish for more: who conquer, but to die.
 Hear, Folly, hear! and triumph in the tale!
 Like you they reason, not like you enjoy
 The breeze of bliss that fills your silken sail:
 On Pleasure's glitt'ring stream ye gaily steer
 Your little course to cold Oblivion's shore;
 They dare the storm, and thro' th' inclement year,
 Stem the rough surge, and brave the torrent's roar.
 Is it for glory? That just Fate denies:
 Long must the warrior moulder in his shroud,
 Ere from her trump the heav'n-breath'd accents rise,
 That lift the hero from the fighting crowd!

Is it his grasp of empire to extend ?
 To curb the fury of insulting foes ?
 Ambition, cease ; the idle contest end :
 'Tis but a kingdom thou canst win or lose.
 And why must murder'd myriads lose their all !
 (If life be all ;) why Desolation lour,
 With famish'd frown, on this affrighted ball,
 That thou may'st flame the meteor of an hour ?
 Go, wiser ye, that flutter life away,
 Crown with the mantling juice the goblet high ;
 Weave the light dance, with festive freedom gay,
 And live your moment, since the next ye die !
 Yet know, vain scepticks, know, th' Almighty mind,
 Who breath'd on man a portion of his fire,
 Bade his free soul, by earth nor time confin'd,
 To heav'n, to immortality aspire.
 Nor shall the pile of hope his mercy rear'd,
 By vain philosophy be e'er destroy'd :
 Eternity, by all or wish'd or fear'd,
 Shall be, by all, or suffer'd or enjoy'd !

NOTE, In a book of French verses, intitled, *Oeuvres du Philosophe de sans Souci*, and lately reprinted at Berlin by authority, under the title of *Poësies Diverses*, may be found an Epistle to Marshal Keith, written professedly against the immortality of the soul. By way of specimen of the whole, take the following lines.

De l'avenir, cher Keith, jugeons par le passé :
 Comme avant que je fusse il n'avoit point pensé ;
 De meme, apres ma mort, quand toutes mes parties
 Par la corruption seront aneanties,
 Par un meme destin il ne pensera plus !
 Non, rien n'est plus certain, soyons-en convaincu.

It is to this Epistle, that the latter part of the Elegy alludes.

T H E S E A S O N S.

IN FOUR PASTORALS.

BY MR. BREKEWOOD.

I. S P R I N G.

WHEN, approach'd by the fair dewy fingers of Spring,
 Swelling buds open first, and look gay;
 When the birds on the boughs by their mates sit and sing,
 And are danc'd by the breeze on each spray :

When gently descending, the rain in soft showers,
 With it's moisture refreshes the ground ;
 And the drops, as they hang on the plants and the flowers,
 Like rich gems beam a lustre around :

When the wood-pigeons sit on the branches and coo ;
 And the cuckoo proclaims with his voice,
 That Nature marks this for the season to woo,
 And for all that can love to rejoice :

In a cottage at night may I spend all my time,
 In the fields and the meadows all day,
 With a maiden whose charms are as yet in their prime,
 Young as April, and blooming as May !

When the lark with shrill notes sings aloft in the morn,
 May my fairest and I sweetly wake,
 View the far distant hills, which the sun-beams adorn,
 Then arise, and our cottage forsake.

When

When the sun shines so warm, that my charmer and I
 May recline on the turf without fear,
 Let us there all vain thoughts and ambition defy,
 While we breathe the first sweets of the year.

Be this spot on a hill, and a spring from it's side
 Bubble out, and transparently flow,
 Creep gently along in meanders, and glide
 Thro' the vale strew'd with daisies below.

While the bee flies from blossom to blossom, and sips,
 And the violets their sweetness impart,
 Let me hang on her neck, and so taste from her lips
 The rich cordial that thrills to the heart.

While the dove sits lamenting the loss of it's mate,
 Which the fowler has caught in his snares,
 May we think ourselves blest'd that it is not our fate
 To endure such an absence as theirs.

May I listen to all her soft, tender, sweet notes,
 When she sings, and no sounds interfere,
 But the warbling of birds, which in stretching their throats
 Are at strife to be louder than her.

When the daisies, and cowslips, and primroses blow,
 And chequer the meads and the lawns,
 May we see bounding there the swift light-footed doe,
 And pursue with our eye the young fawns.

When the lapwings, just fledg'd, o'er the turf take their run,
 And the firstlings are all at their play,
 And the harmless young lambs skip about in the sun;
 Let us then be as frolick as they.

When

When I talk of my love, should I chance to espy
That she seems to mistrust what I say,
By a tear that is ready to fall from her eye,
With my lips let me wipe it away.

If we sit, or we walk, may I cast round my eyes,
And let no single beauty escape ;
But see none to create so much love and surprize,
As her eyes, and her face, and her shape.

Thus each day let us pass, till the buds turn to leaves,
And the meadows around us are mown ;
When the lark on the sweet-smelling haycock receives
What she afterwards blushes to own.

When evenings grow cool, and the flow'rs hang their heads
With the dew, then no longer we'll roam ;
With my arm round her waist, in a path thro' the meads,
Let us hasten to find our way home.

When the birds are at roost, with their heads in their wings,
Each one by the side of its mate ;
When a mist that arises, a drowiness brings
Upon all but the owl and the bat :

When soft rest is requir'd, and the stars lend their light,
And all nature lies quiet and still ;
When no sound breaks the sacred repose of the night,
But, at distance, the clack of a mill :

With peace for our pillow, and free from all noise,
So that voices in whispers are known ;
Let us give and receive all the nameless soft joys
That are mur'd on by lovers alone.

II. SUMMER.

WHERE the light cannot pierce, in a grove of tall trees,
 With my fair-one as blooming as May,
 Undisturb'd by all sound, but the sighs of the breeze,
 Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

When the sun, less intense, to the westward inclines,
 For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,
 And see the rays dance as inverted he shines,
 On the face of some river or lake:

Where my fairest and I, on it's verge as we pass,
 (For 'tis she that must still be my theme)
 Our two shadows may view on the watery glass,
 While the fish are at play in the stream.

May the herds cease to low, and the lambkins to bleat,
 When she sings me some amorous strain;
 All be silent, and hush'd, unless echo repeat
 The kind words and sweet sounds back again.

And when we return to our cottage at night,
 Hand in hand as we sauntering stray,
 Let the moon's silver beams thro' the leaves give us light,
 Just direct us, and chequer our way.

Let the nightingale warble it's notes in our walk,
 As thus gently and slowly we move;
 And let no single thought be express'd in our talk,
 But of friendship improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with these rural delights,
 And secure from ambition's alarms,
 Soft love and repose shall divide all our nights,
 And each morning shall rise with new charms.

III. AUT.

III. AUTUMN.

TH O' the seasons must alter, ah ! yet let me find,
 What all must confess to be rare,
 A female still chearful, and faithful and kind,
 The blessings of Autumn to share.

Let one side of our cottage, a flourishing vine
 Overspread with it's branches and shade ;
 Whose clusters appear more transparent and fine,
 As it's leaves are beginning to fade.

When the fruit makes the branches bend down with it's load,
 In our orchard surrounded with pales ;
 In a bed of clean straw let our apples be stow'd,
 For a tart that in winter regales.

When the vapours that rise from the earth in the morn
 Seem to hang on it's surface like smoke,
 Till dispers'd by the sun that gilds over the corn,
 Within doors let us prattle and joke.

But when we see clear all the hues of the leaves,
 And at work in the fields are all hands,
 Some in reaping the wheat, others binding the sheaves,
 Let us carelessly stroll o'er the lands.

How pleasing the sight of the toiling they make,
 To collect what kind Nature has sent !
 Heaven grant we may not of their labour partake ;
 But, oh ! give us their happy content.

And sometimes on a bank, under shade, by a brook,
 Let us silently sit at our ease,
 And there gaze on the stream, till the fish on the hook
 Struggles hard to procure it's release.

And now, when the husbandman sings harvest-home,
 And the corn's all got into the house ;
 When the long with'd-for time of their meeting is come,
 To frolick, and feast, and carouse :

When the leaves from the trees are begun to be shed,
 And are leaving the branches all bare,
 Either strew'd at the roots, shrivell'd, wither'd, and dead,
 Or else blown to and fro in the air :

When the ways are so miry, that bogs they might seem,
 And the axle-tree's ready to break,
 While the waggoner whistles in stopping his team,
 And then claps the poor jades on the neck :

In the morning let's follow the cry of the hounds,
 Or the fearful young covey beset ;
 Which tho' skulking in stubble and weeds on the grounds,
 Are becoming a prey to the net.

Let's enjoy all the pleasure retirement affords,
 Still amus'd with these innocent sports,
 Nor once envy the pomp of fine ladies and lords,
 With their grand entertainments in courts.

In the ev'ning, when lovers are leaning on styles,
 Deep engag'd in some amorous chat,
 And 'tis very well known by his grin and her smiles,
 What they both have a mind to be at :

To our dwelling, tho' homely, well-pleas'd to repair,
 Let our mutual endearments revive ;
 And let no single action or look but declare,
 How contented and happy we live.

Should

Should ideas arise that may ruffle the soul,
 Let soft musick the phantoms remove;
 For 'tis harmony only has force to controul,
 And unite all the passions in love.

With her eyes but half open, her cap all awry,
 When the lass is preparing for bed,
 And the sleepy dull clown, who sits nodding just by,
 Sometimes rouses and scratches his head:

In the night when 'tis cloudy, and rainy, and dark,
 And the labourers snore as they lie,
 Not a noise to disturb us, unless a dog bark
 In the farm, or the village hard by:

At the time of sweet rest, and of quiet like this,
 Ere our eyes are clos'd up in their lids,
 Let us welcome the season, and taste of that bliss
 Which the sun-shine and day-light forbids!

IV. W I N T E R.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,
 And the meadows their beauty have lost;
 When Nature's dispos'd of her mantle of green,
 And the streams are fast bound with the frost:

While the peasant inactive stands shivering with cold,
 As bleak the winds northerly blow;
 And the innocent flocks run for warmth to the fold,
 With their fleeces besprinkled with snow:

In the yard, when the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
 And they send forth their breath in a steam;
 And the neat-looking dairy-maid sees she must thaw
 Flakes of ice that she finds in the cream:

When

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

When the sweet country-maiden, as fresh as a rose,
 As she carelessly trips often slides,
 And the rusticks laugh loud, if by falling she shows
 All the charms that her modesty hides :

When the lads and the lasses for company join'd,
 In a crowd round the embers are met,
 Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
 And of ghosts, till they're all in a sweat :

Heav'n grant, in this season, it may be my lot,
 With the nymph whom I love and admire ;
 While the icicles hang from the eaves of my cot,
 I may thither in safety retire :

Where in neatness and quiet—and free from surprise,
 We may live, and no hardships endure ;
 Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
 But such as each other may cure :

V E R S E S

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY,

BY MR. J. MACAULAY.

IN vain, dear Flavilla, in vain still you try,
 Inconstant, each feminine art :
 Those flutt'ring delusions may catch the fond eye,
 But they ne'er will entangle the heart.

The fetters too slender affection to bind,
 Our reason will break with disdain :
 The heart that to beauty it's freedom resign'd,
 From caprice shall receive it again.

While

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

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While down the light dance, in Pleasure's gay court;
Fantaſtick you trip it along;
The faireſt allow'd; where the fair ones reſort,
The gayeſt of all the gay throng;

O why in that face, where each beauty is ſeen,
Should Folly her ſtandard diſplay?
Or wild Affectation diſfigure that mien,
Where the Graces conſpicuouſly play?

Ah, no! to your greater perfections be juſt;
By theſe you may charm at your will:
To youth, wit, and beauty, your conqueſts entrust,
Which levity only can kill.

For pleaſure in vain the inconstant may rove:
Thro' all the wide regions of art:
Their happineſs only can permanent prove,
Whoſe tranſports ariſe from the heart.

R E T I R E M E N T.

A N O D E.

BY DR. BEATTIE.

SHOOK from the purple wings of even
When dewſ impearl the grove,
And from the dark'ning verge of heaven
Beams the ſweet ſtar of Love;
Laid on a daiſy-fprinkled green,
Beside a plaintive ſtream,
A meek-ey'd youth of ſerious mien
Indulg'd this ſolemn theme.

• Ye

- Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur pt'd
• High o'er the glimmering dale!
- Ye groves,, along whose windings wild
• Soft sighs the fadd'ning gale!
- Where oft lone Melancholy strays,
• By wilder'd-Fancy sway'd,
- What time the wan moon's yellow rays
• Gleam thro' the chequer'd shade!

- To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
• Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
- 'Scap'd a tumultuous world's alarms,
• To your retreats I fly:
- Deep in your most sequester'd bower,
• Let me my woes resign;
- Where Solitude, mild modest power,
• Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

- How shall I woo thee, matchless fair,
• Thy heavenly smile how win!
- Thy smile, that smoothes the brow of Care,
• And stills each storm within!
- O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
• Thine ardent votary bring,
- And bless his hours, and bid them move
• Serene on silent wing!

- Oft let Remembrance soothe his mind
• With dreams of former days,
- When soft on Leisure's lap retlin'd,
• He caroll'd sprightly lays:
- Bless'd days! when Fancy smil'd at Care,
• When Pleasure toy'd with Truth,
- Nor Envy, with malignant glare,
• Had harm'd his simple youth.

• 'Twas

- ‘ ’Twas then, O Solitude! to thee
- ‘ His early vows were paid,
- ‘ From heart sincere, and warm, and free,
- ‘ Devoted to the shade:
- ‘ Ah! why did Fate his steps decoy
- ‘ In thorny paths to roam,
- ‘ Remote from all congenial joy!
- ‘ O take thy wanderer home!

- ‘ Henceforth thy awful haunts be mine!
- ‘ The long abandon’d hill;
- ‘ The hollow cliff, whose waving pine
- ‘ O’erhangs the darksome rill;
- ‘ Whence the scar’d owl, on pinions grey,
- ‘ Breaks from the rustling boughs,
- ‘ And down the lone vale sails away
- ‘ To shades of deep repose.

- ‘ O while to thee the woodland pours
- ‘ It’s wildly warbling song,
- ‘ And fragrant from the waste of flowers
- ‘ The Zephyr breathes along;
- ‘ Let no rude sound invade from far,
- ‘ No vagrant foot be nigh,
- ‘ No ray from Grandeur’s gilded car
- ‘ Flash on the startled eye!

- ‘ Yet if some pilgrim, ’mid the glade,
- ‘ Thy hallow’d bowers explore,
- ‘ O guard from harm his hoary head,
- ‘ And listen to his lore!
- ‘ For he of joys divine shall tell,
- ‘ That wean from earthly woe,
- ‘ And triumph o’er the mighty spell
- ‘ That chains this heart below.

- ' For me no more the path invites
- ' Ambition loves to tread ;
- ' No more I climb those toilsome heights,
- ' By guileful Hope misled :
- ' Leaps my fond flutt'ring heart no more
- ' To Mirth's enlivening strain ;
- ' For present pleasure soon is o'er,
- ' And all the past is vain !'

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA; OR, THE HERMIT.

IN THREE CANTOS.

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

TO MRS. MALLET.

THOU faithful partner of a heart thy own;
 Whose pain or pleasure springs from thine alone ;
 Thou, true as honour, as compassion kind,
 That in sweet union harmonize thy mind ;
 Here, while thy eyes for sad Amyntor's woe,
 And Theodora's wreck, with tears o'erflow,
 O may thy friend's warm wish, to Heav'n preferr'd
 For thee, for him by gracious Heav'n be heard !
 So her fair hour of fortune shall be thine
 Unmix'd, and all Amyntor's fondness mine :
 So thro' long vernal life, with blended ray,
 Shall Love light up, and Friendship close our day ;
 Till summon'd late this lower heav'n to leave,
 One sigh shall end us, and one earth receive !

CANTO I.

FAR in the wat'ry waste, where his broad wave
 From world to world the vast Atlantick rolls
 On from the piny shores of Labrador
 To frozen Thulé east, her airy height

Aloft

Aloft to heav'n remotest Kilda lifts, 5
 Laft of the fea-girt Hebrides, that guard,
 In filial train, Britannia's parent coaft.
 Thrice happy land ! tho' freezing on the verge
 Of Arctick skies, yet blamelefs still of arts
 That polifh to deprave each fofter clime, 10
 With fimple nature, fimple virtue, blefs'd !
 Beyond Ambition's walk, where never War
 Uprear'd his fanguine ftandard, nor unsheath'd,
 For wealth or pow'r, the defolating fword ;
 Where Luxury, foft Syren, who around 15
 To thoufand nations deals her nectar'd cup
 Of pleasing bane, that foothes at once and kills,
 Is yet a name unknown ; but calm content,
 That lives to reafon, ancient faith, that binds
 The plain community of guilelefs hearts 20
 In love and union, innocence of ill,
 Their guardian genius ; thefe the pow'rs that rule
 This little world, to all it's fons fecure,
 Man's happieft life ; the foul ferene and found
 From paffion's rage, the body from difeafe, 25
 Red on each cheek behold the rofe of health,
 Firm in each finew Vigour's pliant fpring,
 By temp'rance brac'd to peril and to pain,
 Amid the floods they ftem, or on the fteep
 Of upright rocks their ftaining fteps furmount, 30
 For food or paffime ; thefe light up their morn,
 And clofe their eye in flumber fweetly deep,
 Beneath the north, within the circling fwell
 Of ocean's raging found ; but laft and beft,
 What Av'rice, what Ambition, fhall not know, 35
 True Liberty is theirs, the heav'n-fent gueft,
 Who in the cave, or on th' uncultur'd wild,
 With Independence dwells and peace of mind,
 In youth, in age, their fun that never fets.

Daughter of Heav'n and Nature, deign thy aid, 40

Spontaneous Muse ! O, whether from the depth
 Of ev'ning forest, brown with broadest shade,
 Or from the brow sublime of vernal Alp
 As morning dawns, or from the vale at noon,
 By some soft stream that slides with liquid foot 45
 Thro' bow'ry groves, where Inspiration sits
 And listens to thy lore, auspicious come !
 O'er these wild ways, o'er this unharbour'd shore,
 Thy wing high-hovering spread, and to the gale,
 The Boreal spirit breathing lib'ral round 50
 From echoing hill to hill, the lyre attune
 With answ'ring cadence free, as best beseems
 The tragick theme my plaintive verse unfolds.
 Here good Aurelius—and a scene more wild
 The world around, or deeper solitude, 55
 Affliction could not find—Aurelius here,
 (By fate unequal and the crime of war
 Expell'd his native home, the sacred vale
 That saw him bless'd, now wretched and unknown !)
 Wore out the flow remains of setting life. 60
 In bitterness of thought ; and with the surge,
 And with the sounding storm, his murmur'd moan
 Would often mix—Oft as remembrance sad
 Th' unhappy past recall'd, a faithful wife,
 Whom love first chose, whom reason long endear'd, 65
 His soul's companion and his softer friend,
 With one fair daughter, in her rosy prime,
 Her dawn of op'ning charms, defenceless left
 Within a tyrant's grasp ! his foe profess'd,
 By civil madness, by intemp'rate zeal 70
 For diff'ring rites, imbitter'd into hate
 And cruelty remorseless !—Thus he liv'd,
 If this was life ! to load the blast with sighs,
 Hung o'er it's edge, to swell the flood with tears,
 At midnight hour ; for midnight frequent heard 75
 The lonely mourner, desolate of heart,

Pour

Pour all the husband, all the father forth
In unavailing anguish, stretch'd along
The naked beach, or shiv'ring on the cliff,
Smote with the wint'ry pole in bitter storm, 80
Hail, snow, and show'r, dark-drifting round his head !

Such were his hours, till time, the wretch's friend,
Life's great physician, skill'd alone to close,
Where sorrow long has wak'd, the weeping eye,
And from the brain, with baleful vapours black, 85
Each fullen spectre chase, his balm at length,
Lenient of pain, thro' every fever'd pulse
With gentlest hand infus'd. A pensive calm
Arose, but unassur'd ; as after winds

Of ruffling wing the sea subsiding slow 90

Still trembles from the storm. Now Reason first

Her throne resuming, bid Devotion raise
To heav'n his eye, and thro' the turbid mists,

By sense dark-drawn between, adoring own,
Sole arbiter of fate, one Cause Supreme, 95

All-just, All-wise, who bids what still is best
In cloud or sunshine ; whose severest hand
Wounds but to heal, and chastens to amend.

Thus in his bosom, ev'ry weak excess,
The rage of grief, the fellness of revenge, 100

To healthful measure temper'd and reduc'd

By Virtue's hand, and in her bright'ning beam

Each error clear'd away, as sen-born fogs

Before th' ascending sun ; thro' faith he lives

Beyond Time's bounded continent, the walks 105

Of Sin and Death : anticipating heav'n

In pious hope, he seems already there,

Safe on her sacred shore ; and sees beyond,

In radiant view, the world of light and love,

Where Peace delights to dwell ; where one fair morn 110

Still orient smiles, and one diffusive spring,

That fears no storm, and shall no winter know,

Th' im-

Th' immortal year empurples. 'If a sigh
 Yet murmurs from his breast, 'tis for the pang
 Those dearest names, a wife, a child, must feel, 115
 Still suff'ring in his fate; 'tis for a foe,
 Who, deaf himself to mercy, may of Heav'n
 That mercy, when most wanted, ask in vain.

The sun, now station'd with the lucid Twins,
 O'er ev'ry southern clime had pour'd profuse 120
 The rosy year, and in each pleasing hue
 That greens the leaf, or thro' the blossom glows
 With florid light, his fairest month array'd;
 While Zephyr, while the silver-footed dews,
 Her soft attendants, wide o'er field and grove 125
 Fresh spirit breathe, and shed perfuming balm:
 Nor here, in this chill region, on the brow
 Of winter's waste dominion, is unfelt
 The ray ethereal, or unhail'd the rise
 Of her mild reign. From warbling vale and hill, 130
 With wild thyme flow'ring, betony and balm,
 Blue lavender, and carmel's spicy root *,
 Song, fragrance, health, ambrosiate ev'ry breeze.

But high above, the season full exerts
 It's vernant force in yonder peopled rocks, 135
 To whose wild solitude, from worlds unknown,
 The birds of passage transmigrating come,
 Unnumber'd colonies of foreign wing,
 At Nature's summons, their aerial state
 Annual to found, and in bold voyage steer 140
 O'er this wide ocean, thro' yon pathless sky,
 One certain flight to one appointed shore,
 By Heav'n's directive spirit here to raise
 Their temporary realm, and form secure,

* The root of this plant, otherwise named *argatilis sylvestris*, is aromatick, and by the natives reckoned cordial to the stomach. See Martin's Western Isles of Scotland, p. 120.

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

223

Where food awaits them copious from the wave,
And shelter from the rock, their nuptial leagues;
Each tribe apart, and all on tasks of love,
To hatch the pregnant egg, to rear and guard
Their helpless infants, piously intent.

145

Led by the day abroad, with lonely step,
And ruminating sweet and bitter thought,
Aurelius, from the western bay, his eye
Now rais'd to this amusive scene in air,
With wonder mark'd; now cast with level ray
Wide o'er the moving wilderness of waves,
From pole to pole thro' boundless space diffus'd,
Magnificently dreadful! where at large
Leviathan, with each inferior name

150

Of sea-born kinds, ten thousand thousand tribes,
Finds endless range for pasture and for sport.

160

Amaz'd he gazes, and adoring owns
The Hand Almighty, who it's channell'd bed
Immeasurable sunk, and pour'd abroad,
Fenc'd with eternal mounds the fluid sphere,
With ev'ry wind to waft large commerce on,
Join pole to pole, confociate sever'd worlds,
And link in bonds of intercourse and love

165

Earth's universal family. Now rose

Sweet ev'ning's solemn hour: the sun declin'd

Hung golden o'er this nether firmament,

170

Whose broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,

Gave back his beamy visage to the sky

With splendour undiminish'd, and each cloud,

White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne

In fair aerial landscape. Here, alone,

175

On earth's remotest verge Aurelius breath'd

The healthful gale, and felt the smiling scene

With awe-mix'd pleasure musing as he hung

In silence o'er the billows hush'd beneath;

When, lo! a sound amid the wave-worn rocks,

180

Deaf-

Deaf-murmuring rose, and plaintive roll'd along
 From cliff to cavern, as the breath of winds,
 At twilight hour, remote and hollow heard
 Thro' wintry pines high waving o'er the steep
 Of sky-crown'd Apenine : the sea-pie ceas'd 185
 At once to warble ; screaming from his nest
 The fulmar soar'd, and shot a westward flight
 From shore to sea ; on came, before her hour,
 Invading Night, and hung the troubled sky
 With fearful blackness round * ; sad Ocean's face 190
 A curling undulation shiv'ry swept
 From wave to wave ; and now impetuous rose
 Thick cloud and storm, and ruin on his wing,
 The raging South, and headlong o'er the deep
 Fell horrible, with broad descending blast. 195
 Aloft, and safe beneath a shelt'ring cliff,
 Whose moss-grown summit on the distant flood
 Projected frowns, Aurelius stood appall'd,
 His stunn'd ear smote with all the thund'ring main,
 His eye with mountains surging to the stars, 200
 Commotion infinite ! Where yon last wave
 Blends with the sky it's foam, a ship in view
 Shoots sudden forth, steep-falling from the clouds,
 Yet distant seen and dim, till onward borne
 Before the blast, each growing sail expands, 205
 Each mast aspires, and all th' advancing frame
 Bounds on his eye distinct : with sharpen'd ken
 It's course he watches, and in awful thought
 That Pow'r invokes whose voice the wild winds hear,
 Whose nod the surge reveres, to look from heav'n, 210
 And save who else must perish, wretched men,
 In this dark hour, amid the dread abyss,
 With fears amaz'd, by horrors compass'd round !
 But, O ! ill-omen'd, death-devoted heads !

* See Martini's Voyage to St. Kilda, p. 58.

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

For Death bestrides the billow, nor your own	225
Nor others offer'd vows can stay the flight	215
Of instant Fate. And, lo! his secret seat,	
Where never sun-beam glimmer'd, deep amidst	
A cavern's jaws voraginous and vast,	
The stormy Genius of the deep forsakes,	220
And o'er the waves, that roar beneath his frown,	
Ascending baleful, bids the tempest spread,	
Turbid and terrible with hail and rain,	
It's blackest pinion, pour it's loud'ning blasts	
In whirlwind forth, and from their lowest depth	225
Upturn the world of waters. Round and round	
The tortur'd ship, at his imperious call,	
Is wheel'd in dizzy whirl; her guiding helm	
Breaks short; her masts in crashing ruin fall,	
And each rent sail flies loose in distant air.	230
Now, fearful moment! o'er the found'ring hull	
Half ocean heav'd, in one broad billowy curve	
Steep from the clouds with horrid shade impends—	
Ah! save them, Heav'n! it bursts in deluge down	
With boundless undulation! shore and sky	235
Rebellow to the roar: at once ingulph'd,	
Vessel and crew beneath it's torrent sweep	
Are sunk, to rise no more! Aurelius wept;	
The tear unbidden dew'd his hoary cheek:	
He turn'd his step; he fled the fatal scene,	240
And brooding in sad silence o'er the sight	
To him alone disclos'd, his wounded heart	
Pour'd out to Heav'n in sighs: 'Thy will be done,	
'Not mine, Supreme Disposer of Events!	
'But death demands a tear, and man must feel	245
'For human woes: the rest submission checks.'	
Not distant far, where this receding bay *	
Looks northward on the pole, a rocky arch	

* See Martin's Voyage to St. Kilda, p. 20.

Expands it's self-pois'd concave; as the gate
 Ample, and broad, and pillar'd massy-proof, 250
 Of some unfolding temple: on it's height
 Is heard the tread of daily-climbing flocks,
 That o'er the green roof spread, their fragrant food
 Untended crop. As thro' this cavern'd path,
 Involv'd in pensive thought, Aurelius pass'd, 255
 Struck with sad echoes from the sounding vault
 Remurmur'd shrill, he stopp'd, he rais'd his head,
 And saw th' assembled natives in a ring,
 With wonder and with pity bending o'er
 A shipwreck'd man. All motionless on earth 260
 He lay: the living lullre from his eye,
 The vermil hue extinguish'd from his cheek,
 And in their place, on each chill feature spread,
 The shadowy cloud and ghastliness of death
 With pale suffusion fate. So looks the moon, 265
 So faintly wan, thro' hov'ring mists at eve,
 Grey autumn's train. Fast from his hairs distill'd
 The briny wave, and close within his grasp
 Was clench'd a broken oar, as one who long
 Had stemm'd the flood with agonizing breast, 270
 And struggled strong for life. Of youthful prime
 He seem'd, and built by Nature's noblest hand,
 Where bold proportion and where soft'ning grace
 Mix'd in each limb, and harmoniz'd his frame.
 Aurelius from the breathless clay his eye 275
 To Heav'n, imploring, rais'd; then, for he knew
 That life, within her central cell retir'd,
 May lurk unseen, diminish'd but not quench'd,
 He bid transport it speedy thro' the vale
 To his poor cell, that lonely stood and low, 280
 Safe from the north, beneath a sloping hill;
 An antique frame, orbicular, and rais'd
 On columns rude; it's roof with rev'rend moss
 Light-shaded o'er; it's front in ivy hid,

That





BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

That mantling crept aloft, With pious hand	227
They turn'd, they chaf'd his frozen limbs, and fum'd	285
The vap'ry air with aromatick smells ;	
Then drops of sov'reign efficacy, drawn	
From mountain plants, within his lips infus'd.	
Slow from the mortal trance, as men from dreams	290
Of direful vision, shudd'ring he awakes,	
While life to scarce-felt motion faintly lifts	
His flutt'ring pulse, and gradual o'er his cheek	
The rosy current wins it's refluent way.	
Recov'ring to new pain, his eyes he turn'd	295
Severe on heav'n, on the surrounding hills	
With twilight dim, and on the crowd unknown,	
Dissolv'd in tears around, then clos'd again,	
As loathing light and life. At length, in sounds	
Broken and eager, from his heaving breast	300
Distraction spoke—' Down, down with ev'ry sail !	
' Mercy, sweet Heav'n !—Ha ! now whole ocean sweeps	
' In tempest o'er our heads—My soul's last hope !	
' We will not part—Help ! help ! yon wave, behold !	
' That swells betwixt, has borne her from my sight !	305
' O for a sun to light this black abyfs !	
' Gone—lost—for ever lost !' He ceas'd. Amaze	
And trembling on the pale assistants fell ;	
Whom now with greeting and the words of peace	
Aurelius bid depart. A pause ensu'd,	310
Mute, mournful, solemn. On the stranger's face	
Observant, anxious, hung his fix'd regard ;	
Watchful, his ear each murmur, ev'ry breath,	
Attentive seiz'd ; now eager to begin	
Consoling speech, now doubtful to invade	315
The sacred silence—due to grief supreme ;	
Then thus at last : ' O, from devouring seas	
' By miracle escap'd ! if, with thy life,	
' Thy sense, return'd, can yet discern the Hand,	
' All-wonderful, that thro' yon raging sea,	320
F f a	' Yon

- ' Yon whirling west of tempest, led thee safe,
 ' That Hand divine with grateful awe confess,
 ' With prostrate thanks adore! When thou, alas!
 ' Wast number'd with the dead, and clos'd within
 ' Th' unfathom'd gulph; when human hope was fled, 325
 ' And human help in vain—th' Almighty Voice
 ' Then bade Destruction spare, and bade the deep
 ' Yield up it's prey; that by his mercy sav'd,
 ' That mercy, thy fair life's remaining race,
 ' A monument of wonder as of love, 330
 ' May justify to all the sons of men,
 ' Thy brethren, ever present in their need!
 ' Such praise delights him most—
 ' He hears me not.
 ' Some secret anguish, some transcendent woe, 335
 ' Sits heavy on his heart, and from his eyes,
 ' Thro' the clos'd lids, now rolls in bitter stream!
 ' Yet speak thy soul, afflicted as thou art!
 ' For know, by mournful privilege, 'tis mine,
 ' Myself most wretched, and in sorrow's ways 340
 ' Severely train'd, to share in ev'ry pang
 ' The wretched feel, to soothe the sad of heart,
 ' To number tear for tear, and groan for groan,
 ' With ev'ry son and daughter of distress.
 ' Speak then, and give thy lab'ring bosom vent: 345
 ' My pity is, my friendship shall be, thine,
 ' To calm thy pain, and guide thy virtue back,
 ' Thro' reason's paths, to happiness and heav'n!
 The Hermit thus: and, after some sad pause
 Of musing wonder, thus the man unknown. 350
 ' What have I heard!—On this untravell'd shore,
 ' Nature's last limit, hemm'd with oceans round
 ' Howling and harbourless, beyond all faith
 ' A comforter to find, whose language wears
 ' The garb of civil life; a friend whose breast 355
 ' The gracious meltings of sweet pity move!

Amaze-

† Amazement all! my grief to silence charm'd,
 † Is lost in wonder. But, thou good unknown!
 † If woes for ever wedded to despair;
 † That wish no cure, are thine, behold in me 360
 † A meet companion: one whom earth and Heav'n
 † Combine to curse; whom never future morn
 † Shall light to joy, nor ev'ning with repose
 † Descending shade—O, son of this wild world!
 † From social converse tho' for ever barr'd, 365
 † Tho' chill'd with endless winter from the pole,
 † Yet warm'd by goodness, form'd to tender sense
 † Of human woes beyond what milder climes,
 † By fairer suns attemper'd, courtly boast;
 † O say, did e'er thy breast, in youthful life, 370
 † Touch'd by a beam from beauty all-divine,
 † Did e'er thy bosom her sweet influence own,
 † In pleasing tumult pour'd thro' ev'ry vein,
 † And panting at the heart, when first our eye
 † Receives impression? then, as passion grew, 375
 † Did Heav'n, consenting to thy wish, indulge
 † That bliss no wealth can bribe, no pow'r bestow,
 † That bliss of angels, love by love repaid?
 † Heart streaming full to heart in mutual flow
 † Of faith and friendship, tenderness and truth!— 380
 † If these thy fate distinguish'd, thou wilt then,
 † My joys conceiving, image my despair,
 † How total! how extreme! for this, all this,
 † Late my fair fortune, wreck'd on yonder flood,
 † Lies lost and bury'd there!—O, awful Heav'n! 385
 † Who to the wind and to the whelming wave
 † Her blameless head devoted, thou alone
 † Canst tell what I have lost!—O, ill-starr'd maid!
 † O, most undone Amyntor!—Sighs and tears,
 And heart-heav'd groans, at this his voice suppress'd: 390
 The rest was agony and dumb despair.

Now o'er their heads damp night her stormy gloom

Spread,

Spread, ere the glimm'ring twilight was expir'd,
 With huge and heavy horror closing round
 In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful scene, 395
 The moving tale, Aurelius deeply felt;
 And thus reply'd, as one in nature skill'd,
 With soft-assenting sorrow in his look,
 And words to soothe, not combat hopeless love.

‘ Amyntor! by that Heav’n who sees thy tears, 400
 ‘ By faith and friendship’s sympathy divine,
 ‘ Could I the sorrows heal I more than share,
 ‘ This bosom, trust me, should from thine transfer
 ‘ It’s sharpest grief. Such grief, alas! how just!
 ‘ How long in silent anguish to descend, 405
 ‘ When reason and when fondness o’er the tomb
 ‘ Are fellow-mourners! He who can resign,
 ‘ Has never lov’d; and wert thou to the sense,
 ‘ The sacred feeling of a loss like thine,
 ‘ Cold and insensible, thy breast were then 410
 ‘ No mansion for humanity, or thought
 ‘ Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love
 ‘ And tender pity, whose kind tear adorns
 ‘ The clouded cheek, and sanctifies the soul
 ‘ They soften, not subdue. We both will mix, 415
 ‘ For her thy virtue lov’d, thy truth laments,
 ‘ Our social sighs; and, still as morn unveils
 ‘ The bright’ning hill, or ev’ning’s misty shade
 ‘ It’s brow obscures, her gracefulness of form,
 ‘ Her mind all lovely, each ennobling each, 420
 ‘ Shall be our frequent theme: then shalt thou hear
 ‘ From me, in sad return, a tale of woes
 ‘ So terrible—Amyntor, thy pain’d heart,
 ‘ Amid it’s own, will shudder at the ills
 ‘ That mine has bled with!—But, behold! the dark 425
 ‘ And drowsy hour steals fast upon our talk:
 ‘ Here break we off; and thou, sad mourner! try
 ‘ Thy weary limbs, thy wounded mind, to balm

‘ With

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231

- ‘ With timely sleep : each gracious wing from heav’n,
- ‘ Of those that minister to erring man, 430
- ‘ Near-hov’ring, hush thy passions into calm ;
- ‘ Serene thy slumbers with presented scenes
- ‘ Of brightest vision ; whisper to thy heart
- ‘ That holy peace which goodness ever shares ;
- ‘ And to us both be friendly as we need !’ 435

C A N T O II.

NOW midnight rose, and o’er the gen’ral scene,
 Air, ocean, earth, drew broad her blackest veil,
 Vapour and cloud. Around th’ unsleeping isle
 Yet howl’d the whirlwind, yet the billow groan’d,
 And in mix’d horror to Amyntor’s ear 5
 Borne thro’ the gloom, his shrinking sense appall’d.
 Shook by each blast, and swept by ev’ry wave,
 Again pale mem’ry labours in the storm ;
 Again from her is torn whom more than life
 His fondness lov’d. And now another show’r 10
 Of sorrow o’er the dear unhappy maid
 Effusive stream’d, till late, thro’ ev’ry pow’r
 The soul subdu’d sunk sad to slow repose ;
 And all her dark’ning scenes, by dim degrees,
 Were quench’d in total night : a pause from pain 15
 Not long to last ; for Fancy, oft awake
 While Reason sleeps, from her illusive cell
 Call’d up wild shapes of visionary fear,
 Of visionary bliss, the hour of rest
 To mock with mimic shews. And, lo ! the deeps 20
 In airy tumult swell : beneath a hill
 Amyntor heaves off overwhelming seas,
 Or rides, with dizzy dread, from cloud to cloud,
 The billow’s back : anon, the shadowy world
 Shifts to some boundless continent unknown, 25
 Where solitary, o’er the starless void,

Dumb

Dumb Silence broods. Thro' heaths of dreary length;
 Slow on he drags his stagg'ring step infirm
 With breathless toil; hears torrent floods afar
 Roar thro' the wild; and, plung'd in central caves, 30
 Falls headlong many a fathom into night.
 Yet there, at once, in all her living charms,
 And bright'ning with their glow the brown abyss,
 Rose Theodora. Smiling, in her eye
 Sate, without cloud, the soft-consenting soul, 35
 That, guilt unknowing, had no wish to hide;
 A spring of sudden myrtles flow'ring round
 Their walk embower'd; while nightingales beneath
 Sung spousals, as along th' enamell'd turf
 They seem'd to fly, and interchang'd their souls, 40
 Melting in mutual softness. Thrice his arms
 The fair encircled; thrice she fled his grasp,
 And fading into darkness mix'd with air—
 ' O, turn! O, stay thy flight!'—so loud he cry'd,
 Sleep and it's train of humid vapours fled. 45
 He groan'd, he gaz'd around; his inward sense
 Yet glowing with the vision's vivid beam,
 Still on his eye the hov'ring shadow blaz'd;
 Her voice still murmur'd in his tinkling ear,
 Grateful deception! till returning thought 50
 Left broad awake, amid th' incumbent lour
 Of mute and mournful night, again he felt
 His grief inflam'd throb fresh in ev'ry vein.
 'To frenzy flung, upstarting from his couch,
 The vale, the shore, with darkling step he roam'd, 55
 Like some drear spectre from the grave unbound;
 Then scaling yonder cliff, prone o'er it's brow
 He hung, in act to plunge amid the flood,
 Scarce from that height discern'd. Nor Reason's voice,
 Nor ow'd submission to the will of Heav'n, 60
 Restrains him; but as passion whirls his thought,
 Fond expectation, that perchance escap'd,

Tho'

Tho' passing all belief, the frailer skiff,
To which himself had borne th' unhappy fair,
May yet be seen. Around o'er sea and shore
He roll'd his ardent eye, but nought around
On land or wave within his ken appears,
Nor skiff, nor floating corse, on which to shed
The last sad-tear, and lay the cov'ring mold !

And now, wide open'd by the wakeful hours
Heav'n's orient gate, forth on her progress comes
Aurora smiling, and her purple lamp
Lifts high o'er earth and sea ; while, all unveil'd,
The vast horizon on Amyntor's eye
Pours full it's scenes of wonder, wildly great,
Magnificently various. From this steep
Diffus'd immense, in rolling prospect lay
The northern deep : amidst, from space to space,
Her num'rous isles, rich gems of Albion's crown,
As slow th' ascending mists disperse in air,
Shoot gradual from her bosom ; and beyond,
Like distant clouds blue-floating on the verge
Of ev'ning skies, break forth the dawning hills.
A thousand landscapes, barren some and bare,
Rock pil'd on rock, amazing, up to heav'n,
Of horrid grandeur : some with sounding ash,
Or oak broad shadowing, or the spiry growth
Of waving pine high-plum'd ; and all beheld
More lovely in the sun's adorning beam,
Who now, fair rising o'er yon eastern cliff,
The vernal verdure tinctures gay with gold.

Meanwhile Aurelius, wak'd from sweet repose,
Repose that Temp'rance sheds in timely dews
On all who live to her, his mournful guest
Came forth to hail, as hospitable rites
And virtue's rule enjoin ; but first to Him,
Spring of all charity, who gave the heart
With kindly sense to glow, his matin song,

Superior duty, thus the sage address'd :

- ' Fountain of light ! from whom yon orient sun 100
 ' First drew his splendour ! Source of life and love !
 ' Whose smile now wakes o'er earth's rekindling face
 ' The boundless blush of spring ; O First and Best !
 ' Thy essence tho' from human sight and search,
 ' Tho' from the climb of all created thought 105
 ' Ineffably remov'd, yet man himself,
 ' Thy lowest child of Reason, man may read
 ' Unbounded pow'r, intelligence supreme,
 ' The Maker's hand, on all his works impress'd
 ' In characters coëval with the sun, 110
 ' And with the sun to last ; from world to world,
 ' From age to age, in ev'ry clime, disclos'd,
 ' Sole revelation thro' all time the same.
 ' Hail, universal Goodness ! with full stream
 ' For ever flowing from beneath the throne 115
 ' Thro' earth, air, sea, to all things that have life ;
 ' From all that live on earth, in air and sea,
 ' The great community of Nature's sons,
 ' To thee, first Father, ceaseless praise ascend !
 ' And in the rev'rent hymn my grateful voice 120
 ' Be duly heard, among thy works not least,
 ' Nor lowest, with intelligence inform'd,
 ' To know thee, and adore ; with free-will crown'd,
 ' Where Virtue leads, to follow and be bless'd.
 ' O, whether by thy prime decree ordain'd 125
 ' To days of future life ; or whether now
 ' The mortal hour is instant, still vouchsafe,
 ' Parent and friend, to guide me blameless on
 ' Thro' this dark scene of error and of ill,
 ' Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to cheer : 130
 ' All else, of me unask'd, thy will supreme
 ' Withold or grant, and let that will be done.'

This from the soul in silence breath'd sincere,
 The hill's steep side with firm elastick step

He

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235

He lightly scal'd; such health the frugal board, 135

The morn's fresh breath that exercise respires

In mountain walks, and conscience free from blame,

Our life's best cordial can thro' age prolong.

There, lost in thought, and self-abandon'd, lay

The man unknown; nor heard approach his host, 140

Nor rais'd his drooping head. Aurelius, mov'd

By soft compassion, which the savage scene,

Shut up and barr'd amid surrounding seas

From human commerce, quicken'd into sense

Of sharper sorrow, thus apart began. 145

' O fight, that from the eye of Wealth or Pride,

' E'en in their hour of vainest thought, might draw

' A feeling tear! whom yesterday beheld

' By love and fortune crown'd, of all possess'd

' That fancy, tranc'd in fairest vision, dreams; 150

' Now lost to all, each hope that softens life,

' Each bliss that cheers; there on the damp earth spread,

' Beneath a heav'n unknown, behold him now!

' And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,

' The proud, be taught what now the wretched feel, 155

' The happy have to fear. O man forlorn!

' Too plain I read thy heart, by fondness drawn

' To this sad scene, to fights that but inflame

' It's tender anguish!'—

' Hear me, Heav'n! exclaim'd 160

The frantick mourner. ' Could that anguish rise

' To madness and to mortal agony,

' I yet would bless my fate; by one kind pang,

' From what I feel, the keener pangs of thought

' For ever freed. To me the sun is lost; 165

' To me the future flight of days and years

' Is darkness, is despair—But who complains,

' Forgets that he can die. O, fainted maid!

' For such in heav'n thou art, if from thy seat

' Of holy rest, beyond these changeful skies, 170

- ' If names on earth most sacred once and dear,
 ' A lover and a friend, if yet these names
 ' Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray
 ' To light me where, in cave or creek, are thrown
 ' Thy lifeless limbs, that I—O grief supreme ! 175
 ' O fate remorseless ! was thy lover sav'd
 ' For such a task !—that I those dear remains,
 ' With maiden rites adorn'd, at last may lodge
 ' Beneath the hallow'd vault, and weeping there
 ' O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to close 180
 ' These eyes in peace, and mix this dust with thine !
 ' Such, and so dire,' reply'd the cordial friend
 In Pity's look and language, ' such, alas !
 ' Were late my thoughts : whate'er the human heart
 ' Can most afflict, grief, agony, despair, 185
 ' Have all been mine, and with alternate war
 ' This bosom ravag'd. Hearken then, good youth !
 ' My story mark ; and, from another's fate,
 ' Pre-eminently wretched, learn thy own,
 ' Sad as it seems, to balance and to bear ! 190
 ' In me, a man behold whose morn serene,
 ' Whose noon of better life, with honour spent,
 ' In virtuous purpose or in honest act,
 ' Drew fair distinction on my publick name
 ' From those among mankind, the nobler few, 195
 ' Whose praise is fame ; but there, in that true source
 ' Whence happiness with purest stream descends,
 ' In home-found peace and love, supremely blest'd !
 ' Union of hearts, consent of wedded wills,
 ' By friendship knit, by mutual faith secur'd, 200
 ' Our hopes and fears, our earth and heav'n, the same !
 ' At last, Amyntor, in my failing age
 ' Fall'n from such height, and with the felon herd,
 ' Robbers and outlaws, number'd—thought that still
 ' Stings deep the heart, and cloathes the cheek with shame ! 205
 ' Then doom'd to feel what guilt alone should fear,
 ' The

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

237

' The hand of publick vengeance ; arm'd by rage,
 ' Not justice ; rais'd to injure, not redress ;
 ' To rob, not guard ; to ruin, not defend ;
 ' And all, O sov'reign Reason ! all deriv'd 210
 ' From pow'r that claims thy warrant to do wrong !
 ' A right divine to violate unblam'd
 ' Each law, each rule, that, by himself observ'd,
 ' The God prescribes whose sanction kings pretend !
 ' O Charles ! O monarch ! in long exile train'd, 215
 ' Whole hopeless years th' oppressor's hand to know
 ' How hateful and how hard ; thyself reliev'd,
 ' Now hear ! thy people, groaning under wrongs
 ' Of equal load, adjure thee by those days
 ' Of want and woe, of danger and despair, 220
 ' As Heav'n has thine, to pity their distress !
 ' Yet from the plain good meaning of my heart
 ' Be far th' unhallow'd license of abuse ;
 ' Be far the bitterness of saintly zeal,
 ' That impious hid behind the patriot's name 225
 ' Masques hate and malice to the legal throne,
 ' In justice founded, circumscrib'd by laws,
 ' The prince to guard—but guard the people too ;
 ' Chief, one prime good to guard inviolate,
 ' Soul of all worth, and sum of human bliss, 230
 ' Fair Freedom ! birthright of all thinking kinds ;
 ' Reason's Great Charter, from no king deriv'd,
 ' By none to be reclaim'd, man's right divine ;
 ' Which God, who gave, indelible pronounc'd !
 ' But if, disclaiming this his heav'n-own'd right, 235
 ' This first, best tenure, by which monarchs rule ;
 ' If, meant the blessing, he becomes the bane,
 ' The wolf, not shepherd, of his subject-flock,
 ' To grind and tear, not shelter and protect,
 ' Wide-wasting where he reigns—to such a prince 240
 ' Allegiance kept were treason to mankind,
 ' And loyalty revolt from virtue's law :

For

- For say, Amyntor! does just Heaven enjoin
- That we should homage hell? or bend the knee
- To earthquake or volcano, when they rage, 245
- Rend earth's firm frame, and in one boundless grave
- Ingulph their thousands? Yet, O grief to tell!
- Yet such, of late, o'er this devoted land
- Was publick rife. Our servile stripes and chains,
- Our sighs and groans resounding from the steep 250
- Of wint'ry hill, or waste untravell'd heath,
- Last refuge of our wretchedness, not guilt,
- Proclaim'd it loud to Heav'n: the arm of pow'r
- Extended fatal but to crush the head
- It ought to screen, or with a parent's love 255
- Reclaim from error; not with deadly hate,
- The tyrant's law, exterminate who err.
- In this wide ruin were my fortunes sunk;
- Myself, as one contagious to his kind,
- Whom Nature, whom the social life, renown'd, 260
- Unsummon'd, unimpleaded, was to death,
- To shameful death! adjudg'd; against my head
- The price of blood proclaim'd, and at my heels
- Let loose the murd'rous cry of human hounds:
- And this blind fury of commission'd rage, 265
- Of party vengeance, to a fatal foe,
- Known and abhorr'd for deeds of direst name,
- Was giv'n in charge; a foe whom blood-stain'd zeal
- For what—O hear it not, all-righteous Heav'n!
- Lest thy rous'd thunder burst—for what was deem'd 270
- Religion's cause, had savag'd to a brute
- More deadly fell than hunger ever stung
- To prowl in wood or wild. His band he arm'd,
- Sons of perdition! miscreants with all guilt
- Familiar, and in each dire art of death 275
- Train'd ruthless up: as tigers on their prey
- On my defenceless lands those fiercer beasts
- Devouring fell; nor that sequester'd shade,

• That

- ' That sweet recess, where Love and Virtue long
 ' In happy league had dwelt, which War itself 280
 ' Beheld with rev'rence, could their fury 'scape;
 ' Despoil'd, defac'd, and wrapp'd in wasteful flames:
 ' For flame and rapine their consuming march
 ' From hill to vale by daily ruin mark'd.
 ' So, borne by winds along, in baleful cloud, 285
 ' Embod' d locusts from the wing descend
 ' On herb, fruit, flow'r, and kill the rip'ning year;
 ' While, waste behind, destruction on their track
 ' And ghastly famine wait. My wife and child
 ' He dragg'd, the ruffian dragg'd—O Heav'n! do I, 290
 ' A man, survive to tell it! At the hour
 ' Sacred to rest, amid the sighs and tears
 ' Of all who saw and curs'd his coward rage,
 ' He forc'd, unpitying, from their midnight-bed,
 ' By menace, or by torture, from their fears 295
 ' My last retreat to learn, and still detains
 ' Beneath his roof accus'd, that best of wives,
 ' Emilia! and our only pledge of love,
 ' My blooming Theodora!—Manhood there
 ' And nature bleed.—Ah! let not busy thought 300
 ' Search thither, but avoid the fatal coast:
 ' Discov'ry there, once more my peace of mind
 ' Might wreck, once more to desperation sink
 ' My hopes in Heav'n!' He said: but, O sad Muse!
 Can all thy moving energy of pow'r 305
 To shake the heart, to freeze th' arrested blood,
 With words that weep, and strains that agonise;
 Can all this mournful magick of thy voice
 Tell what Amyntor feels! O Heav'n! art thou—
 ' What have I heard?—Aurelius! art thou he?— 310
 ' Confusion? horror!—that most wrong'd of men!
 ' And, O most wretched too!—alas! no more,
 ' No more a father—on that fatal flood
 ' Thy Theodora— At these words he fell;

A deadly

A deadly cold ran freezing thro' his veins, 315
 And life was on the wing, her loath'd abode
 For ever to forsake. As on his way
 The traveller, from heav'n by lightning struck,
 Is fix'd at once immoveable, his eye
 With terror glaring wild, his stiff'ning limbs 320
 In sudden marble bound ; so stood, so look'd,
 The heart-smote parent at this tale of death,
 Half utter'd, yet too plain ! No sigh to rise,
 No tear had force to flow ; his senses all,
 Thro' all their pow'rs suspended, and subdu'd 325
 To chill amazement. Silence for a space—
 Such dismal silence saddens earth and sky
 Ere first the thunder breaks—on either side
 Fill'd up this interval severe. At last,
 As from some vision that to frenzy fires 330
 The sleeper's brain, Amyntor waking wild,
 A poniard, hid beneath his various robe,
 Drew furious forth—' Me, me !' he cry'd, ' on me
 ' Let all thy wrongs be visited, and thus
 ' My horrors end !'—then madly would have plung'd 335
 The weapon's hostile point. His lifted arm
 Aurelius, tho' with deep dismay, and dread,
 And anguish shook, yet his superior soul
 Collecting, and resuming all himself,
 Seiz'd sudden ; then perusing, with strict eye, 340
 And beating heart, Amyntor's blooming form,
 Nor from his air or feature gath'ring aught
 To wake remembrance, thus at length bespoke :
 ' O dire attempt ! who'er thou art, yet stay
 ' Thy hand self-violent, nor thus to guilt, 345
 ' If guilt is thine, accumulating add
 ' A crime that Nature shrinks from, and to which
 ' Heav'n has indulg'd no mercy. Sov'reign Judge !
 ' Shall man first violate the law divine,
 ' That plac'd him here dependent on thy nod, 350
 ' Resign'd,

' Resign'd, unmurm'ring, to await his hour
 ' Of fair dismissal hence; shall man do this,
 ' Then dare thy presence, rush into thy fight,
 ' Red with the sin, and recent from the stain,
 ' Of unrepented blood! Call home thy sense;
 ' Know what thou art, and own his hand most just 355
 ' Rewarding or afflicting. But, say on:
 ' My soul, yet trembling at thy frantick deed,
 ' Recals thy words, recals their dire import;
 ' They urge me on, they bid me ask no more. 360
 ' What would I ask? My Theodora's fate,
 ' Ah, me! is known too plain. Have I then sinn'd,
 ' Good Heav'n! beyond all grace! But shall I blame
 ' His rage of grief; and in myself admit
 ' It's wild excess? Heav'n gave her to my wish; 365
 ' That gift Heav'n has resum'd; righteous in both:
 ' For both, his providence be ever bless'd!

By shame repress'd, with rising wonder fill'd,
 Amyntor, slow-recovering into thought,
 Submissive on his knee the good man's hand 370
 Grasped close, and bore with ardour to his lips.
 His eye, where fear, confusion, rev'rence, spoke,
 Thro' swelling tears, what language cannot tell,
 Now rose to meet, how shunn'd the Hermit's glance,
 Shot awful at him, till the various swell. 375
 Of passion ebbing, thus he fault'ring spoke:

' What hast thou done? why fav'd a wretch unknown?
 ' Whom knowing, e'en thy goodness must abhor.
 ' Mistaken man! the honour of thy name,
 ' Thy love, truth, duty, all must be my foes. 380
 ' I am—Aurelius! turn that look aside,
 ' That brow of terror, while this wretch can say,
 ' Abhorrent say, he is—Forgive me, Heav'n!
 ' Forgive me, Virtue! if I would renounce
 ' Whom Nature bids me rev'rence—by her bond, 385
 ' Rolando's son; by your more sacred ties,

H h

As

' As to his crimes an alien to his blood ;
 ' For crimes like his——'
 ' Rolando's son ! Just Heav'n !
 ' Ha ! here, and in my pow'r ! A war of thoughts, 390
 ' All terrible arising, shakes my frame
 ' With doubtful conflict : By one stroke to reach
 ' The father's heart, tho' seas are spread between,
 ' Were great revenge !—Away ! Revenge ? on whom ?
 ' Alas ! on my own soul ; by rage betray'd 395
 ' E'en to the crime my reason most condemns
 ' In him who ruin'd me !' Deep-mov'd he spoke,
 And his own poniard o'er the prostrate youth
 Suspended held ; but as the welcome blow,
 With arms display'd, Amyntor seem'd to court, 400
 Behold, in sudden confluence gath'ring round,
 The natives stood, whom kindness hither drew,
 The man unknown with each relieving aid
 Of love and care, as ancient rites ordain,
 To succour and to serve. Before them came 405
 Montano, venerable sage ! whose head
 The hand of Time with twenty winter's snow
 Had shower'd, and to whose intellectual eye
 Futurity, behind her cloudy veil,
 Stands in fair light disclos'd. Him, after pause, 410
 Aurelius drew apart, and in his care
 Amyntor plac'd, to lodge him and secure ;
 To save him from himself, as one with grief
 Tempestuous, and with rage, distemper'd deep :
 This done, nor waiting for reply, alone 415
 He sought the vale, and his calm cottage gain'd.

CANTO III.

WHERE Kilda's southern hills their summit lift
 With triple fork to heav'n, the mounted sun
 Full, from the midmost, shot in dazzling stream

His

His noon-tide ray : and now, in lowing train,
 Were seen flow-pacing westward o'er the vale, 5
 The milky mothers, foot pursuing foot,
 And nodding as thy move, their oozy meal,
 The bitter healthful herbage of the shore,
 Around it's rocks to graze * ; for, strange to tell !
 The hour of ebb, tho' ever varying found, 10
 As yon pale planet wheels from day to day
 Her course inconstant, their sure instinct feels,
 Intelligent of times, by Heav'n's own hand,
 To all it's creatures equal in it's care,
 Unerring mov'd. These signs observ'd, that guide 15
 To labour and repose a simple race,
 These native signs to due repast at noon,
 Frugal and plain, had warn'd the temp'rate isle,
 All but Aurelius : he, unhappy man !
 By Nature's voice solicited in vain, 20
 Nor hour observ'd, nor due repast partook.
 The child no more ! the mother's fate untold !
 Both in black prospect rising to his eye :
 'Twas anguish there ; 'twas here distracting doubt !
 Yet after long and painful conflict borne, 25
 Where nature, reason, oft the doubtful scale
 Inclined alternate, summoning each aid
 That virtue lends, and o'er each thought infirm
 Superior rising, in the might of Him
 Who strength from weakness, as from darkness light, 30
 Omnipotent can draw, again resign'd,
 Again he sacrific'd to Heav'n's high will
 Each soothing weakness of a parent's breast,

* The cows often feed on the *alga marina*, and they can distinguish exactly the tide of ebb from the tide of flood, though, at the same time, they are not within view of the shore. When the tide has ebbed about two hours, then they steer their course directly to the nearest shore, in their usual order, one after another. I had occasion to make this observation thirteen times in one week. Martin's Western Isles of Scotland, p. 156.

The sigh soft mem'ry prompts, the tender tear,
That streaming o'er an object lov'd and lost 35
With mournful magick tortures and delights,
Relieves us while it's sweet oppression loads,
And by admitting, blunts the sting of woe.

As reason thus the mental storm seren'd,
And thro' the darkness shot her sun-bright ray 40
That strengthens while it cheers, behold from far
Amyntor slow approaching! on his front
O'er each sunk feature sorrow had diffus'd
Attraction sweetly sad: his noble port,
Majestick in distress, Aurelius mark'd; 45

And, unresisting, felt his bosom flow
With social softness. Straight before the door
Of his moss-silver'd cell they sat them down
In counterview; and thus the youth began:

• With patient ear, with calm attention, mark 50
• Amyntor's story; then, as Justice sees,
• On either hand her equal balance weigh,
• Absolve him or condemn. But, oh! may I
• A father's name, when truth forbids to praise,
• Unblam'd pronounce! that name to ev'ry son 55
• By Heav'n made sacred, and by Nature's hand,
• With honour, duty, love, her triple pale,
• Fenc'd strongly round, to bar the rude approach
• Of each irrev'rent thought!—These eyes, alas!
• The curs'd effects of sanguinary zeal 60
• Too near beheld, it's madness how extreme,
• How blind it's fury! by the prompting priest,
• Each tyrant's ready instrument of ill,
• Train'd on to holy mischief: scene abhorr'd!
• Fell Cruelty let loose in Mercy's name; 65
• Intolerance, while o'er the free-born mind
• Her heaviest chains were cast, her iron scourge
• Severest hung, yet daring to appeal
• That Pow'r whose law is meekness, and for deeds

• That

BEAUTIES OF POETRY. 243

- † That outrage Heav'n, belying Heav'n's command! 70
 † Flexile of will, misjudging, tho' sincere,
 † Rolando caught the spread infection, plung'd
 † Implicit into guilt, and headlong urg'd
 † His course unjust to violence and rage;
 † Unmanly rage! when nor the charm divine 75
 † Of beauty, nor the matron's sacred age,
 † Secure from wrongs, could innocence secure,
 † Found rev'rence or distinction: yet, sustain'd
 † By conscious worth within, the matchless pair
 † Their threat'ning fate, imprisonment, and scorn, 80
 † And death denounc'd, unshrinking, unsubdu'd
 † To murmur or complaint, superior bore,
 † With patient hope, with fortitude resign'd,
 † Not built on pride, not courting vain applause;
 † But calmly constant, without effort great, 85
 † What Reason dictates, and what Heav'n approves,
 † But how proceed, Aurelius? in what sounds
 † Of gracious cadence, of assuasive pow'r,
 † My farther story cloath? O could I steal
 † From Harmony her softest-warbled strain 90
 † Of melting air, or Zephyr's vernal voice,
 † Or Philomela's song, when love dissolves
 † To liquid blandishment his ev'ning lay,
 † All nature smiling round! then might I speak;
 † Then might Amyntor, unoffending, tell 95
 † How unperceiv'd and secret thro' his breast,
 † As morning rises o'er the midnight shade,
 † What first was ow'd humanity to both,
 † Assisting piety and tender thought,
 † Grew swift and silent into love for one; 100
 † My sole offence—if love can then offend,
 † When virtue lights, and rev'rence guards it's flame,
 † O Theodora! who thy world of charms,
 † That soul of sweetness, that soft glow of youth,
 † Warm on thy cheek, and beaming from thine eye, 105
 † Unmov'd

- Unmov'd could see ! that dignity of ease,
- That grace of air, by happy nature thine !
- For all in thee was native ; from within
- Spontaneous flowing, as some equal stream
- From it's unfailing source ! and then, too, seen 110
- In milder lights ; by Sorrow's shading hand
- Touch'd into pow'r more exquisitely soft,
- By tears adorn'd, intender'd by distress.
- O sweetness without name ! when Love looks on
- With Pity's melting eye, that to the soul 115
- Endears, ennobles, her whom Fate afflicts,
- Or Fortune leaves unhappy ! passion then
- Refines to virtue ; then a purer train
- Of heav'n-inspir'd emotions, undebas'd
- By self-regard, or thought of due return, 120
- The breast expanding, all it's pow'rs exalt
- To emulate what Reason best conceives
- Of love celestial, whose prevenient aid
- Forbids approaching ill, or gracious draws,
- When the lone heart with anguish inly bleeds, 125
- From pain it's sting, it's bitterness from woe !
- By this plain courtship of the honest heart
- To pity mov'd, at length my pleaded vows
- The gentle maid, with unreluctant ear,
- Would oft admit ; would oft endearing crown 130
- With smiles of kind assent, with looks that spoke,
- In blushing softness, her chaste bosom touch'd
- To mutual love. O Fortune's fairest hour !
- O seen, but not enjoy'd ; just hail'd, and lost
- It's flatt'ring brightness ! Theodora's form, 135
- Event unfear'd ! had caught Rolando's eye ;
- And Love, (if wild Desire, of Fancy born,
- By furious passions nurs'd, that sacred name
- Profanes not) Love his stubborn breast dissolv'd
- To transient goodness. But my thought shrinks back, 140
- Reluctant to proceed ; and filial awe,

• With

- ' With pious hand, would o'er a parent's crime
 ' The veil of silence and oblivious night
 ' Permitted throw. His impious suit repell'd,
 ' Aw'd from her eye, and from her lip severe 145
 ' Dash'd with indignant scorn each harbour'd thought
 ' Of soft emotion, or of social sense,
 ' Love, pity, kindness, alien to a soul
 ' That bigot rage embosoms, fled at once,
 ' And all the savage re-assum'd his breast. 150
 " 'Tis just !" he cry'd ; " who thus invites disdain,
 " Deserves repulse ; he who, by slave-like arts,
 " Would meanly steal what force may nobler take,
 " And, greatly daring, dignify the deed :
 " When next we meet, our mutual blush to spare, 155
 " Thine from dissembling, from base flatt'ry mine,
 " Shall be my care." This threat, by brutal scorn
 ' Keen'd and imbitter'd, terrible to both,
 ' To one prov'd fatal. Silent-wasting grief,
 ' The mortal worm that on Emilia's frame 160
 ' Had prey'd unseen, now deep thro' all her pow'rs
 ' It's poison spread, and kill'd their vital growth.
 ' Sick'ning, she sunk beneath this double weight
 ' Of shame and horror.—Dare I yet proceed ?
 ' Aurelius ! O most injur'd of mankind ! 165
 ' Shall yet my tale, exasperating, add
 ' To woe new anguish ! and to grief despair !
 ' She is no more !'——
 ' O Providence severe !
 Aurelius smote his breast, and groaning cry'd ; 170
 But curb'd a second groan, repell'd the voice
 Of froward grief, and to the Will Supreme,
 In justice awful, lowly bending his,
 , Nor sigh, nor murmur, nor repining plaint,
 By all the war of Nature tho' assail'd, 175
 Escap'd his lips. ' What ! shall we from Heav'n's grace
 ' With life receiving happiness, our share
 ' Of

- Of ill refuse ? and are afflictions aught
- But mercies in disguise ? th' alternate cup,
- Medicinal tho' bitter, and prepar'd 180
- By Love's own hand for salutary ends.
- But, were they ills indeed, can fond complaint
- Arrest the wing of time ? Can grief command
- This noon-day sun to roll his flaming orb
- Back to yon eastern coast, and bring again 185
- The hours of yesterday ? or from the womb
- Of that unfounded deep the bury'd corse
- To light and life restore ? Bless'd pair ! farewell !
- Yet, yet a few short days of erring grief,
- Of human fondness sighing in the breast, 190
- And sorrow is no more.—Now, gentle youth !
- And let me call thee son, (for, O that name
- Thy faith, thy friendship, thy true portion borne
- Of pains for me, too sadly have deserv'd !)
- On with thy tale : 'tis mine when Heav'n afflicts 195
- To hearken and adore.' The patient man
- Thus spoke. Amynstor thus his story clos'd :
- As dumb with anguish round the bed of death
- Weeping we knelt, to mine she faintly rais'd
- Her closing eyes, then fixing, in cold gaze, 200
- On Theodora's face—" O save my child !"
- She said ; and, shrinking from her pillow, slept
- Without a groan, a pang ! In hallow'd earth
- I saw her shrouded ; bade eternal peace
- Her shade receive ; and, with the truest tears 205
- Affection ever wept, her dust bedew'd.
- What then remain'd for honour or for love ?
- What, but that scene of violence to fly,
- With guilt profan'd, and terrible with death ;
- Rolando's fatal roof. Late at the hour, 210
- When shade and silence o'er this nether orb
- With drowziest influence reign, the waning moon
- Attending mournful in the midnight sphere,
- On

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

- ‘ On that drear spot, within whose cavern’d womb
 ‘ Emilia sleeps; and by the turf that veils 215
 ‘ Her honour’d clay, alone and kneeling there
 ‘ I found my Theodora ! thrill’d with awe,
 ‘ With sacred terror, which the time, the place,
 ‘ Pour’d on us, sadly-solemn, I too bent
 ‘ My trembling knee, and lock’d in her’s my hand 220
 ‘ Across her parent’s grave.—“ By this dread scene !
 “ By night’s pale regent ! by yon glorious train
 “ Of ever-moving fires that round her burn !
 “ By Death’s dark empire ! by the sheeted dust
 “ That once was man, now mould’ring here below ! 225
 “ But chief by her’s, at whose nocturnal tomb
 “ Rev’rent we kneel ! and by her nobler part,
 “ Th’ unbody’d spirit hov’ring near, perhaps
 “ As witness to our vows ! nor time, nor chance,
 “ Nor aught but Death’s inevitable hand, 230
 “ Shall e’er divide our loves !”—I led her thence,
 ‘ To where, safe station’d in a secret bay,
 ‘ Rough of descent, and brown with pendent pines
 ‘ That murmur’d to the gale, our bark was moor’d.
 ‘ We fail’d : But, O my father ! can I speak 235
 ‘ What yet remains ! Yon ocean, black with storm,
 ‘ It’s useless sails rent from the groaning pine !
 ‘ The speechless crew aghast ! and that lost fair !
 ‘ Still, still I see her ! feel her heart pant thick !
 ‘ And hear her voice, in ardent vows to Heav’n 240
 ‘ For me alone preferr’d ! as on my arm
 ‘ Expiring, sinking with her fears, she hung !
 ‘ I kiss’d her pale cold cheek ; with tears adjur’d,
 ‘ And won at last with fums of proffer’d gold,
 ‘ The boldest mariners this precious charge 245
 ‘ Instant to save, and in the skiff secur’d,
 ‘ Their oars across the foamy flood to ply
 ‘ With unremitting arm. I then prepar’d
 ‘ To follow her.—That moment from the deck

- ' A sea swell'd o'er, and plung'd me in the gulph ! 250
 ' Nor me alone ; it's broad and billowing sweep
 ' Must have involv'd her too. Mysterious Heav'n !
 ' My fatal love on her devoted head
 ' Drew down—it must be so !—the judgment due
 ' To me and mine ; or was Amyntor sav'd 255
 ' For it's whole quiver of remaining wrath !
 ' For storms more fierce ! for pains of sharper sting !
 ' And years of death to come !'—Nor farther voice
 Nor flowing tear his high-wrought grief supply'd ;
 With arms outspread, with eyes in hopeless gaze 260
 To heav'n uplifted, motionless and mute
 He stood, the mournful semblance of despair.
 The lamp of day, tho' from mid-noon declin'd,
 Still flaming with full ardour, shot on earth
 Oppressive brightness round, till in soft steam, 265
 From Ocean's bosom his light vapours drawn,
 With grateful intervention o'er the sky
 Their veil diffusive spread, the scene abroad
 Soft-shadowing, vale and plain and dazzling hill.
 Aurelius with his guest the western cliff 270
 Ascending slow, beneath it's marble roof,
 From whence in double stream a lucid source
 Roll'd sounding forth, and where with dewy wing
 Fresh breezes play'd, fought refuge and repose,
 Till cooler hours arise. The subject isle 275
 Her village capital, where Health and Peace
 Are tutelary gods, her small domain
 Of arable and pasture, vein'd with streams
 That branching bear refreshful moisture on
 To field and mead ; her straw-roof'd temple rood, 280
 Where Piety, not Pride, adoring kneels ;
 Lay full in view : from scene to scene around
 Aurelius gaz'd, and sighing, thus began.
 ' Not we alone ; alas ! in ev'ry clime
 ' The human race are sons of sorrow born ; 285
 ' Heirs

- ' Heirs of transmitt'd labour and disease,
 ' Of pain and grief, from fire to son deriv'd,
 ' All have their mournful portion ; all must bear
 ' Th' impos'd condition of their mortal state,
 ' Vicissitude of suff'ring. Cast thine eye 290
 ' Where yonder vale, Amyntor, sloping spreads
 ' Full to the noon-tide beam it's primrose lap,
 ' From hence due east.' Amyntor look'd, and saw,
 Not without wonder at a sight so strange,
 Where thrice three females, earnest each, and arm'd 295
 With rural instruments, the soil prepar'd
 For future harvest. These the trenchant spade,
 To turn the mould, and break th' adhesive clods,
 Employ'd assiduous ; those, with equal pace,
 And arm alternate, strew'd it's fresh lap white 300
 With fruitful Ceres ; while, in train behind,
 Three more th' incumbent harrow heavy on
 O'er-labour'd drew, and clos'd the toilsome task.
 ' Behold !' Aurelius thus his speech renew'd,
 ' From that soft sex, too delicately fram'd 305
 ' For toils like these, the task of rougher man,
 ' What yet necessity demands severe.
 ' Twelve suns have purpled these encircling hills
 ' With orient beams, as many nights along
 ' Their dewy summits drawn th' alternate veil 310
 ' Of darkness, since, in unpropitious hour,
 ' The husbands of those widow'd mates, who now
 ' For both must labour, launch'd, in quest of food,
 ' Their island-skiff advent'rous on the deep :
 ' Them, while the sweeping net secure they plung'd 315
 ' The finny race to snare, whose foodful shoals
 ' Each creek and bay innumerable croud,
 ' As annual on from shore to shore they move
 ' In wat'ry caravan ; them, thus intent,
 ' Dark from the south a gust of furious wing, 320
 ' Upspringing, drove to sea, and left in tears

- ' This little world of brothers and of friends !
 ' But when, at ev'ning hour, disjointed planks,
 ' Borne on the surging tide, and broken oars,
 ' To fight, with fatal certainty, reveal'd 325
 ' The wreck before surmis'd, one gen'ral groan
 ' To heav'n ascending, spoke the gen'ral breath
 ' With sharpest anguish pierc'd. Their ceaseless plaint,
 ' Thro' these hoarse rocks on this resounding shore,
 ' At morn was heard ; at midnight too, were seen, 330
 ' Disconsolate on each chill mountain's height
 ' The mourners spread, exploring land and sea
 ' With eager gaze ; till from yon lesser isle,
 ' Yon round of mofs-clad hills, Borera nam'd,
 ' Full north, behold ! above the soaring lark 335
 ' It's dizzy cliffs aspire, hung round and white
 ' With curling mists—at last, from yon hoar hills,
 ' Inflaming the brown air with sudden blaze
 ' And ruddy undulation, thrice three fires,
 ' Like meteors waving in a moonless sky, 340
 ' Our eyes, yet unbelieving, saw distinct,
 ' Successive kindled, and from night to night
 ' Renew'd continuous. Joy, with wild excess,
 ' Took her gay turn to reign ; and Nature now
 ' From rapture wept ; yet ever and anon 345
 ' By sad conjecture damp'd, and anxious thought,
 ' How from yon rocky prison to release
 ' Whom the deep sea immures (their only boat
 ' Destroy'd) and whom th' inevitable siege
 ' Of hunger must assault.—But hope sustains 350
 ' The human heart ; and now their faithful wives,
 ' With love-taught skill, and vigour not their own,
 ' On yonder field th' autumnal year prepare *.'

* The Author who relates this story adds, that the produce of grain that season was the most plentiful they had seen for many years before. Vide Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland, p. 286.

Amyntor, who the tale distressful heard
 With sympathizing sorrow on himself, 355
 On his severer fate, now pond'ring deep,
 Rapt by sad thought the hill unheeding left,
 And reach'd, with swerving step, the distant strand.
 Above, around, in cloudy circles wheel'd,
 Or sailing level on the polar gale 360
 That cool with ev'ning rose, a thousand wings,
 The summer nations of these pregnant cliffs,
 Play'd sportive round, and to the sun outspread
 Their various plumage, or in wild notes hail'd
 His parent-beam that animates and cheers 365
 All living kinds : he, glorious from amidst
 A pomp of golden clouds, th' Atlantick flood
 Beheld oblique, and o'er it's azure breast
 Wav'd one unbounded blush ; a scene to strike
 Both ear and eye with wonder and delight ! 370
 But, lost to outward sense, Amyntor pass'd
 Regardless on, thro' other walks convey'd
 Of baleful prospect, which pale Fancy rais'd
 Incessant to herself, and fabled o'er
 With darkest night, meet region for despair ! 375
 Till northward, where the rock it's sea-wash'd base
 Projects athwart, and shuts the bounded scene,
 Rounding it's point, he rais'd his eyes, and saw,
 At distance saw, descending on the shore,
 Forth from their anchor'd boat, of men unknown 380
 A double band, who by their gestures strange
 There fix'd with wond'ring ; for at once they knelt
 With hands upheld ; at once to Heav'n, as seem'd,
 One gen'ral hymn pour'd forth of vocal praise ;
 Then slowly rising, forward mov'd their steps : 385
 Slow as they mov'd, behold ! amid the train,
 On either side supported, onward came,
 Pale, and of piteous look, a pensive maid,
 As one by wasting sickness sore assail'd,

Or

Or plung'd in grief profound. 'Oh! all ye Powers!' 390
 Amyntor, startling, cry'd, and shot his soul
 In rapid glance before him on her face:
 • Illusion! no, it cannot be. My blood
 • Runs chill; my feet are rooted here! and, see!
 • To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form! 395
 • The spirits who this ocean waste and wild
 • Still hover round, or walk these isles unseen,
 • Presenting oft in pictur'd vision strange
 • The dead or absent, have yon shape adorn'd
 • So like my love, of unsubstantial air, 400
 • Embodiy'd, featur'd it with all her charms!
 • And, lo! behold, it's eyes are fix'd on mine
 • With gaze transported!—Ha! she faints! she falls!
 He ran, he flew! his clasping arms receiv'd
 Her sinking weight: 'O earth, and air, and sea! 405
 • 'Tis she! 'tis Theodora! Pow'r Divine,
 • Whose goodness knows no bound, thy hand is here,
 • Omnipotent in mercy!' As he spoke,
 Adown his cheek, thro' shiv'ring joy and doubt,
 The tear fast-falling stream'd. 'My love! my life! 410
 • Soul of my wishes! sav'd beyond all faith!
 • Return'd to life and me!—O fly, my friends;
 • Fly, and from yon translucent fountain bring
 • The living stream!—Thou dearer to my soul
 • Than all the sumless wealth this sea entombs, 415
 • My Theodora! yet awake; 'tis I,
 • 'Tis poor Amyntor calls thee!' At that name,
 That potent name, her spirit from the verge
 Of death recall'd, she, trembling, rais'd her eyes;
 Trembling, his neck with eager grasp entwin'd, 420
 And murmur'd out his name, then sunk again;
 Then swoon'd upon his bosom, thro' excess
 Of bliss unhop'd, too mighty for her frame.
 The rose-bud thus, that to the beams serene

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

255

Of morning glad unfolds her tender charms,
Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.

425

Moments of dread suspense—but soon to cease!

For now, while on her face these men unknown
The stream, with cool asperion, busy cast,
His eyes beheld, with wonder and amaze,
Beheld in them, his friends! th' advent'rous few,
Who bore her to the skiff! whose daring skill

430

Had sav'd her from the deep! As o'er her cheek

Rekindling life, like morn, it's light diffus'd

In dawning purple, from their lips he learn'd

435

How to yon isle, yon round of moss-clad hills,

Borera nam'd, before the tempest borne,

These islanders, thrice three, then prison'd there,

(So Heav'n ordain'd) with utmost peril run,

With toil invincible, from shelve and rock

440

Their boat preserv'd, and to this happy coast

It's prow directed safe. He heard no more;

The rest already known, his ev'ry sense,

His full-collected soul, on her alone

Was fix'd, was hung enraptur'd, while these sounds,

445

This voice, as of an angel, pierc'd his ear.

' Amyntor! O my life's recover'd hope!

' My soul's despair and rapture!—Can this be!

' Am I on earth; and do these arms indeed

' Thy real form infold?—Thou dreadful deep!

450

' Ye shores unknown! ye wild-impending hills!

' Dare I yet trust my sense!—O yes, 'tis he!

' 'Tis he himself! My eyes, my bounding heart,

' Confess their living lord! What shall I say!

' How vent the boundless transport that expands

455

' My lab'ring thought! th' unutterable bliss,

' Joy, wonder, gratitude, that pain to death

' The breast they charm!—Amyntor! O support

' This swimming brain; I would not now be torn

' Again from life and thee, nor cause thy heart

460

' A second

' A second pang !' At this dilated high
 The swell of joy, most fatal where it's force
 Is felt most exquisite, a timely vent
 Now found, and broke in tender dew's away
 Of heart-relieving tears. As o'er it's charge, 465
 With shelt'ring wing, solicitously good,
 The guardian Genius hovers; so the youth,
 On her lov'd face assiduous and alarm'd,
 In silent fondness dwelt, while all his soul
 With trembling tenderness of hope and fear 470
 Pleasingly pain'd, was all employ'd for her;
 The rous'd emotions warring in her breast,
 Attemp'ring, to compose, and gradual fit
 For farther joy her soft impressiv' frame.

' O happy! tho' as yet thou know'st not half 475
 ' The bliss that waits thee! But, thou gentle mind,
 ' Whose sigh is pity, and whose smile is love,
 ' For all who joy or sorrow, arm thy breast
 ' With that best temp'rance, which from fond excess,
 ' When rapture lifts to dang'rous height it's pow'rs, 480
 ' Reflective guards.' Know then—and let calm thought
 ' On wonder wait—safe refug'd in this isle,
 ' Thy godlike father lives! and, lo!—but curb,
 ' Repress the transport that o'erheaves thy heart;
 ' 'Tis he—look yonder—he, whose rev'rend steps 485
 ' The mountain's side descend!' Abrupt from his
 Her hand she drew; and, as on wings upborne,
 Shot o'er the space between. He saw, he knew,
 Astonish'd knew, before him, on her knee,
 His Theodora! To his arms he rais'd 490
 The lost, lov'd fair, and in his bosom press'd.
 ' My father!'—' O my child!' at once they cry'd;
 Nor more: the rest extatick silence spoke;
 And Nature from her inmost seat of sense
 Beyond all utterance mov'd. On this blest scene, 495
 Where emulous in either bosom strove

Adoring

Adoring gratitude, earth, ocean, air,
Around with soft'ning aspect seem'd to smile,
And Heav'n, approving, look'd delighted down.

Nor theirs alone this blisful hour; the joy,
With instant flow, from shore to shore along
Diffusive ran, and all th' exulting isle
About the new-arriv'd was pour'd abroad,
To hope long lost! by miracle regain'd!
In each plain bosom Love and Nature wept;
While each a sire, a husband, or a friend,
Embracing, held and kiss'd.

Now, while the song,
The choral hymn, in wildly-warbled notes,
What Nature dictates when the full heart prompts,
Best harmony, their grateful souls effus'd
Aloud to Heav'n, Montano, rev'rend seer!
(Whose eye prophetick, far thro' Time's abyss,
Could shoot it's beam, and there the births of Fate,
Yet immature, and in their causes hid,
Illumin'd see) a space abstracted stood;
His frame with shiv'ry horror stir'd, his eyes
From outward vision held, and all the man
Entranc'd in wonder at th' unfolding scene,
On fluid air, as in a mirror seen,
And glowing radiant to his mental fight.

' They fly!' he cry'd; ' they melt in air away,
' The clouds that long fair Albion's heav'n o'ercastr!
' With tempest delug'd, or with flame devour'd,
' Her drooping plains; while dawning rosy round
' A purer morning lights up all her skies!
' He comes! behold, the Great Deliv'rer comes!
' Immortal William! borne triumphant on,
' From yonder orient, o'er propitious seas,
' White with the sails of his unnumber'd fleet,
' A floating forest, stretch'd from shore to shore!
' See! with spread wing Britannia's Genius flies

- ' Before his prow, commands the speeding gales
 ' To waft him on, and o'er the hero's head,
 ' Inwreath'd with olive, bears the laurel crown ; 535
 ' Bless'd emblem, peace with liberty restor'd !
 ' And, hark ! from either strand, which nations hide,
 ' To welcome in true Freedom's day renew'd,
 ' What thunders of acclaim !—Aurelius ! man
 ' By Heav'n belov'd, thou, too, that sacred sun 540
 ' Shalt live to hail ; shalt warm thee in his shine !
 ' I see thee on the flow'ry lap diffus'd
 ' Of thy lov'd vale, amid a smiling race
 ' From this bless'd pair to spring ; whom equal faith,
 ' And equal fondness, in soft league shall hold 545
 ' From youth to rev'rend age, the calmer hours
 ' Of thy last day to sweeten and adorn,
 ' Thro' life thy comfort, and in death thy crown !

L A U R A ;

OR,

THE COMPLAINT.

AN ELEGY.

BY DR. MARRIOTT.

YE groves, with venerable moss array'd,
 That o'er yon caverns stretch your pendent shade,
 Where sacred Silence lulls the rural vale,
 And Love in whispers tells his tender tale ;
 Ye lonely rocks ; ye streams that ever flow,
 Still as my tears, and constant as my woe ;
 To you, behold, the wretched Laura flies,
 And haunts those seats from whence her sorrows rise ;

Where,

Where, lost to love, how often has she stray'd !
 When the fond lover led his blushing maid,
 When his soft lips, too eloquent his art,
 Pour'd the warm wish, and breath'd out all his heart !

Ah, once lov'd seats ! your pleasing scenes are o'er,
 Nor can you charm, since he can love no more ;
 Tho' smile your lawns with vernal glories crown'd,
 In vain gay Nature paints th' enamell'd ground ;
 While thro' your solitary paths I rove,
 A prey to grief, to sickness, and to love.
 Tho' gentle zephyrs fan the bending bowers,
 Tho' breathes the incense of your opening flowers,
 Nor opening flowers, nor gentle zephyrs charm,
 Nor beauteous scenes a grief like mine disarm :
 Fade every flower, and languish ev'ry sense,
 Ye have no sweets for fallen innocence !

Torn by remorse, sad victim of despair,
 Where shall I turn ? or where address my prayer ?
 Far as the morn it's early beam displays,
 Or where the star of evening darts it's rays ;
 Far as wide earth is stretch'd, or oceans roll,
 Where blow the winds, or heaven invests the pole,
 In vain my fluttering soul would wing it's way ;
 Stern Care pursues, where'er the wretched stray.

Soft God of Sleep, whose ever-peaceful reign
 Lulls earth, and heav'n, and all th' extended main,
 Powerful to give the labouring heart to rest,
 To wipe the tear, and heal the wounded breast,
 Say, by what crime offended, flies from me,
 Invok'd, thy unpropitious deity ?
 Or dooms, on racks of wildest Fancy torn,
 In dreams, my agonizing soul to mourn ?
 Why am I oft on angry billows toss'd,
 Now in some wide and dreary desert lost ?
 Why yet in life infernal tortures feel,
 Bound by fierce demons to some rapid wheel ?

Now seem to climb, while hills on hills arise,
 In vain ; or fall in tempests from the skies :
 Tread burning plains, or swim in seas of fire,
 Just reach the shore, then see the shore retire !
 As oft, dear youth ! thy pleasing form appears ;
 I stretch my arms, and wake dissolv'd in tears ;
 Yet waking Fancy all that loss supplies,
 And still I view thee with a lover's eyes ;
 Entranc'd in thought, o'er all thy charms I gaze,
 See thy bright eyes diffuse their softest rays,
 Hang on thy hand, and on thy breast reclin'd,
 Play with thy locks that wave with the wind ;
 Joy in thy joy, or in thy sorrows join,
 And on thy lips my spirit mix with thine.
 Now o'er dark wilds or rugged rocks we stray,
 Love lights the gloom, and smooths the dreary way ;
 Now on soft banks our weary limbs repose,
 Where every flower of vernal beauty glows ;
 But light as air, each pleasing vision flew,
 Swift as the sun dispels the morning dew ;
 While with the day returns the sense of woe :
 We wake more wretched when the cheat we know.

Imagination ! mistress of the soul,
 What powers unseen the active mind controul ?
 And fill the waving thought, or busy sleep ?
 Where not a breeze disturbs the tranquil deep,
 Nor lofty pines thro' all the forest move,
 Why stir the motions of resistless love ?

Urg'd by the golden morn, the night recedes,
 And year to year in changeful course succeeds ;
 Nor night, nor morn, nor years to me restore
 The peace which Laura's heart possess'd before ;
 Involv'd in clouds one darksome scene I view ;
 Bleed the same wounds, and all my pains renew.

O boast of Laura's long-forgotten praise !
 Past are the triumphs of my happier days,

When

When plac'd supreme on Beauty's radiant throne,
 I saw with conscious pride each heart my own ;
 Where'er I turn'd, a thousand nymphs admir'd ;
 Whene'er I smil'd, a thousand swains expir'd :
 I spoke, 'twas musick dwelt upon my tongue ;
 I mov'd a goddess, and an angel sung.
 My careless steps in joys were taught to rove ;
 Each voice was flattery, and each look was love ;
 But Beauty's power, too mighty long to last,
 Fled on the wings of rapid time, is past.

As some proud vessel to the prosperous gale
 Her streamer waves, and spreads the silken sail,
 While silver oars, to flutes soft breathing, sweep,
 With measur'd strokes, the scarcely heaving deep ;
 But soon tempestuous clouds the scene deform,
 And the loud surge remurmurs to the storm :
 Thus big with hope, from dark suspicion free,
 I sail'd with transport on Life's summer sea ;
 The gay attendants of my happy state,
 The Smiles, the Graces round were seen to wait,
 And all the moments, as they swiftly flew,
 Shower'd down soft joys, and pleasures ever new.
 How chang'd this fleeting image of a day !
 How sets in awful gloom the ev'ning ray !
 While, fix'd on earth her eye in sad suspense,
 Pours the deep sigh, incessant Penitence.

If youthful charms decay with age or pain,
 Beauty, thy crouded worshippers how vain !
 Why then such crowds of incense round ascend ?
 Why prostrate monarchs at thy altars bend ?
 Why earth's and ocean's mighty bounds explore
 At once to win thee, and increase thy power ?
 Let sad example Reason's dictates aid !
 Here see what ruin grief and love have made ;
 E'en Love, who lives by Beauty's smiles caress'd,
 Basks in her eyes, and wantons on her breast,

With

With cruel force the fatal shaft employs,
And soonest what he most adores destroys.

How cold I feel life's idle current flow,
Where once the dancing spirits lov'd to glow !
No more these eyes with youthful rapture shine,
Nor cheeks soft blushing speak a warmth divine ;
Graceful no more amid the festive dance
My steps with easy dignity advance,
And all the glossy locks, whose ringlets spread,
O'er my fair neck, the honours of my head,
Cease the neat labours of my hand to know ;
Ill suits the care of elegance with woe !

Why did not Nature, when she gave to charm
With unrelenting pride my bosom arm ?
Why was my soul it's tender pity taught,
Each soft affection, and each generous thought ?
Hence spring my sorrows, hence with sighs I prove
How feeble woman, and how fierce is love !

In unavailing streams my tears are shed ;
Sad Laura's bliss is with Lorenzo fled.
For thee, false youth, was every joy resign'd,
Young health, sweet peace, and innocence of mind ;
Are these the constant vows thy tongue profess'd,
When first thy arms my yielding beauties press'd ?
Thus did thy kiss dispel my empty fears,
Or winning voice delight my raptur'd ears ;
Thus swore thy lips, by ocean, earth, and sky ;
By hell's dread powers, and Heaven's all-piercing eye ?
Yawns not the grave for thee ? why sleeps the storm
To blast thy limbs, and rend thy perjur'd form ?
Unmov'd, O faithless ! canst thou hear my pain,
Like the proud rocks which brave th' unwearied main ?
Sooner the shipwreck'd pilot shall appease
With sighs and howling winds, with tears the seas,
Than Laura's prayers thy heart unfeeling move,
O lost to fame, to honour, and to love !

Nurs'd

Nurs'd in dark caverns, on some mountain wild,
 To cruel manhood grew the daring child,
 No female breast supply'd thy infant food,
 But tygers growling o'er their savage brood.
 Curs'd be that fatal hour thy charms were seen,
 While yet this mind was guiltless and serene!
 With thee, false man, I urg'd my hasty flight,
 And dar'd the horrors of tempestuous night,
 Nor fear'd with thee thro' plains unknown to rove,
 Deaf to the dictates of paternal love.

In vain for me a parent's tears were shed,
 And to the grave descends his hoary head!

When at my feet entranc'd my lover lay,
 And pour'd in tender sighs his soul away,
 Fond, foolish heart! to think the tale divine;
 Why started not my hands when press'd in thine?
 Too well remembrance paints the fatal hour
 When Love, great conqueror, summon'd all his power;
 When bolder grown, your glances flash'd with fire,
 And your pale lips all trembled with desire;
 Back to my heart my blood tumultuous flew,
 From every pore distill'd the chilling dew,
 When Shame presaging spoke each future pain,
 And struggling Virtue arm'd my soul in vain!
 But, O let silence all my weakness veil,
 And burnin' blushes only tell the tale!

Ah, faithless man! and thou more wretched maid!
 To guilt, and grief, and misery betray'd!
 Far flies thy lover: to some distant plain
 Now cleaves it's bounding bark the peaceful main;
 Avenging Heaven, that heard the vows he swore,
 Bid howl the blackening storm, and thunder roar,
 Till waves on waves in tumbling mountains roll,
 Now sink to hell, and now ascend the pole;
 Then on some plank o'er foaming billows borne,
 Trembling, his perjur'd faith the wretch shall mourn;

But

But mourn in vain—his vigorous arm shall fail,
 Guilt sink him down, and angry Heav'n prevail;
 No friendly hand to earth his limbs convey,
 But dogs and vultures tear the bloated prey!

Yet, ah, fond heart! avert, kind Heaven, the stroke,
 My heart denies what trembling lips have spoke.

The varying accents real nature prove,
 And only shew how wild a thing is love.
 Go, much-lov'd youth! with every blessing crown'd,
 And Laura's wishes ever guard thee round.

Me to the silent shades, and sad retreat,
 Where love's expiring flames forget their heat,
 Death woos all-powerful: ere he parts the clew,

Once more thy Laura bids her love adieu;
 Bids health and affluence every bliss afford,
 Bids thee be lov'd, be happy, and ador'd!

In ease, in mirth, glide each glad hour away;
 No pain to spot thy fortune's cloudless day;
 No sigh to swell, no tear to flow for me!

O grant, Heaven, all!—but grant thee constancy!

Yet from my hand this last address receive;
 This last address is all that hand can give.

In vain thy bark with spreading canvas flies,
 If these sad lines shall meet thy conscious eyes,
 And, taught with winning eloquence to move,
 The winds and waters waft the voice of love;
 That voice, (O grant what dying lips implore!)
 Asks but one tear from thee, and asks no more!

'Then world, farewell! farewell life's fond desires,
 False flattering hopes, and love's tormenting fires.

Already, Death, before my closing eyes
 Thy airy forms and glimmering shades arise.

Hark! hear I not for me yon passing bell
 Toll forth, with frequent pause, it's fullen knell?

Waits not for me yon sexton on his spade,
 Blithe whistling o'er the grave his toil has made?

Say,

Say, why yon hearse with fading flowers is crown'd,
 And midnight gales the deep-mouth'd dirge resound?
 Hail, sister worms! and thou my kindred dust,
 Secure to you my weary limbs I trust.
 Dim burns life's lamp; O Death! thy work compleat,
 And give my soul to gain her last retreat.
 Such as before the birth of Nature sway'd,
 Ere springing light the first Great Word obey'd.
 Let silence reign; come, Fate, exert thy might;
 And, Darkness, wrap me in eternal night!

FINE SIGHTS;

OR, THE COUNTESS OF COVENTRY IN ELYSIUM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLX.

BY DR. KENRICK.

ON the banks of the Styx, as a beautiful ghost,
 In resemblance the shade of the Goddess of Love,
 Was revolving the days when a countess and toast
 She flaunted about in the regions above;

News arriv'd, which soon made all Elysium to ring,
 That the Fates a great monarch had summon'd to rest,
 In calling Old England's late father and king
 To a crown of reward in the realms of the blest.

My lady was vex'd to be robb'd of th' occasion,
 By dying before him so mal-a-propos,
 Of seeing his royal young heir's coronation,
 And making a party herself in the show.

She therefore in haste skipp'd away to the ferry—

- ‘ Here, Charon ! you’re empty ; come, take over me ;
- ‘ I’m resolv’d to go back to the world in your wherry,
- ‘ The only fine sight I e’er miss’d of, to see.’

Old Charon most civilly bow’d to my lady ;

Stepp’d out of his wherry, and handed her in ;
But finding she wanted a pass, was as ready
Her ladyship roughly to turn out again.

Then skudding away to the court in a hurry,

Direct, for a passport, to Pluto she ran ;
And put Madam Proserpine into a flurry,
Who thought she was come to seduce her good man.

Gloomy Dis grimly smil’d at the lady’s request,

But more at her whimsical motive and reason ;
And, having malignly a mind for a jest,
Represented her suit as a thing out of season.

- ‘ I cannot,’ said he, ‘ lady fair,’ with a frown,
- ‘ Indulge ev’ry ghost in it’s wanton desire ;
- ‘ But if for their sakes wife or husband come down,
- ‘ I then might restore the fond souls they require.

‘ Since Orpheus, however, in risque of his life,

- ‘ Long ago made us stare with his musick and passion,
- ‘ Not a soul hath come down, or for husband or wife ;
- ‘ So that journies of this kind are quite out of fashion.

‘ Yet, as you’re a beauty, the favour I grant ye ;

- ‘ But wherefore again should you covet on earth,
- ‘ To mix with a crowd, that perhaps only want ye
- ‘ To make you the theme of impertinent mirth ?

‘ Besides,

- ‘ Besides, pretty lady, you’re greatly mistaken,
 - ‘ If pleasure you promise yourself in the fight ;
 - ‘ For, unseen by your friends, by admirers forsaken,
 - ‘ There’s none will regard an impalpable sprite.’
-
- ‘ Nay, nay !’ quoth the countess, ‘ if that be the case,
 - ‘ Take your passport again ; I’ll have no more chagrin :
 - ‘ A fig for fine fights, if unseen one’s fine face !
 - ‘ What signifies seeing, if one is not seen !’

THE CONTENTED PHILOSOPHER.

BY THE REV. MR. CUNNINGHAME.

DE E P silence reign’d, and dewy Night
 Her silver vestment wore ;
 The western gale breath’d calm delight,
 And busy day was o’er ;

To hail Reflection’s hour I rose,
 Each throbbing care at rest ;
 For sacred Peace in mild repose
 Had lull’d my anxious breast,

The breezy mount, the misty vale,
 Alternately I stray’d ;
 The Gothick spire, the lonely cell,
 My wandering eye survey’d :

Till, where the trembling beams of night
 O’er limpid currents play’d,
 Meandering—fix’d my roving sight
 On deep Retirement’s shade.

The unambitious dome, conceal'd,
 Fear'd no intrusive foes ;
 From deep-embow'ring trees reveal'd
 The feat of calm repose,

'Twas Sophron's grove, an aged fire,
 Who, vers'd in Wisdom's lore,
 Now tun'd his consecrated lyre,
 To close the silent hour.

The hallow'd strain inflam'd my breast,
 I gain'd the rustick cell ;
 The courteous father blest'd his guest,
 Then gave th' instructive tale.

' How false the aim of erring life !
 ' How fruitless the employ !
 ' That treads the pompous maze of strife,
 ' In quest of solid joy !

' The plummy tribes unceasing roam,
 ' Each verdant bough furvey ;
 ' But fix at last their leafy home,
 ' Where silence woos their stay :

' Where no alarming hinds invade,
 ' No fear their peace destroys ;
 ' Remote in the sequester'd shade,
 ' They rear their callow joys.

' Thus restless Nature loves to range,
 ' Thro' life's gay scenes to rove ;
 ' Till Reason prompts the happier change,
 ' To Contemplation's grove !

' When

‘ When Fortune smil’d, when Pleasure woo’d,
 ‘ How indolently gay,
 ‘ Life’s transitory stream I view’d
 ‘ Unheeded waste away!

‘ The gay delusive dream once o’er,
 ‘ Calm Reason’s thoughts arise;
 ‘ Obey’d the monitorial power,
 ‘ That whisper’d, “ Now, be wise!”

‘ This silent grove my search survey’d,
 ‘ Where Peace displays her charms;
 ‘ How free Contentment’s humble shade
 ‘ From Fortune’s wild alarms!

‘ Now free from each fantastick strife,
 ‘ Untroubled and serene,
 ‘ I wait the closing hour of life,
 ‘ To leave it’s empty scene:

‘ For tides of bliss, that boundless roll
 ‘ Around th’ Eternal throne,
 ‘ Shall waft the persevering soul
 ‘ To joys on earth unknown!

‘ But, lo! the fading stars declare,
 ‘ The eastern herald blows,
 ‘ The hour of rosy morn is near,
 ‘ And Nature claims repose.’

I sigh’d, and thought it soon to part
 From Wisdom’s ivy’d cell;
 How ill my sympathizing heart
 Could bid the sage, Farewel,

BEAUTIES OF POETRY,

For wealth, be smiling peace my share !
 With friendship's generous love ;
 And, lost to each ambitious care,
 Be mine the flowery grove !

There studious thought would wear the day,
 In each instructive page ;
 Or happier speed the hours away,
 In converse with the sage.

Taught by the awful voice of Truth,
 Life's syren snares to fly,
 By Reason's card conduct my youth,
 And like my Sophron die !

THE BASTARD,

BY RICHARD SAVAGE, ESQ.

IN gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
 The Muse exulting, thus her lay began.
 ' Bless'd be the Bastard's birth ! thro' wond'rous ways,
 ' He shines excentrick, like a comet's blaze !
 ' No sickly fruit of faint compliance He !
 ' He ! stamp'd in Nature's mint of extasy !
 ' He lives to build, not boast a generous race ;
 ' No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.
 ' His daring hope no fire's example bounds ;
 ' His first-born lights no prejudice confounds.
 ' He, kindling from within, requires no flame ;
 ' He glories in a Bastard's glowing name.
 ' Born to himself, by no possession led,
 ' In freedom foster'd, and by Fortune fed ;

' Nor

' Nor guides, nor rules, his sov'reign choice controul,
 ' His body independent as his soul.
 ' Loos'd to the world's wide range; enjoin'd no aim;
 ' Prescrib'd no duty, and assign'd no name:
 ' Nature's unbounded son, he stands alone,
 ' His heart unbiass'd, and his mind his own!
 ' O Mother, yet no mother! 'tis to you,
 ' My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due.
 ' You, unenslav'd to Nature's narrow laws,
 ' Warm championess for Freedom's sacred cause,
 ' From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,
 ' From ties maternal, moral and divine,
 ' Discharg'd my grasping foul, push'd me from shore,
 ' And launch'd me into life without an oar.
 ' What had I lost, if conjugally kind,
 ' By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,
 ' Untaught the matrimonial bounds to flight,
 ' And coldly conscious of a husband's right,
 ' You had faint-drawn me with a form alone,
 ' A lawful lump of life by force your own!
 ' Then, while your backward will retrench'd desire,
 ' And unconcurring spirits lent no fire,
 ' I had been born your dull, domestick heir;
 ' Load of your life, and motive of your care:
 ' Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great;
 ' The slave of pomp, a cypher in the state;
 ' Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
 ' And slumb'ring in a seat—by chance my own.
 ' Far nobler blessings wait the Bastard's lot;
 ' Conceived in rapture, and with fire begot!
 ' Strong as Necessity, he starts away,
 ' Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day!
 Thus, unprophetick, lately misinspir'd,
 I sung; gay flutt'ring Hope my fancy fir'd;
 Inly secure, thro' conscious scorn of ill,
 Nor taught by Wisdom how to balance will,

Rashly

Rashly deceiv'd, I saw no pits to shun ;
 But thought, to purpose, and to act, were one ;
 Heedless what pointed cares pervert his way,
 Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray :
 But now expos'd, and shrinking from distress,
 I fly to shelter, while the tempests press ;
 My Muse to grief relings the varying tone,
 The raptures languish, and the numbers groan !

O Memory ! thou soul of joy and pain !
 Thou actor of our passions o'er again !
 Why dost thou aggravate the wretch's woe ?
 Why add continuous smart to every blow ?
 Few are my joys ; alas ! how soon forgot !
 On that kind quarter thou invad'st me not ;
 While sharp and numberless my sorrows fall,
 Yet thou repeat'st and multiply'st 'em all !

Is chance a guilt ; that my disastrous heart,
 For mischief never meant, must ever smart ?
 Can self-defence be sin ?—Ah, plead no more !
 What tho' no purpos'd malice stain'd thee o'er ;
 Had Heav'n befriended thy unhappy side,
 Thou had'st not been provok'd—or, thou had'st died.

Far be the guilt of homeshed blood from all,
 On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall !
 Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me ;
 To me ! thro' Pity's eye condemn'd to see.
 Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate ;
 Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
 Young, and unthoughtful then ; who knows, one day,
 What ripening virtues might have made their way !
 He might have liv'd, till Folly died in shame,
 Till kindling Wisdom felt a thirst for fame.
 He might perhaps his country's friend have prov'd ;
 Both happy, gen'rous, candid, and belov'd :
 He might have sav'd some worth, now doom'd to fall ;
 And I, perchance, in him, have murder'd all.

O fate of late repentance! always vain :
 Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
 Where shall my hope find rest! No mother's care
 Shielded my infant innocence with prayer;
 No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
 Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd.
 Is it not thine to snatch some pow'rful arm,
 First to advance, then screen from future harm?
 I am return'd from death, to live in pain;
 Or would imperial Pity save in vain?
 Distrust it not: what blame can Mercy find,
 Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?

Mother, miscall'd, farewell!—of soul severe,
 This sad reflection yet may force one tear:
 All I was wretched by, to you I ow'd;
 Alone from strangers ev'ry comfort flow'd!

Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
 And now adopted, who was doom'd before;
 New-born, I may a nobler mother claim,
 But dare not whisper her immortal name:
 Supremely lovely, and serenely great!
 Majestick mother of a kneeling state!
 Queen of a people's heart, who ne'er before
 Agreed—yet now with one consent adore!
 One contest yet remains in this desire,
 Who most shall give applause, where all admire.

R O B I N.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

BY CAPT. JOHN DOBSON.

DOWN by the brook which glides thro' yonder vale,
 His hair all matted, and his cheeks all pale,
 Robin, sad swain, by love and sorrow pain'd,
 Of slighted vows, and Susan, thus complain'd.

M m

Hear

' Hear me, ye groves, who saw me blest'd so late ;
 ' Echo, you hills, my sad reverse of fate ;
 ' Ye winds, that bear my sighs, soft murmurs send ;
 ' Come pay me back, ye streams, the drops I lend :
 ' And you, sweet Susan, source of all my smart,
 ' Bestow some pity on a broken heart.
 ' Happy the times, by painful memory blest'd,
 ' When you possessing, Robin all possess'd !
 ' Pass'd by your side, each day brought new delight,
 ' And one sweet slumber shorten'd every night.
 ' My play your service, for no toil seem'd hard,
 ' When your kind favour was the hop'd reward.
 ' I rose to milking, though 'twas ne'er so cool ;
 ' I call'd the cows up ; I kept off the bull :
 ' Home on my head I bore the pail upright ;
 ' The pail was heavy, but love made it light ;
 ' And when you spilt the milk, and 'gan to cry,
 ' I took the blame, and simply said—" 'Twas I."
 ' When by the haycock's side you sleeping lay,
 ' Sent by good angels, there I chanc'd to stray,
 ' Just as a loathsome adder rear'd his crest,
 ' To dart his poison in your lily breast,
 ' Straight with a stone I crush'd the monster's head ;
 ' You wak'd, and fainted, though you found him dead !
 ' Then, from the pond, I water brought apace,
 ' My hat brimful, and dash'd it in your face :
 ' Still, blue as bilberry, your cold lips did quake,
 ' Till my warm kisses call'd the cherry back.
 ' When, looking thro' his worship's garden-gate,
 ' Ripe peaches tempted, and you long'd to eat ;
 ' Tho' the grim mastiff growl'd, and sternly stalk'd,
 ' Tho' guns were loaded, and old Madam walk'd ;
 ' Nor dogs nor darkness, guns or ghosts, could fright,
 ' When Robin ventur'd for his Sue's delight :
 ' Joyful of midnight, quick I post away,
 ' Leap the high wall, and fearless pluck the prey ;

Down

* Down in your lap a plenteous shower they fall ;
 * Glad you receiv'd them, and you eat them all.
 * When fair-day came, I donn'd my Sunday suit,
 * Brush'd the best pillion clean, and saddled Cutt.
 * Then up we got ; you clung about my waist ;
 * Pleas'd to be hugg'd, I charg'd you clip me fast ;
 * And when you loos'd your hold, and backwards slipp'd,
 * I held your petticoats, and never peep'd.
 * The posied garters, and the top-knot fine,
 * The golden gingerbread, and all was mine :
 * I paid the puppet-show, the cakes, the sack ;
 * And, fraught with fairings, brought you laughing back.
 * Susan but spoke, and each gay flower was there,
 * To dress her bough-pot, or adorn her hair ;
 * For her the choicest of the woods I cull,
 * Sloes, hips, and strawberries, her bellyful :
 * My hoard of apples I to her confess'd ;
 * My heart was her's, well might she have the rest.
 * And Susan well approv'd her Robin's care :
 * Yes, you was pleas'd ; at least you said you were.
 * In love's soft fire you seem'd like me to burn,
 * And sooth'd my fondness with a kind return.
 * At our long table, when we sat to dine,
 * You stretch'd your knees, and mingled feet with mine ;
 * With fattest bacon you my trencher ply'd,
 * And slic'd my pudding from the plummy side :
 * And well I wot, when our small-beer was stale,
 * You stole into the barn, and brought me ale.
 * But, oh ! the soldier, blaster of my hopes !
 * (Curse on pretending kings, and Papish popes !)
 * He came from Flanders with the red-coat crew,
 * To fight with rebels, and he conquer'd you.
 * His dowlas ruffles, and his copper lace,
 * His brickdust stockings, and his brazen face ;
 * These are the charms for which you slight my youth,
 * Charms much too potent for a maiden's truth !

‘ Soon on the feather’d fool you turn’d your eyes;
 ‘ Eager you listen’d to the braggart’s lyes;
 ‘ And, scorning me, your heart to him resign,
 ‘ Your faithless heart, by vows and service mine.
 ‘ True, he is gone, by our brave duke’s command,
 ‘ To humble Britain’s foes in foreign land:
 ‘ Ah, what is that! the spoiler bears away
 ‘ The only thing for which ’twas worth to stay.
 ‘ But sorrow’s dry; I’ll stake it in the brook—
 ‘ O well-a-day! how frightful pale I look!
 “ Care’s a consumer,” (so the saying speaks;)
 ‘ The saying’s true, I read it in my cheeks.
 ‘ Fye! I’ll be chearful, ’tis a fancied pain;
 ‘ A flame so constant cannot meet disdain:
 ‘ I’ll wash my face, and shake off foul despair;
 ‘ My love is kind!—alas, I would she were!
 ‘ Well says our parson; and our parson said,
 “ True love, and tithes, should ever well be paid.”
 ‘ Susan, from you my heart shall never roam,
 ‘ If your’s be wandering, quickly call it home.’

TO THE RIGHT HON.

LADY ANNE COVENTRY.

UPON VIEWING HER FINE CHIMNEY-PIECE OF SHELL-
WORK.

BY MR. SOMERVILLE.

THE greedy merchant plows the sea for gain,
 And rides exulting o’er the watery plain;
 While howling tempests, from their rocky bed,
 Indignant break around his careful head.

The royal fleet the liquid waste explores,
 And speaks in thunder to the trembling shores;

The

The voice of wrath awak'd, the nations hear,
 The vanquish'd hope, and the proud victors fear;
 Those quit their chain, and these resign their palm,
 While Britain's awful flag commands a calm.

The curious sage, nor gain nor fame pursues,
 With other eyes the boiling deep he views;
 Hangs o'er the cliff inquisitive to know
 The secret causes of it's ebb and flow;
 Whence breathe the winds that ruffle it's smooth face,
 Or ranks in classes all the fishy race,
 From those enormous monsters of the main,
 Who in their world, like other tyrants, reign,
 To the poor cockle-tribe, that humble band,
 Who cleave to rocks, or loiter on the strand.
 Yet even their shells the Forming Hand divine
 Has, with distinguish'd lustre, taught to shine.
 What bright enamel! and what various dyes!
 What lively tints delight our wondering eyes!
 Th' Almighty Painter glows in every line:
 How mean, alas! is Raphael's bold design,
 And Titian's colouring, if compar'd to thine!
 Justly Supreme! let us thy power revere,
 Thou fill'st all space! all-beauteous every where!
 Thy rising sun with blushes paints the morn;
 Thy shining lamps the face of night adorn;
 Thy flowers the meads, thy nodding trees the hills;
 The vales thy pastures green, and bubbling rills:
 Thy coral groves, thy rocks that amber weep,
 Deck all the gloomy mansions of the deep;
 Thy yellow sands, distinct with golden ore,
 And these thy variegated shells, the shore!
 To all thy works such grandeur hast thou lent,
 And such extravagance of ornament.
 For the false traitor, man, this pomp and show?
 A scene so gay, for us poor worms below?

No!

No ! for thy glory all these beauties rise ;
Yet may improve the good, instruct the wise.

You, Madam, sprung from Beaufort's royal line,
Who, lost to courts, can in your closet shine,
Best know to use each blessing he bestows,
Best know to praise the Power from whence it flows.
Shells in your hand the Parian rock defy,
Or agate, or Ægyptian porphyry ;
More glossy they, their veins of brighter dye.
See ! where your rising pyramids aspire ;
Your guests, surpriz'd, the shining pile admire !
In future times, if some great Phidias rise,
Whose chissel with his mistress Nature vies,
Who, with superior skill, can lightly trace,
In the hard marble block, the softest face ;
To crown this piece, so elegantly neat,
Your well-wrought busto shall the whole compleat ;
O'er your own work from age to age preside,
It's author once, and then it's greatest pride.

THE YOUNG WIDOW,

BY MR. CHARLES DENIS.

HULSE shook his head ; poor Damon lay a dying ;
And close by his bed-side his wife sat crying :

‘ O stay !’ she said ; ‘ and must we part !

‘ My soul, like thine, is on the wing :

‘ Methinks, I feel Death's iron dart ;

‘ But, oh ! 'tis that which wounds thy heart,

‘ That bears to mine the sting !’

Her grief was great, so was her moan,

And much to die she seem'd inclin'd ;

Howe'er, she let him go alone,

And prudently remain'd behind.

A week, or so, was past and gone,

Still she continu'd weeping on,

When

When to her house her father came,
 And thus address'd the mournful dame :
 ' My child,' said he, ' enough of tears you've shed ;
 ' Think of the living, and forget the dead.
 ' Another spouse—don't startle at the word,
 ' 'Tis but a second ; you may have a third !
 ' As soon as decency permits,
 ' I have a husband to propose ;
 ' Young, handsome, rich, just one of those
 ' That's form'd to cure a widow's fits.'
 ' Ah, Sir ! is this a father's part,
 ' To wound afresh a bleeding heart ?
 ' Shall I another husband wed ?
 ' Oh, no ! my only love is dead :
 ' Nor will I other wedding have,
 ' Till I am bedded in his grave !'

The father left her to digest
 The wise and prudent things he said ;
 He put the husband in her head,
 And Time, he knew, would do the rest.
 The cares of mourning next took place,
 To dress her grief, and suit her face :
 'Twas Cupid's thought ; for what exceeds
 A pretty widow in her weeds !
 And now each looking-glass could tell
 That black became her vastly well.

The smiles and graces, that were scar'd away,
 With all the band of little loves,
 And Cytheræ's doves,
 Came dropping in each day.
 The father, if report says true,
 Another visit made, ere mourning over ;
 ' I'm glad, my dear,' said he, ' so well to find you !'
 But mention'd not a word of the new lover :
 At which she blush'd—' Must I then, Sir, remind you ?

• The

' The thing's too serious to be made a joke of :
 ' Where is the husband, pray, that once you spoke of ?
 Wide is the difference, as you see it here,
 'Twixt widow of a day, and widow of a year.
 All lenient Time expands his wings,
 Away he flies with human cares ;
 Then back, full fraught with joy, repairs,
 And every balmy comfort brings.
 Time checks the mourning husband's sighs ;
 'Tis he congeals the falling tear,
 To form the lovely lucid leer,
 Which sparkles in a widow's eyes.

ON OCCASION OF THE PEACE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXII.

BY THE REV. MR. FRANCIS FAWKES.

Peace o'er the world her olive wand extends,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heaven descends.

POPE.

A DIE U, the horrors of destructive war,
 And mad Bellona in her iron car !
 But welcome to our smiling fields again,
 Sweet Peace ! attended with thy jocund train,
 Truth, Virtue, Freedom, that can never cloy,
 And all the pleasing family of Joy.
 Those schemes pursu'd, which Pitt so wisely plann'd,
 Conquest has shower'd her blessings on the land ;
 And Britain's sons more laurels have obtain'd,
 Than all her Henry's, or her Edward's gain'd.
 George saw with joy the peaceful period given,
 And bow'd obedient to the will of Heaven :

Awful

Awful he rose to bid dissention cease,
 And all the warring world was calm'd to peace ;
 Thus did the roaring waves their rage compose,
 When the great father of the floods arose.
 Then came Astrea mild, our isle to bless,
 Fair queen of virtue, and of happiness !
 Then came our troops, in fighting fields renown'd,
 And mark'd with many an honourable wound.
 The tender fair one, long by fears oppress'd,
 Now feels soft raptures rising in her breast,
 The blooming hero of her heart to view,
 And hear him bid the dangerous camp adieu ;
 The widow'd bride, that long on grief had fed,
 And bath'd with weeping the deserted bed,
 Glad that the tumults of the war are o'er,
 'That terror, rage, and rapine are no more,
 Greets her rough lord, secure from hostile harms,
 And hopes an age of pleasure in his arms :
 While he, with pompous eloquence, recites
 Dire scenes of castles storm'd, and desperate fights ;
 Or tells how Wolfe the free-born Britons led,
 How Granby conquer'd, and the Household fled ;
 She, to the pleasing dreadful tale intent,
 Now smiles, now trembles, for the great event.
 O curs'd ambition, foe to human good,
 Pregnant with woe, and prodigal of blood !
 Thou fruitful source, whence streams of sorrow flow,
 What devastations to thy guilt we owe !
 Where'er thy fury riots, all around
 Confusion, havock, and dread deaths abound :
 Where Ceres flourish'd, and gay Flora smil'd,
 Behold a barren, solitary wild !
 To stately cedars, thorns and briars succeed,
 And in the garden spreads the noxious weed ;
 Where cattle pastur'd late, the purple plain,
 Sad scene of horror ! teems with heroes slain ;

Where the proud palace rear'd it's haughty head,
 Deep in the dust, see crumbling columns spread ;
 See gallant Britons in the field expire,
 Towns turn'd to ashes, fanes involv'd in fire !
 These deeds the guilt of rash Ambition tell,
 And bloody Discord, furious fiend of hell !
 Ye baneful sisters, with your frantick crew,
 Hence speed your flight, and take your last adieu,
 Eternal wars in barbarous worlds to wage ;
 There vent your inextinguishable rage.
 But come, fair Peace, and be the nation's bride,
 And let thy sister Plenty grace thy side ;
 O come ! and with thy placid presence cheer
 Our drooping hearts, and stay for ever here.
 Now be the shrill strife-stirring trumpet mute ;
 Now let us listen to the softer lute :
 The shepherd now his numerous flocks shall feed,
 Where war relentless doom'd the brave to bleed ;
 On ruin'd ramparts shall the hawthorn flower,
 And mantling ivy clasp the nodding tower ;
 Unusual harvests wave along the dale,
 And the bent sickle o'er the sword prevail.
 No more shall states with rival rage contend,
 But Arts their empire o'er the world extend ;
 Ingenuous Arts, that humanize the mind,
 And give the brightest polish to mankind !
 Then shall our chiefs in breathing marble stand,
 And life seem starting from the sculptor's hand ;
 Then lovely nymphs in living picture rise,
 The fairest faces, and the brightest eyes :
 There polish'd Lane * no loss of beauty fears ;
 Her charms, still mellowing with revolving years,
 Shall, e'en on canvas, youthful hearts engage,
 And warm the cold indifference of age :

* The Hon. Mrs. Lane, daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Chancellor Henley, and wife to the Hon. Mr. Lane.

Then

Then the firm arch shall stem the roaring tide,
And join those countries which the streams divide !
Then villas rise of true Palladian proof,
And the proud palace rear it's ample roof ;
Then statelier temples to the skies ascend,
Where mix'd with nobles mighty kings may bend,
Where Poverty may send her sighs to Heaven,
And Guilt return, repent, and be forgiven.
Such are the fruits which sacred Peace imparts,
Sweet nurse of liberty and learned arts !
These she restores—O ! that she could restore
Life to those Britons who now breathe no more ;
Who in th' embattled field undaunted stood,
And greatly perish'd for their country's good ;
Or who, by rage of angry tempests toss'd,
In whirlpools of the whelming main were lost.
Ye honour'd shades of chiefs untimely slain !
Whose bones lie scatter'd on some foreign plain ;
That now perchance by lonely hind are seen
In glittering armour gliding o'er the green ;
Ye ! that beneath the cold cerulean wave
Have made the watery element your grave,
Whose wandering spirits haunt the winding shore,
Or ride on whirlwinds while the billows roar,
With kind protection still our isle defend,
(If souls unbodied can protection lend)
Still o'er the king your shadowy pinions spread,
And in the day of danger shield his head ;
Your bright examples shall our pattern be,
To make us valiant, and to keep us free.

A M I N T A.

A N E L E G Y.

BY THE REV. MR. GERRARD.

AN o'ergrown wood my wandering steps invade,
 With surface mantled in untrodden snow ;
 Dire haunt ! for none but savage monsters made,
 Where frosts descend, and howling tempests blow.

Here, from the search of busy mortals stray'd,
 My woe-worn soul shall hug her galling chain :
 For sure, no forest boasts too deep a shade,
 No haunt too wild, for misery to remain.

O my Aminta ! dear distracting name !
 Late all my comfort, all my fond delight ;
 Still writhes my soul beneath it's torturing flame,
 Still thy pale image fills my aching sight !

When shall vain Memory slumber o'er her woes ?
 When to oblivion be her tale resign'd ?
 When shall this fatal form in death repose,
 Like thine, fair victim, to the dust consign'd ?

Again the accents falter on my tongue ;
 Again, to tear the conscious tear succeeds ;
 From sharp reflection is the dagger sprung,
 And Nature, wounded to the centre, bleeds.

Ye bitter skies ! upon the tale descend ;
 Ye blasts, tho' rude your visits, lend an ear ;
 Around, ye gentler oaks, your branches bend ;
 And, as ye listen, drop an icy tear !

'Twas

'Twas when the step with conscious pleasure roves,
Where round the shades the circling woodbines throng;
When Flora wantons o'er th' enamell'd groves,
And feather'd choirs indulge the amorous song:

Inspir'd by duteous love, I fondly fray'd,
Two milk-white doves officious to ensnare;
Beneath a silent thicket as they play'd,
A grateful present for my softer fair.

But, ah! in smiles no more they met my sight,
Their ruffled heads lay gasping on the ground:
Where—my dire emblem!—a rapacious kite
Tore their soft limbs, and strew'd their plumes around.

The tear of pity stole into my eye;
While ruder passions in their turn succeed;
Forbid the victims unreveng'd to die,
And doom the author of their wrongs to bleed.

With hasty step, enrag'd, I homewards ran;
Curse on my speed! th' unerring tube I brought;
That fatal hour my date of woe began,
Too sharp to tell, too horrible for thought!

Disast'rous deed! irrevocable ill!
How shall I tell the anguish of my fate!
Teach me, remorseless monsters, not to feel,
Instruct me, fiends and furies, to relate!

Wrathful behind the guilty shade I stole,
I rais'd the tube—the clamorous woods resound—
Too late I saw the idol of my soul,
Struck by my aim, fall shrieking to the ground!

No other bliss her soul allow'd but me ;
 (Hapless the pair that thus indulgent prove!)
 She sought concealment from a shady tree,
 In amorous silence to observe her love.

I ran ; but O ! too soon I found it true !
 From her stain'd breast life's crimson stream'd apace ;
 From her wan eyes the sparkling lustres flew ;
 The short-liv'd roses faded from her face !

Gods ! could I bear that fond reproachful look,
 That strove her peerless innocence to plead !
 But partial death awhile her tongue forsook,
 To save a wretch that doom'd himself to bleed.

While I, distracted, press'd her in my arms,
 And fondly strove t' imbibe her latest breath ;
 ' O spare, rash love !' she cry'd, ' thy fatal charms,
 ' Nor seek cold shelter in the arms of death.

' Content beneath thy erring hand I die !
 ' Our fates grew envious of a bliss so true ;
 ' Then urge not thy distress when low I lie,
 ' But in this breath receive my last adieu !'

No more she spake, but droop'd her lily head !
 In death she sicken'd—breathless—haggard—pale !
 While all my inmost soul with horror bled,
 And ask'd kind vengeance from the passing gale.

Where slept your bolts, ye lingering lightnings say !
 Why riv'd ye not this self-condemned breast !
 Or why, too passive Earth, didst thou delay !
 To stretch thy jaws, and crush me into rest ?

Low in the dust the beauteous corse I plac'd,
 Bedew'd and soft with many a falling tear ;
 With sable yew the rising turf I grac'd,
 And bade the cypress mourn in silence near.

Oft as bright morn's all-searching eye returns,
 Full to my view the fatal spot is brought ;
 Thro' sleepless night my haunted spirit mourns,
 No gloom can hide me from distracting thought.

When, spotless victim, shall my form decay !
 This guilty load, say, when shall I resign !
 When shall my spirit wing her cheerless way,
 And my cold corse lie treasur'd up with thine !

THE AFRICAN PRINCE,

IN ENGLAND, TO ZARA AT HIS FATHER'S COURT,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR M DCC XLIX.

BY DR. DODD.

P RINCES, my fair, unfortunately great,
 Born to the pompous vassalage of state,
 Whene'er the publick calls, are doom'd to fly
 Domestick bliss, and break the private tie ;
 Fame pays with empty breath the toils they bear,
 And Love's soft joys are chang'd for glorious care ;
 Yet conscious Virtue, in the silent hour,
 Rewards the hero with a noble dow'r ;
 For this alone I dar'd the roaring sea,
 Yet more—for this I dar'd to part with thee !
 But while my bosom feels the nobler flame,
 Still unprov'd, it owns thy gentler claim.

Tho?

Tho' Virtue's awful form my soul approves,
 'Tis thine, thine only, Zara, that it loves !
 A private lot had made the claim but one,
 The prince alone must love for virtue shun.
 Ah ! why distinguish'd from the happier crowd,
 To me the bliss of millions disallow'd ?
 Why was I singled for imperial sway,
 Since love and duty point a different way ?
 Fix'd the dread voyage, and the day decreed,
 When, duty's victim, love was doom'd to bleed ;
 Too well my mem'ry can these scenes renew,
 We met to sigh, to weep our last adieu.
 That conscious palm, beneath whose tow'ring shade
 So oft our vows of mutual love were made ;
 Where hope so oft anticipated joy,
 And plann'd, of future years, the best employ ;
 That palm was witness to the tears we shed,
 When that fond hope, and all those joys were fled.
 Thy trembling lips, with trembling lips I press'd,
 And held thee panting to my panting breast :
 Our sorrow, grown too mighty to sustain,
 Now snatch'd us, fainting, from the sense of pain.
 Together sinking in the trance divine,
 I caught thy fleeting soul, and gave thee mine !
 O blest'd oblivion of tormenting care !
 O why recall'd to life and to despair !
 The dreadful summons came, to part—and why ?
 Why not the kinder summons, but to die ?
 To die together, were to part no more,
 To land in safety on some peaceful shore,
 Where love's the business of immortal life,
 And happy spirits only guests at strife.
 ' If in some distant land my prince should find
 ' Some nymph more fair,' you cry'd, ' as Zara kind—'
 Mysterious doubt ! which could at once impart
 Relief to mine, and anguish to thy heart.

Still

Still let me triumph in the fear express'd,
 The voice of love that whisper'd in thy breast :
 Nor call me cruel ; for my truth shall prove
 'Twas but the vain anxiety of love.

Torn from thy fond embrace, the strand I gain,
 Where mourning friends inflict superfluous pain ;
 My father there his struggling sighs suppress'd,
 And, in dumb anguish, clasp'd me to his breast ;
 Then sought (conceal'd the conflict of his mind)
 To give the fortitude he could not find ;
 Each life-taught precept kindly he renew'd,
 ' Thy country's good,' said he, ' be still pursu'd !
 ' If, when the gracious gods my son restore,
 ' These eyes shall sleep in death, to wake no more ;
 ' If then these limbs, that now in age decay,
 ' Shall mould'ring mix with earth's parental clay ;
 ' Round my green tomb perform the sacred rite,
 ' Assume my throne, and let thy yoke be light ;
 ' From lands of freedom glorious precepts bring,
 ' And reign at once a father and a king !'

How vainly proud the arrogantly great
 Presume to boast a monarch's godlike state !
 Subject, alike, the peasant and the king,
 To life's dark ills, and care's corroding sting.
 From guilt and fraud, that strike in silence sure,
 No shield can guard us, and no arms secure :
 By these, my fair, subdu'd, thy prince was lost,
 A naked captive on a barb'rous coast !

Nurtur'd in ease, a thousand servants round,
 My wants prevented, and my wishes crown'd,
 No painful labours stretch'd the tedious day,
 On downy feet my moments danc'd away.
 Where'er I look'd, officious courtiers bow'd,
 Where'er I pass'd, a shouting people croud ;
 No fears intruded on the joys I knew ;
 Each man my friend, my lovely mistress you !

What dreadful change ! abandon'd and alone,
 The shouted prince is now a slave unknown ;
 To watch his eye no bending courtiers wait,
 No hailing crowds proclaim his regal state ;
 A slave condemn'd, with unrewarded toil,
 To turn, from morn to eve, a burning foil.
 Fainting beneath the sun's meridian heat,
 Rouz'd by the scourge, the taunting jest I meet :
 ' Thanks to thy friends,' they cry, ' whose care recalls
 ' A prince to life, in whom a nation falls !'
 Unwholesome scraps my strength but half sustain'd,
 From corners glean'd, and e'en by dogs disdain'd ;
 At night I mingled with a wretched crew,
 Who, by long use, with woe familiar grew ;
 Of manners brutish, merciless, and rude,
 They mock'd my sufferings, and my pangs renew'd :
 In groans, not sleep, I pass'd the weary night,
 And rose to labour with the morning light.

Yet, thus of dignity and ease beguil'd,
 Thus scorn'd and scourg'd, insulted and revil'd,
 If Heav'n with thee my faithful arms had bless'd,
 And fill'd with love my intervals of rest,
 Short tho' they were, my soul had never known
 One secret wish to glitter on a throne ;
 The toilsome day had heard no sigh of mine,
 Nor stripes, nor scorn, had urg'd me to repine.
 A monarch, still beyond a monarch bless'd,
 Thy love my diadem, my throne thy breast ;
 My courtiers, watchful of my looks, thy eyes,
 Should shine, persuade, and flatter, and advise ;
 Thy voice my musick, and thy arms should be—
 Ah ! not the prison of a slave in me !
 Could I with infamy content remain,
 And wish thy lovely form to share my chain ?
 Could this bring ease ! Forgive th' unworthy thought,
 And let the love that sinn'd atone the fault.

Could

Could I, a slave, and hopeless to be free,
Crawl, tamely recent from the scourge, to thee ?
Thy blooming beauties could these arms embrace ?
My guilty joys enslave an infant race ?
No ! rather blast me lightnings, whirlwinds tear,
And drive these limbs in atoms thro' the air !
Rather than this, O curse me still with life !
And let my Zara smile a rival's wife !
Be mine alone th' accumulated woe,
Nor let me propagate my curse below !

But, from this dreadful scene, with joy I turn :
To trust in Heav'n, of me let Zara learn.
The wretch, the fordid hypocrite, who sold
His charge, an unsuspecting prince, for gold,
That Justice mark'd, whose eyes can never sleep,
And death commission'd, smote him on the deep.
The gen'rous crew their port in safety gain,
And tell my mournful tale, nor tell in vain ;
The king with horror of th' atrocious deed,
In haste commanded, and the slave was freed.
No more Britannia's cheek, the blush of shame,
Burns for my wrongs, her king restores her fame !
Propitious gales, to Freedom's happy shore
Waft me triumphant, and the prince restore ;
Whate'er is great and gay around me shine,
And all the splendor of a court is mine !
Here Knowledge, too, by piety refin'd,
Sheds a bright radiance o'er my bright'ning mind ;
From earth I travel upward to the sky ;
I learn to live, to reign, yet more—to die.
O ! I have tales to tell of Love Divine ;
Such blissful tidings ! they shall soon be thine.
I long to tell thee, what, amaz'd, I see,
What habits, buildings, trades, and polity !
How art and nature vie to entertain
In publick shows, and mix delight with pain.

O Zara! here, a story like my own *,
 With mimic skill, in borrow'd names, was shown;
 An Indian chief, like me, by fraud betray'd,
 And partner in his woes an Indian maid.
 I can't recal the scenes, 'tis pain too great;
 And, if recall'd, should shudder to relate!

To write the wonders here, I strive in vain;
 Each word would ask a thousand to explain.
 The time shall come, O speed the lingering hour!
 When Zara's charms shall lend description pow'r;
 When plac'd beside thee in the cool alcove,
 Or thro' the green savannahs as we rove,
 The frequent kiss shall interrupt the tale,
 And looks shall speak my sense, tho' language fail.
 Then shall the prodigies that round me rise,
 Fill thy dear bosom with a sweet surprize;
 Then all my knowledge to thy faithful heart,
 With danger gain'd, securely I'll impart.
 Methinks I see thy changing looks express
 Th' alternate sense of pleasure and distress;
 As all the windings of my fate I trace,
 And wing thy fancy swift from place to place.

Yet where, alas! has flatt'ring thought convey'd
 The ravish'd lover with his darling maid?
 Between us still unmeasur'd oceans roll,
 Which hostile barks infest, and storms controul.
 Be calm, my bosom, since th' unmeasur'd main,
 And hostile barks, and storms, are God's domain:
 He rules resistless, and his pow'r shall guide
 My life in safety o'er the roaring tide;
 Shall bless the love that's built on Virtue's base,
 And spare me to evangelize my race.
 Farewel! thy prince still lives, and still is free;
 Farewel! hope all things, and remember me.

* He alludes to the play of Oroonoko; at which he was present, and so affected as to be unable to continue, during it's performance, in the house.

Z A R A,

AT THE COURT OF ANAMABOE, TO THE AFRICAN PRINCE
WHEN IN ENGLAND.

BY THE SAME.

SHOULD I the language of my heart conceal,
Nor warmly paint the passion that I feel;
My rising wish should groundless fears confine,
And doubts ungen'rous chill the glowing line;
Would not my prince, with nobler warmth, disdain
That love, as languid, which could stoop to feign?
Let guilt dissemble—in my faithful breast
Love reigns unblam'd, and he that love confess'd.
I give my bosom naked to thy view,
For what has shame with innocence to do?
In fancy now I clasp thee to my heart,
Exchange my vows, and all my joys impart.
I catch new transport from thy speaking eye—
But whence this fall involuntary sigh?
Why pants my bosom with intruding fears?
Why from my eyes distil unbidden tears?
Why do my hands thus tremble as I write?
Why fades thy lov'd idea from my sight?
O! art thou safe on Britain's happy shore,
From winds that bellow, and from seas that roar?
And has my prince—(oh, more than mortal pain!)
Betray'd by ruffians, felt the captive's chain?
Bound were those limbs, ordain'd alone to prove
The toils of empire, and the sweets of love?
Hold, hold! barbarians of the fiercest kind!
Fear Heav'n's red lightning—'tis a prince ye bind!
A prince whom no indignities could hide,
They knew, presumptuous! and the gods defy'd.

Where'er

Where'er he moves, let love-join'd reverence rise,
And all mankind behold with Zara's eyes!

Thy breast alone, when bounding o'er the waves
To Freedom's climes, from slavery and slaves;
Thy breast alone the pleasing thought could frame
Of what I felt, when thy dear letters came:
A thousand times I held them to my breast,
A thousand times my lips the paper press'd:
My full heart panted with a joy too strong,
And 'Oh, my prince!' dy'd fault'ring on my tongue;
Fainting, I sunk, unequal to the strife,
And milder joys sustain'd returning life.
Hope, sweet enchantress! round my love-sick head
Delightful scenes of blest'd delusion spread.

'Come, come, my prince! my charmer! haste away;
'Come, come!' I cry'd, 'thy Zara blames thy stay.
'For thee the shrubs their richest sweets retain;
'For thee new colours wait to paint the plain;
'For thee cool breezes linger in the grove;
'The birds expect thee in the green alcove;
'Till thy return, the rills forget to fall,
'Till thy return, the sun, the soul of all!—
'He comes, my maids, in his meridian charms,
'He comes refulgent to his Zara's arms!
'With jocund songs proclaim my love's return;
'With jocund hearts his nuptial bed adorn!
'Bright as the sun, yet gentle as the dove,
'He comes, uniting majesty with love!'

Too soon, alas! the blest'd delusion flies;
Care swells my breast, and sorrow fills my eyes.
Ah! why do thy fond words suggest a fear;
Too vast, too numerous, those already here!
Ah! why with doubts torment my bleeding breast,
Of seas which storms controul, and foes infect!
My heart, in all this tedious absence, knows
No thoughts but those of seas, and storms, and foes.

Each

Each joyless morning, with the rising sun,
 Quick to the strand my feet spontaneous run:
 ' Where, where's my prince! what tidings have ye brought!
 Of each I met, with pleading tears I fought.
 In vain I fought; some, conscious of my pain,
 With horrid silence pointed to the main.
 Some with a sneer the brutal thought express'd,
 And plung'd the dagger of a barb'rous jest.
 Day follow'd day, and still I wish'd the next,
 New hopes still flatter'd, and new doubts perplex'd;
 Day follow'd day, the wish'd to-morrow came,
 My hopes, doubts, fears, anxieties, the same:
 At length—' O Power Supreme! whoe'er thou art,
 ' Thy shrine the sky, the sea, the earth, or heart;
 ' Since every clime, and all th' unbounded main,
 ' And hostile barks, and storms, are thy domain,
 ' If faithful passion can thy bounty move,
 ' (And goodness sure must be the friend of love!)
 ' Safe to these arms my lovely prince restore,
 ' Safe to his Zara's arms, to part no more!
 ' O grant to virtue thy protecting care,
 ' And grant thy love to love's availing pray'r!
 ' Together then, and emulous to praise,
 ' A flowery altar to thy name we'll raise;
 ' There, first and last, on each returning day,
 ' To thee our vows of gratitude we'll pay!
 Fool that I was, to all my comfort blind!
 Why, when thou went'st, did Zara stay behind?
 How could I fondly hope one joy to prove,
 ' Midst all the wild anxieties of love?
 Had fate in other mould thy Zara form'd,
 And my bold breast in manly friendship warm'd,
 How had I glow'd exulting at thy side!
 How all the shafts of adverse fate defy'd!
 Or yet a woman, and not nerv'd for toil,
 With thee, O had I turn'd a burning soil!

In the cold prison had I lain with thee,
 In love still happy, we had still been free;
 Then fortune brav'd, had own'd superior might,
 And pin'd with envy, while we forc'd delight.

Why shouldst thou bid thy love remember thee?
 Thine all my thoughts have been, and still shall be.
 Each night the cool savannahs have I sought,
 And breath'd the fondness of enamour'd thought;
 The curling breezes murmur'd as I figh'd,
 And hoarse, at distance, roar'd my foe, the tide:
 My-breast still haunted by a motley train,
 Now doubts, now hopes prevail'd, now joy, now pain!
 Now fix'd I stand, my spirit fled to thine,
 Nor note the time, nor see the sun decline!
 Now rous'd I start, and wing'd with fear I run;
 In vain, alas! for 'tis myself I shun!
 When kindly sleep it's lenient balm supply'd,
 And gave that comfort waking thought deny'd.
 Last night—but why, ah Zara! why impart,
 The fond, fond fancies of a love-sick heart!
 Yet true delights on fancy's wings are brought,
 And love's soft raptures realiz'd in thought—
 Last night I saw—methinks I see it now!—
 Heaven's awful concave round thy Zara bow;
 When sudden thence a flaming chariot flew,
 Which earth receiv'd, and six white courfers drew:
 Then, quick transition, did thy Zara ride,
 Borne to the chariot, wond'rous, by thy side;
 All glorious both, from clime to clime we flew,
 Each happy clime with sweet surprize we view.
 A thousand voices sung, 'All bliss betide
 'The prince of Lybia, and his faithful bride!'
 'Tis done, 'tis done!' resounded through the skies,
 And quick aloft the car began to rise;
 Ten thousand beauties crouded on my sight,
 Ten thousand glories beam'd a dazzling light.

My

My thoughts could bear no more, the vision fled,
 And wretched Zara view'd her lonely bed.
 Come, sweet interpreter, and ease my soul;
 Come to my bosom, and explain the whole.
 Alas, my prince!—yet hold, my struggling breast;
 Sure we shall meet again, again be blest'd.
 'Hope all,' thou say'st, 'I live, and still am free;'
 O then prevent those hopes, and haste to me!
 Ease all the doubts thy Zara's bosom knows,
 And kindly stop the torrent of her woes.

But, that I know too well thy gen'rous heart,
 One doubt, than all, more torment would impart:
 'Tis this. In Britain's happy courts to shine,
 Amidst a thousand blooming maids, is thine:
 But thou a thousand blooming maids among,
 Art still thyself, incapable of wrong;
 No outward charm can captivate thy mind,
 Thy love is friendship heighten'd and refin'd;
 'Tis what my soul, and not my form inspires,
 And burns with spotless and immortal fires.
 Thy joys, like mine, from conscious truth arise,
 And, known these joys, what others canst thou prize?
 Be jealous doubts the curse of sordid minds;
 Hence, jealous doubts, I give ye to the winds!

Once more, O come! and snatch me to thy arms!
 Come, shield my beating heart from vain alarms!
 Come, let me hang enamour'd on thy breast,
 Weep pleasing tears, and be with joy distress'd!
 Let me still hear, and still demand thy tale,
 And, oft renew'd, still let my suit prevail!
 Much still remains to tell and to enquire,
 My hand still writes, and writing prompts desire;
 My pen denies my last farewell to write,
 Still, still 'Return,' my wishful thoughts indite:
 O hear, my prince, thy love, thy mistress call,
 Think o'er each tender name, and hear by all!

O pleasing intercourse of soul with soul !
 'Thus, while I write, I see, I clasp thee whole ;
 And these kind letters trembling Zara drew,
 In every line shall bring her to thy view.
 Return, return ! in love and truth excel ;
 Return ! I write ; I cannot add—Farewel !

ON MR. NASH'S PICTURE

AT FULL LENGTH, BETWEEN THE BUSTS OF SIR ISAAC
 NEWTON AND MR. POPE, AT BATH.

BY THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

THE old Ægyptians hid their wit
 In hieroglyphick drefs,
 To give men pains in search of it,
 And please themselves with guefs.

Moderns, to hit the self-same path,
 And exercise their parts,
 Place figures in a room at Bath :
 Forgive them, God of Arts !

Newton, if I can judge aright,
 All Wisdom does express ;
 His knowledge gives mankind delight,
 Adds to their happiness.

Pope is the emblem of true Wit,
 The sunshine of the mind ;
 Read o'er his works in search of it,
 You'll endless pleasure find.

Nash

Nash represents man in the mass,
 Made up of wrong and right;
 Sometimes a king, sometimes an ass;
 Now blunt, and now polite.

The picture plac'd the busts between,
 Adds to the thought much strength;
 Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
 But Folly's at full length.

A M A B E L L A *.

WRITTEN BY THE DESIRE OF MRS. MONTAGUE.

BY MR. JERNINGHAM,

HARMODIUS breath'd the rural air, nor found
 His ruddy health with length of years decrease:
 By duty prompted, Amabella crown'd
 His silver forehead with the wreath of peace:

By partial Nature fram'd in Beauty's mould,
 Adorn'd with every grace, unspoil'd by art,
 To Friendship's circle still did she unfold
 The lovelier beauties of a feeling heart.

Endear'd to all she met, each welcome day,
 By Fortune's hand, with various blessings fraught:
 When, lo! her gaiety's accustom'd ray
 Was quench'd, untimely, with the gloom of thought,

* The subject of this poem is founded on a circumstance that happened during the late war. A young lady, not meeting with the concurrence of her relations in favour of an officer for whom she expressed her regard, was prevailed upon, by his solicitations, to consent to a clandestine marriage; which took place on the day he set out to join his regiment abroad, where he was unfortunately killed in an engagement.

What fix'd the bosom-thorn, affliction knows,
 Where Peace sat brooding as the gentle dove;
 What blasted on her cheek the summer rose,
 Or slow disease, or unsuccessful love,

Remain'd unknown. 'Twas by the many guess'd,
 That love to her soft vows had prov'd unkind;
 Beyond the power of her weak frame oppress'd,
 Infamy o'erthrew her lovely mind.

At length recovering, yet to grief devote,
 To solitude she gave th' unsocial day;
 Like a pale vot'ry from the world remote,
 Unhear'd, unvisited of Pleasure's ray.

Oft did Harmodius (at her state dismay'd)
 Solicit from his child her secret pain:
 Her vague reply still from his question stray'd,
 And each repeated effort prov'd in vain.

To speed the moments of the loitering hour,
 And by their plaintive strains perchance allur'd,
 Within a spacious myrtle-woven bower,
 Two turtle doves the pensive fair secur'd.

'Ye little captives,' would she often say,
 'Tho' here secluded from the fields of air,
 'Thro' yonder vernal grove forbid to stray,
 'And join the kindred train that wanton there;

'Gainst you the gunner never lifts his arm,
 'Nor o'er this mansion does the falcon fail;
 'You live unconscious of the storm's alarm,
 'The rain impetuous, and the beating hail.

• Nor

' Nor here, by kind Compassion unimpres'd,
 ' The school-boy ever rears his impious hand,
 ' To fill with agony the feather'd breast,
 ' And raze the little domes that love had plann'd,'

Their harmless joys disease too soon effac'd :
 One fatal morn, her Turturella's mate
 She found, with flagging wing subdu'd, oppress'd,
 And just, just sinking at the blow of Fate :

While down her cheek Compassion's shower distill'd,
 She gently rais'd it to her anxious breast ;
 But Death's cold blast life's crimson current chill'd,
 And thus the fair her breathless bird address'd :

' Ill-fated turtle, round whose peaceful bower
 ' The jocund loves so lately wont to play ;
 ' How sunk, alas ! in youth's exulting hour,
 ' To fell disease, to death th' untimely prey !

' How silent is the voice, which, void of art,
 ' Along the tender day was heard to coo !
 ' How still, how frozen is the constant heart,
 ' Which to it's dear companion beat so true !

' That dear companion, that now widow'd dove,
 ' To screen from every harm be mine the care ;
 ' And while she mourns her ne'er-reviving love,
 ' Her grief to me the mourner will endear :

' Like thee, a widow too, condemn'd to mourn ;
 ' No more to me does life unfold it's charms !
 ' Death, death forbids him ever to return !'
 She said—and sunk into th' attendant's arms.

Her,

Her, swift relapsing to her former state,
 With boding fears, approach'd the serving train ;
 This scene's dread period tremblingly they wait,
 Nor were their boding fears indulg'd in vain.

Awakening from her trance, around she threw,
 Distressful fair, her much disorder'd eyes ;
 And wildering said—' Repeat that kind adieu !
 ' Ah, no ! from love to war, to death he flies.

' Did ye not hear the clash of hostile spears ?
 ' Ah, mark ye not that breast-plate stain'd with gore ?
 ' What groan was that which pierc'd these fearful ears ?
 ' He falls, he falls !—my warrior is no more !

' Nor was, O Heaven ! his Amabella near,
 ' To soothe his pain, and echo sigh to sigh ;
 ' Drop on the gaping wound a balmy tear,
 ' Kifs his cold lip, and close his fading eye !'

Of her distress th' alarm'd Harmodius taught,
 With trembling steps approach'd th' unconscious fair ;
 ' Give me,' he cry'd, with grief paternal fraught,
 ' Give me, O Amabel ! to soothe thy care.

' Say, what affliction has thy soul impress'd ?
 ' Reveal what storm thy bosom'd calmness breaks !
 ' Reveal—and thus relieve this anguish'd breast !
 ' The tender father to his daughter speaks !'

AMABELLA.

' Ah, what avails the praise the brave obtain !
 ' Thro' his white bosom rush'd the hostile steel ;
 ' 'Twas his to swell the number of the slain,
 ' And mine Affliction's keenest point to feel !'





HARMODIUS.

- Her roving thought no trace of reason bears :
 • To her rack'd mind, O Heav'n ! thy peace impart !—
- A loving parent bathes thy cheek with tears ;
 • Harmodius holds thee to his breaking heart !

AMABELLA.

- To thee, I grateful kneel, O generous seer !
 • Who do'st, to one unknown, thy care extend !
- Along thy path may Peace her olives rear,
 • And Heaven, in battle, shield thy dearest friend !
- For me, who droop beneath Misfortune's shower,
 • I had a father—now, alas ! a foe—
- Thoul't blush to hear—in sorrow's darkest hour,
 • He leaves his child abandon'd to her woe !
- But to thy heart, that's fram'd of softer mould,
 • What can to thee a wretch like me endear !
- The spring, the motive of thy love unfold ;
 • Say, say, for me why flows that friendly tear !
- Yet soft awhile—methinks that hoary brow,
 • That plaintive voice—Ah, bear with my distress !
- Or much remembrance is effac'd, or now,
 • A tender father's tear-dew'd cheek I press !

HARMODIUS.

- On knees of gratitude I bless the skies,
 • That Amabella to herself restore !

AMABELLA.

- Ah, wherefore do'st thou joy ! thy daughter dies :
 • Support me to yon couch—I can no more—
- I feel, I feel the pulse of life retire !
 • Ah, deign to hear thy dying child reveal,
- What, in rebellion to thy just desire,
 • Lock'd in her breast, she dar'd so long conceal !

• By .

- By thee unfunction'd, did I plight my love,
- And, all to thee unknown, a bride became.'

HARMODIUS.

- Harmodius will to both a father prove.'

AMABELLA.

- To him thy pardon thou canst ne'er proclaim !
- Three fleeting hours had scarcely call'd me bride,
- When he was summon'd to the martial plain ;
- And there—forgive these tears—in beauty's pride,
- The much-lamented valiant youth was slain.

- What tho' unworthy of thy care I prove,
- To thy remembrance let thy child be dear ;
- Thy kind compassion let the daughter move,
- When this weak frame shall press th' untimely bier.'

More would she say—her voice began to fail,
 From her faint eye life's lingering spark retir'd ;
 The ripening cherry on her lip grew pale,
 She heav'd a sigh—and in that sigh expir'd.

A BRITISH PHILIPPICK:

OCCASIONED BY THE INSULTS OF THE SPANIARDS, AND
 THE PRESENT PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXXVIII.

BY DR. AKENSIDE.

WHENCE this unwonted transport in my breast?
 Why glow my thoughts, and whither would the Muse
 Aspire with rapid wing? Her country's cause
 Demands her efforts ; at that sacred call
 She summons all her ardour, throws aside

The

The trembling lyre, and with the warrior's trump
 She means to thunder in each British ear;
 And if one spark of honour or of fame,
 Disdain of insult, dread of infamy,
 One thought of publick virtue yet survive,
 She means to wake it, rouse the gen'rous flame,
 With patriot zeal inspirit ev'ry breast,
 And fire each British heart with British wrongs!

Alas, the vain attempt! what influence now
 Can the Muse boast? or what attention now
 Is paid to fame or virtue? Where is now
 The British spirit, generous, warm and brave;
 So frequent wont from tyranny and woe
 To free the suppliant nations? Where, indeed!
 If that protection, once to strangers giv'n,
 Be now withheld from sons! Each nobler thought
 That warm'd our fires, is lost and buried now
 In luxury and av'rice. Baneful vice!
 How it unmans a nation! Yet I'll try,
 I'll aim to shake this vile degen'rate sloth;
 I'll dare to rouse Britannia's dreaming sons
 To fame, to virtue, and impart around
 A generous feeling of compatriot woes.

Come, then, the various powers of forceful speech!
 All that can move, awaken, fire, transport;
 Come, the bold ardour of the Theban bard!
 Th'arousing thunder of the patriot Greek!
 The soft persuasion of the Roman sage!
 Come, all! and raise me to an equal height,
 A rapture worthy of my glorious cause!
 Lest my best efforts failing, should debase
 The sacred theme; for with no common wing
 The Muse attempts to soar. Yet, what need these!
 My country's fame, my free-born British heart,
 Shall be my best inspirers, raise my flight
 High as the Theban's pinion, and with more

Than Greek or Roman flame, exalt my soul.
 Oh ! could I give the vast ideas birth,
 Expressive of the thoughts that flame within,
 No more should lazy Luxury detain
 Our ardent youth ! no more should Britain's sons
 Sit tamely passive by, and careless hear
 The prayers, sighs, groans, (immortal infamy !)
 Of fellow Britons, with oppression sunk,
 In bitterness of soul demanding aid,
 Calling on Britain, their dear native land,
 The land of liberty ; so greatly fam'd
 For just redress ; the land so often dy'd
 With her best blood, for that arousing cause,
 The freedom of her sons ; those sons that now,
 Far from the manly blessings of her sway,
 Drag the vile fetters of a Spanish lord !
 And dare they, dare the vanquish'd sons of Spain
 Enslave a Briton ? Have they then forgot,
 So soon forgot, the great, th' immortal day,
 When rescu'd Sicily with joy beheld
 The swift-wing'd thunder of the British arm
 Disperse their navies ? When their coward bands
 Fled, like the raven from the bird of Jove,
 From swift impending vengeance fled in vain :
 Are these our lords ! And can Britannia see
 Her foes oft vanquish'd, thus defy her pow'r,
 Insult her standard, and inflame her sons,
 And not arise to justice ? Did our fires,
 Unaw'd by chains, by exile, or by death,
 Preserve inviolate her guardian rights,
 To Britons ever sacred ! that their sons
 Might give them up to Spaniards ! Turn your eyes,
 Turn ye degen'rate, who with haughty boast
 Call yourselves Britons, to that dismal gloom,
 That dungeon dark and deep, where never thought
 Of joy or peace can enter ; see the gates

Harsh.

Harsh-creaking open ! what an hideous void,
 Dark as the yawning grave ! while still as death
 A frightful silence reigns : there on the ground
 Behold your brethren chain'd like beasts of prey ;
 There mark your num'rous glories, there behold
 The look that speaks unutterable woe ;
 The mangled limb, the faint, the deathful eye,
 With famine sunk ; the deep heart-bursting groan
 Suppress'd in silence ; view the loathsome food,
 Refus'd by dogs ! and oh, the stinging thought !
 View the dark Spaniard glorying in their wrongs ;
 The deadly priest triumphant in their woes,
 And thundering worse damnation on their souls ;
 While that pale form, in all the pangs of death,
 Too faint to speak, yet eloquent of all,
 His native British spirit yet untam'd,
 Raises his head, and with indignant frowns
 Of great defiance, and superior scorn,
 Looks up, and dies !—Oh, I am all on fire !
 But let me spare the theme, lest future times
 Should blush to hear, that either conquer'd Spain
 Durst offer Britain such outrageous wrong,
 Or Britain tamely bore it !

Descend, ye guardian heroes of the land !
 Scourges of Spain, descend ! Behold your sons !
 See how they run the same heroick race,
 How prompt, how ardent in their country's cause !
 How greatly proud t' assert their British blood,
 And in their deeds reflect their father's fame !
 Ah, would to Heaven ! ye did not rather see,
 How dead to virtue in the publick cause !
 How cold, how careless, how to glory deaf,
 They shame your laurels, and belye their birth !

Come, ye great spirits, Cavendish, Rawleigh, Blake !
 And ye of later name, your country's pride,
 Oh, come ! disperse these lazy fumes of sloth,

Teach British hearts with British fires to glow !
 In wakening whispers rouse our ardent youth,
 Blazon the triumphs of your better days,
 Paint all the glorious scenes of rightful war,
 In all its splendours ; to their swelling souls
 Say how ye bow'd th' insulting Spaniards pride !
 Say how ye thunder'd o'er their prostrate heads !
 Say how ye broke their lines, and fir'd their ports !
 Say how not death, in all its frightful shapes,
 Could damp your souls, or shake the great resolve
 For Right and Britain ! Then display the joys
 The patriot's soul exalting, while he views
 Transported millions hail with loud acclaim
 The guardian of their civil, sacred rights ;
 How greatly welcome to the virtuous man
 Is death for others good ; the radiant thoughts
 That beam celestial on his passing soul,
 Th' unfading crowns awaiting him above,
 Th' exalting plaudits of the Great Supreme,
 Who in his actions with complacence views
 His own reflected splendour ! then descend,
 Tho' to a lower, yet a nobler scene ;
 Paint the just honours to his reliques paid,
 Shew grateful millions weeping o'er his grave ;
 While his fair fame in each progressive age
 For ever brightens ; and the wise and good
 Of every land, in universal choir,
 With richest incense of undying praise,
 His urn encircle ; to the wondering world
 His num'rous triumphs blazon ; while with awe,
 With filial reverence in his steps they tread,
 And copying every virtue, every fame,
 Transplant his glories into second life,
 And, with unsparing hand, make nations blest'd
 By his example ! Vast, immense rewards,
 For all the turmoils which the virtuous mind

Encounters here!—Yet, Britons, are ye cold?
 Yet deaf to glory, virtue, and the call
 Of your poor injur'd countrymen? Ah, no!
 I see ye are not; every bosom glows
 With native greatness, and in all it's state
 The British spirit rises. Glorious change!
 Fame, Virtue, Freedom, welcome! Oh, forgive
 The Muse, that ardent in her sacred cause,
 Your glory question'd! She beholds with joy,
 She owns, she triumphs in her wish'd mistake!

See! from her sea-beat throne, in awful march
 Britannia tow'rs: upon her laurel crest,
 The plumes majestick nod; behold she heaves
 Her guardian shields, and terrible in arms,
 For battle shakes her adamantine spear:
 Loud at her foot the British lion roars,
 Frighting the nations; haughty Spain fall soon
 Shall hear and tremble! Go then, Britons, forth,
 Your country's daring champions! tell your foes,
 Tell them in thunders o'er their prostrate land,
 You were not born for slaves! Let all your deeds
 Shew that the sons of those immortal men,
 The stars of shining story, are not slow
 In Virtue's path to emulate their fires,
 T'assert their country's rights, avenge her sons,
 And hurl the bolts of justice on her foes!

TO A LADY,

ON A LANDSCAPE OF HER DRAWING.

BY MR. PARRAT.

BEHOLD the magick of Theresa's hand!
 A new creation blooms at her command.
 Touch'd into life the vivid colours glow,
 Catch the warm stream, and quicken as they flow.

The

The ravish'd sight the pleasing landscape fills,
 Here sink the vallies, and there rise the hills.
 Not with more horror nods bleak Calpé's height,
 Than here the pictur'd rock astounds the sight.
 Not Thames more devious-winding leaves his source,
 Than here the wand'ring rivers shape their course.
 Obliquely lab'ring runs the gurgling rill ;
 Still murm'ring runs, or seems to murmur still.
 An aged oak, with hoary moss o'erspread,
 Here lifts aloft it's venerable head ;
 There overshadowing hangs a sacred wood,
 And nods inverted in the neighb'ring flood.
 Each tree as in it's native forest shoots,
 And blushing bends with Autumn's golden fruits.
 Thy pencil lends the rose a lovelier hue,
 And gives the lily fairer to our view.
 Here fruits and flow'rs adorn the varied year,
 And paradise with all it's sweets is here.
 There stooping to it's fall a tow'r appears,
 With tempests shaken, and a weight of years:
 The daisied meadow, and the woodland green,
 In order rise, and fill the various scene.

Some parts, in light magnificently dress'd,
 Obtrusive enter, and stand all confess'd ;
 Whilst others decently in shades are thrown,
 And by concealing, make their beauties known.
 Alternate thus, and mutual is their aid,
 Their lights owe half their lustre to the shade.

So the bright fires that light the milky way,
 Lost and extinguish'd in the solar ray ;
 In the sun's absence pour a flood of light,
 And borrow all their brightness from the night.

To cheat our eyes, how well dost thou contrive !
 Each object here seems real and alive.
 Not more resembling life the figures stand,
 Form'd by Lysippus, or by Phidias' hand.

Unnumber'd

BEAUTIES, OF POETRY.

311

Unnumber'd beauties in the piece unite,
Rush on the eye, and croud upon the sight :
At once our wonder and delight you raise ;
We view with pleasure, and with rapture praise.

HYMN TO SOLITUDE.

BY MISS WHATELY.

NOW genial Spring o'er lawn and grove
Extends her vivid power,
Now Phœbus shines with mildest beams,
And wakes each sleeping flower,

Soft breezes fan the smiling mead,
Kind dews refresh the plain ;
While Beauty, Harmony, and Love,
Renew their chearful reign.

Now far from business let me fly,
Far from the crouded seat
Of Envy, Pageantry, and Power,
To some obscure retreat :

Where Plenty sheds with liberal hand
Her various blessings round ;
Where laughing Joy delighted roves,
And rostrate Health is found.

Give me to climb the mountain's brow,
When morn's first blushes rise ;
And view the fair extensive scene
With Contemplation's eyes.

And

And while the raptur'd woodland choir
 Pour forth their love-taught lays ;
 I'll tune the grateful morn'g song
 To my Creator's praise.

He bade the solar orb advance
 To cheer the gloomy day ;
 And at the gentle voice of Spring
 Made hoary Winter fly.

He dress'd the groves in smiling green,
 Unlock'd the ice-bound rill ;
 Bade Flora's pride adorn the vale,
 And herbage crown the hill.

To that All-gracious Source of Light,
 Let early incense rise,
 While on Devotion's wing the soul
 Ascends her native skies :

And when the rapid car of day
 Illumes the farthest west,
 When Sleep dissolves the captive's chains,
 And Anguish sinks to rest ;

Then let me range the shadowy lawns,
 When Vesper's silver light
 Plays on the trembling streams, and gilds
 The sable veil of night.

When every earthly care's at rest,
 And musing Silence reigns ;
 Then active Fancy takes her flight
 Wide o'er th' ethereal plains ;

Soars thro' the trackless realms of space,
Sees endless systems roll ;
Whilst all harmoniously combine
To form one beauteous whole.

All hail, sweet Solitude ! to thee,
In thy sequester'd bower,
Let me invoke the Pastoral Muse,
And every sylvan power.

Dear, pensive nymph, the tender thought
And deep research is thine ;
'Tis thine to heal the tortur'd breast,
And form the great design.

On thy still bosom let me rest,
Far from the clang of war ;
Where stern Oppression's bloody chains
Precede the victor's car :

Here fold me in thy sacred arms,
Where Albion's happy plains
Exulting tell the nations round
A British Brunswick reigns.

Here let me hail each rising sun,
Here view each day's decline :
Be fame and sway my sovereign's lot,
Be peace and freedom mine !

C O O P E R ' s H I L L .

BY SIR JOHN DENHAM.

SURE there are poets which did never dream
 Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
 Of Helicon ; we therefore may suppose
 Those made not poets, but the poets those ;
 And as courts make not kings, but kings the court ;
 So where the Muses and their train resort,
 Parnassus stands ; if I can be to thee
 A poet, thou Parnassus art to me :
 Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,
 By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
 Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
 More boundless in my fancy than my eye ;
 My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
 That lies between, and first salutes the place
 Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
 That whether 'tis a part of earth, or sky,
 Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
 Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud.
 Paul's, the late theme of such a Muse * whose flight
 Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height :
 Now shalt thou stand, tho' sword, or time, or fire,
 Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
 Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
 Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.
 Under his proud survey the city lies,
 And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise ;
 Whose state and wealth, the business and the crowd,
 Seems at this distance but a darker cloud ;

* Mr. Waller.

And is to him who rightly things esteems,
 No other in effect than what it seems ;
 Where, with like haste, tho' sev'ral ways, they run,
 Some to undo, and some to be undone :
 While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
 Are each the others ruin, and increase ;
 As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
 Thence re-conveys, there to be lost again.
 Oh, happiness of sweet retir'd content !
 To be at once secure, and innocent.
 Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
 Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
 Into my eye, and doth itself present
 With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
 That no stupendous precipice denies
 Access, no horror turns away our eyes ;
 But such a rise, as doth at once invite
 A pleasure and a reverence from the sight,
 Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
 Sate meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace ;
 Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
 To be the basis of that pompous load,
 Than which, a nobler weight no mountain bears,
 But Atlas only which supports the spheres.
 When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
 'Twas guided by a wiser pow'r than chance ;
 Mark'd out for such an use, as if 'twere meant
 T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
 Nor can we call it choice, when what we chuse,
 Folly or blindness only cou'd refuse,
 A crown of such majestic tow'rs does grace
 The gods great mother, when her heav'nly race
 Do homage to her, yet she cannot boast
 Among that num'rous, and celestial host,
 More heroes than can Windsor, nor doth Fame's
 Immortal book record more noble names.

Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
 Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
 Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
 The British Arthur, or the Danish Knute,
 (Tho' this of old no less contest did move,
 Than when for Homer's birth sev'n cities strove ;
 Like him in birth, thou should'st be like in fame,
 As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame :)
 But whoso'er it was, Nature design'd
 First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
 Not to recount those sev'ral kings, to whom
 It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb ;
 But thee, great Edward, and thy greater son *,
 (The lilies which his father wore, he won)
 And thy Bellona †, who the comfort came
 Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame,
 She to thy triumph led one captive king ‡,
 And brought that son, which did the second bring.
 Then didst thou found that order (whether love
 Or victory thy royal thoughts did move)
 Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
 Than the design, has been the great success ;
 Which foreign kings, and emperors esteem
 The second honour to their diadem.
 Had thy great destiny but giv'n thee skill
 To know, as well as pow'r to act her will,
 That from those kings who then thy captives were,
 In after-times should spring a royal pair,
 Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,
 Or thy desires more mighty, did devour :
 To whom their better fate reserves whate'er
 The victor hopes for, or the vanquish'd fear ;

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.

† Queen Philippa.

‡ The Kings of France and Scotland.

That blood, which thou and thy great grandfire shed,
 And all that since these sister nations bled,
 Had been unpilt, had happy Edward known
 That all the blood he spilt had been his own.
 When he that patron chose in whom are join'd
 Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
 Within the azure circle, he did seem
 But to foretel, and prophesy of him,
 Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
 Which Nature for their bound at first design'd.
 That bound, which to the world's extremest ends,
 Endless itself, it's liquid arms extends,
 Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
 But is himself the soldier and the saint.
 Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
 But my fix'd thoughts my wand'ring eye betrays,
 Viewing a neighb'ring hill, whose top of late
 A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
 Th' adjoining abbey fell : (may no such storm
 Fall on our times, where ruin must reform !)
 Tell me, my Muse, what monstrous dire offence,
 What crime could any Christian king incense
 To such a rage ? Was't luxury, or lust ?
 Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just ?
 Were these their crimes ? They were his own much more ;
 But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor ;
 Who having spent the treasures of his crown,
 Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
 And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
 Of sacrilege, must bear devotion's name.
 No crime so bold, but would be understood
 A real, or at least a seeming good :
 Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
 And free from conscience, is a slave to fame :
 Thus he the church at once protects and spoils ;
 But princes swords are sharper than their styles.

And

And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did religion, in a lazy cell,
In empty, airy contemplations dwell;
And like the block, unmoved lay: but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temp'rate region can be known,
Betwixt their frigid, and our torrid zone?
Cou'd we not wake from that lethargick dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure,
But to be cast into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance?
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a false guide to err by day?
Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand,
What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring
This desolation, but a Christian king;
When nothing, but the name of zeal, appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs,
What does he think our sacrilege wou'd spare,
When such th' effects of our devotions are?
Parting from thence, 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,
Those for what's past, and this for what's too near,
My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays.
Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons,
By his old sire, to his embraces runs;
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Tho' with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold;
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore;

O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
 And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring.
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
 Like mothers which their infants overlay:
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
 Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
 No unexpected inundations spoil
 The mower's hopes, nor mock the plowman's toil;
 But godlike his unweary'd bounty flows;
 First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
 But free, and common, as the sea or wind;
 When he to boast, or to disperse his stores,
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
 Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
 Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants.
 So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
 While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
 O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme!
 Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
 Strong without rage, without o'er-flowing full.
 Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
 Whose fame in thine, like lesser currents lost;
 Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
 To shine among the stars*, and bathe the gods.
 Here Nature, whether more intent to please
 Us or herself, with strange varieties,
 (For things of wonder give no less delight
 To the wise maker's, than beholder's sight:
 Tho' these delights from sev'ral causes move;
 For so our children, thus our friends we love)

* The Forest.

Wifely

Wisely she knew, the harmony of things,
 As well as that of sounds, from discord springs,
 Such was the discord, which did first disperse
 Form, order, beauty, through the universe;
 While dryness, moisture, coldness, heat resists,
 All that we have, and that we are, subsists:
 While the steep horrid roughness of the wood,
 Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood;
 Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
 Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
 The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
 That had the self-enamour'd youth * gaz'd here,
 So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
 While he the bottom, not his face had seen.
 But his proud head the airy mountain hides
 Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
 A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
 Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows;
 While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat:
 The common fate of all that's high or great.
 Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
 Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd:
 Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
 While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;
 And in the mixture of all these, appears
 Variety, which all the rest endears.
 This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
 Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
 Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs, their dames;
 Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames!
 'Tis still the same, altho' their airy shape
 All but a quick poetick sight escape.
 There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
 And thither all the horned host resorts

* Narcissus.

To graze the ranker mead ; that noble herd,
 On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
 Nature's great master-piece ; to shew how soon
 Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
 Here have I seen the king, when great affairs
 Gave leave to slacken, and unbend his cares,
 Attended to the chase by all the flow'rs
 Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour ;
 Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,
 And wish a foe that would not only fly.
 The stag, now conscious of his fatal growth,
 At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
 To some dark covert his retreat had made,
 Where nor man's eye nor Heaven's should invade
 His soft repose ; when th' unexpected sound
 Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound :
 Rous'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
 Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
 Had giv'n this false alarm ; but straight his view
 Confirms, that more than all he fears is true.
 Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset ;
 All instruments, all arts of ruin met ;
 He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed ;
 His winged heels, and then his armed head ;
 With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet :
 But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
 So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
 Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry ;
 Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
 Their disproportion'd speed does recompense ;
 Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
 Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent.
 Then tries his friends : among the baser herd,
 Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
 His safety seeks ; the herd, unkindly wife,
 Or chafes him from thence, or from him flies.

Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
 To his friends pity, and pursuers scorn;
 With shame remembers, while himself was one
 Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
 Thence to the coverts, and the conscious groves;
 The scenes of his past triumphs, and his loves;
 Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone
 Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own;
 And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
 Combat to all, and bore away the dame;
 And taught the woods to echo to the stream
 His dreadful challenge, and his clashing beam.
 Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife;
 So much his love was dearer than his life.
 Now ev'ry leaf, and ev'ry moving breath,
 Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
 Weary'd, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last,
 All safety in despair of safety plac'd,
 Courage he thence resumes; resolv'd to bear
 All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
 And now too late he wishes, for the fight,
 That strength he wasted in ignoble flight:
 But when he sees the eager chace renew'd,
 Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursu'd;
 He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
 Repents his courage than his fear before;
 Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
 And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
 Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
 Nor speed, nor art avail, he shapes his course;
 Thinks not their rage so desperate t' assay
 An element more merciless than they;
 But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
 Quench their dire thirst—alas! they thirst for blood.
 So, tow'rd's a ship the oar-ann'd gallies ply,
 Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,

Stands

Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
 Tempt the last fury of extreme despair,
 So fares the flag, among th' enraged hounds,
 Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds.
 And as a hero, whom his baser foes
 In troops surround, now these assails, now those,
 Tho' prodigal of life, disdains to die
 By common hands; but if he can descry
 Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
 And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
 So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
 From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
 Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
 And stains the chrystal with a purple flood.
 This a more innocent, and happy chace,
 Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
 Fair Liberty pursu'd*, and meant a prey
 To lawless power, here turn'd, and stood at bay.
 When in that remedy all hope was plac'd
 Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
 Here was that charter seal'd†, wherein the crown
 All marks of arbitrary pow'r lays down;
 Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
 The happier style of king and subject bear:
 Happy, when both to the same centre move,
 When kings give liberty, and subjects love.
 Therefore, not long in force this charter stood;
 Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
 The subjects arm'd; the more their princes gave,
 Th' advantage only took, the more to crave;
 Till kings by giving, give themselves away,
 And e'en that pow'r, that should deny, betray.

* Runny-Mead, where that Great Charter was first sealed.

† Magna Charta.

• Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
 • Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but spoils
 Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
 First made their subjects, by oppression, bold;
 And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
 More than was fit for subjects to receive,
 Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
 Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
 When a calm river rais'd with sudden rains,
 Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
 The husbandmen, with high-raised banks, secure
 Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure:
 But if with bays and dams they strive to force
 His channel to a new or narrow course;
 No longer then within his banks he dwells,
 First to a torrent, then a deluge swells;
 Stronger and fiercer, by restraint he roars,
 And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his shores.

P O L L I O *;

AN ELEGIACK ODE.

WRITTEN IN THE WOOD NEAR R—— CASTLE, MDCCCLIII.

BY MR. MICKLE.

*Hæc Jovem sentire, Deosque cunctos
 Spem bonam certamque domum reporto.*

Hos.

THE peaceful evening breathes her balmy store,
 The playful school-boys wanton o'er the green;
 Where spreading poplars shade the cottage-door,
 The villagers in rustick joy convene.

• It has been often said, that Fiction is the most proper field for poetry. If it
 is always so, the writer of this little piece acknowledges it is a circumstance against
 him. The following Ode was first suggested, and the ideas contained in it raised,
 on revisiting the ruins and woods that had been the scene of his early amusements,
 with a deserving brother who died in his twenty-first year.

Amid

Amid the secret windings of the wood,
 With solemn Meditation let me stray;
 This is the hour when, to the wise and good,
 The heavenly maid repays the toils of day,

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale
 Whispers the gently-waving boughs among;
 The star of evening glimmers o'er the dale,
 And leads the silent host of heaven along.

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad height,
 The silver empress of the night appears!
 Yon limpid pool reflects a stream of light,
 And faintly in it's breast the woodland bears,

The waters tumbling o'er their rocky bed,
 Solemn and constant, from yon dell resound;
 The lonely hearths blaze o'er the distant glade;
 The bat, low-wheeling, skims the dusky ground,

August and hoary, o'er the sloping dale,
 The Gothick abbey rears it's sculptur'd towers;
 Dull through the roofs resounds the whistling gale,
 Dark Solitude among the pillars lours.

Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,
 And solemn shade a chapel's sad remains,
 Where yon scath'd poplar through the window waves,
 And, twining round, the hoary arch sustains;

There oft, at dawn, as one forgot behind,
 Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,
 Some hoary shepherd, o'er his staff reclin'd,
 Pores on the graves, and sighs a broken prayer.

High

High o'er the pines, that with their darkening shade
 Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears
 It's crumbling turrets: still it's towery head
 A warlike mien, a fallen grandeur wears.

So, midst the snow of age, a boastful air
 Still on the war-worn veteran's brow attends;
 Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,
 Tho' trembling o'er the feeble crutch he bends.

Wild round the gates the dusky wall-flowers creep,
 Where oft the knights the beauteous dames have led;
 Gone is the bower, the grot and ruin'd heap,
 Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.

'Twas here our fires, exulting from the fight,
 Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the lea,
 Eying their rescu'd fields with proud delight:
 Now lost to them!—and, ah! how chang'd to me!

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,
 The dear idea of my Pollio bring;
 So shone the moon through these soft nodding trees,
 When here we wander'd in the eves of spring.

When April's smiles the flowery lawn adorn,
 And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side;
 When fragrant orchards to the roseate morn
 Unfold their bloom, in heaven's own colours dy'd:

So fair a blossom gentle Pollio wore,
 These were the emblems of his healthful mind;
 To him the letter'd page display'd its lore,
 To him bright Fancy all her wealth resign'd;

Him,

Him, with her purest flames the Muse endow'd,
 Flames never to th' illiberal thought ally'd;
 The sacred sisters, led where Virtue glow'd
 In all her charms; he saw, he felt, and dy'd.

Oh, partner of my infant griefs and joys!
 Big with the scenes now past, my heart o'erflows;
 Bids each endearment, fair as once to rise,
 And dwells luxurious on her melting woes:

Oft with the rising sun, when life was new,
 Along the woodland have I roam'd with thee;
 Oft by the moon have brush'd the evening dew,
 When all was fearless innocence and glee.

The fainted well, where yon bleak hill declines,
 Has oft been conscious of those happy hours;
 But now the hill, the river crown'd with pines,
 And fainted well, have lost their cheering powers.

For thou art gone. My guide, my friend! oh, where,
 Where hast thou fled, and left me here behind!
 My tenderest wish, my heart to thee was bare,
 Oh, now cut off each passage to thy mind!

How dreary is the gulph! how dark, how void,
 The trackless shotes that never were repaid!
 Dread separation! on the depth untry'd,
 Hope falters, and the soul recoils aghast!

Wide round the spacious heavens I cast my eyes,
 And shall these stars glow with immortal fire?
 Still shine the lifeless glories of the skies!
 And could thy bright, thy living soul expire!

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

Far be the thought! The pleasures most sublime,
The glow of friendship, and the virtuous tear,
The towering wish that scorns the bounds of time,
Chill'd in this vale of death, but languish here:

So plant the vine on Norway's wintry land,
The languid stranger scably buds, and dies:
Yet there's a clime where Virtue shall expand
With godlike strength beneath her native skies!

The lonely shepherd on the mountain's side,
With patience waits the rosy opening day;
The mariner at midnight's darksome tide,
With cheerful hope expects the morning ray!

Thus I, on life's storm-beaten ocean tofr'd,
In mental vision view the happy shore,
Where Pollio beckons to the peaceful coast,
Where fate and death divide the friends no more!

Oh, that some kind, some pitying kindred shade,
Who now, perhaps, frequents this solemn grove,
Would tell the awful secrets of the dead,
And from my eyes the mortal film remove!

Vain is the wish—yet surely not in vain
Man's bosom glows with that celestial fire,
Which scorns earth's luxuries, which smiles at pain,
And wings his spirit with sublime desire!

To fan this spark of Heaven, this ray divine,
Still, O my soul! still be thy dear employ;
Still thus to wander thro' the shades be thine,
And swell thy breast with visionary joy!

So to the dark-brow'd wood, or sacred mount,
In ancient days, the holy seers retir'd ;
And, led in vision, drank at Siloe's fount,
While rising extasies their bosoms fir'd :

Restor'd creation bright before them rose,
The burning desarts smil'd as Eden's plains,
One friendly shade the wolf and lambkin chose,
The flowery mountain sung, ' Messiah reigns !'

Tho' fainter raptures my cold breast inspire,
Yet let me oft frequent this solemn scene ;
Oft to the abbey's shatter'd walls retire,
What time the moonshine dimly gleams between :

There, where the cros in hoary ruin nods,
And weeping yews o'er shade the letter'd stones,
While midnight silence wraps these drear abodes,
And soothes me wandering o'er my kindred bones ;

Let kindled Fancy view the glorious morn,
When from the bursting graves the just shall rise,
All Nature smiling, and by angels borne,
Messiah's cros far blazing o'er the skies !

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

BY DR. SMOLLETT.

STROPHE.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share !
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,

T t

Immortal

Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in ev'ry varying clime ;
What time the iron-hearted Gaul

With frantick Superstition for his guide,
Arm'd with the dagger and the pail,

The sons of Woden to the field defy'd ;
The ruthless hag, by Wæter's flood,

In Heaven's name urg'd th' infernal blow,

And red the stream began to flow :

The vanquish'd were baptiz'd with blood *.

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled

From altars stain'd with human gore ;

And Liberty his routed legions led

In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore :

There in a cave asleep she lay,

Lull'd by the hoarse resounding mutins.

When a bold savage pass'd that way,

Impell'd by destiny, his name Disdain.

Of ample front the portly chief appear'd ;

The hunted bear supply'd a shaggy vest,

The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard,

And his broad shoulders bear'd the furious blast.

He stopp'd ; he gaz'd ; his bosom glow'd.

And deeply felt th' impression of her charms :

He seiz'd th' advantage Fate allow'd,

And straight compress'd her in his vigorous arms.

STROPHE.

The curliu scream'd ; the weapons blow

Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite ;

Old Time exulted as he flew ;

And Independence saw the light.

* *Baptiz'd with blood, &c.* Charlemagne obliged four thousand Saxon prisoners to embrace the Christian religion, and immediately after they were baptized, ordered their throats to be cut. Their Prince Vitikind fled for shelter to Gotrick King of Denmark.

The light he saw in Albion's happy plains ;
 Where, under cover of a flowering thorn,
 While Philomel renew'd her warbled strains,
 Th' auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was born.
 The mountain dryads seiz'd with joy
 The smiling infant to their charge consign'd ;
 The Dorick Muse caress'd the fav'rite boy ;
 The hermit, Wisdom, stor'd his op'ning mind.
 As rolling years matur'd his age,
 He flourish'd bold and sinewy as his fire ;
 While the mild passions in his breast assuage
 The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplish'd thus, he wing'd his way,
 And zealous rouz'd from pole to pole,
 The rolls of right eternal to display,
 And warm with patriot thoughts th' aspiring soul.
 On desert isles * 'twas he that rais'd
 Those spires that gild th' Adriatick wave,
 Where tyranny beheld amaz'd
 Fair Freedom's temple, where he mark'd her grave.
 He steel'd the blunt Bardavian's arms
 To burst th' Iberian's double chain † ;
 And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
 Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.
 He, with the generous rusticks, ‡ fate
 On Uris' rocks in close divan †,
 And wing'd that arrow sure as fate
 Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of man.

* *On desert isles, &c.*] Although Venice was built a considerable time before the era here assigned for the birth of Independence, the Republic had not yet attained to any great degree of power and splendour.

† *To burst th' Iberian's double chain, &c.*] The Low Countries were not only oppressed by grievous taxations, but likewise threatened with the establishment of the inquisition, when the Seven Provinces revolted, and shook off the yoke of Spain.

‡ *On Uris' rocks, &c.*] Alluding to the known story of William Tell and his associates, the fathers and founders of the Confederacy of the Swiss Cantons.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd *,
 Where blasted Nature pants supine,
 Conductor of her tribes adust,
 To Freedom's adamant shrine;
 And many a Tartar hord forlorn, aghast †,
 He snatch'd from under fell Oppression's wing;
 And taught, amidst the dreary waste,
 Th' all-chearing hymns of Liberty to sing.
 He virtue finds, like precious ore,
 Diffus'd thro' ev'ry baser mould;
 E'en now he stands on Calvis' rocky shore,
 And turns the dross of Corsica to gold ‡.
 He, guardian genius, taught my youth
 Pomp's tinsel'd liv'ry to despise:
 My lips by him chafis'd to truth
 Ne'er paid that homage which the heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never tread
 Where varnish'd vice and vanity combin'd,
 To dazzle and seduce their banners spread,
 And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind:
 Where Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
 And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow,
 And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
 Full often wreath'd around the miscreant's brow:

* *Arabia's scorching sands, &c.*] The Arabs, rather than resign their independency, have often abandoned their habitations, and encountered all the horrors of the desert.

† *And many a Tartar hord, &c.*] From the tyranny of Jeughis-Khan, Timar-Bec, and other eastern conquerors, whole tribes of Tartars were used to fly into the remotest wastes of Cathay, where no army would follow them.

‡ *And turns the dross of Corsica, &c.*] The noble stand made by Paschal Paoli and his associates against the usurpation of the French king, must endear them to all the sons of liberty and independence.

Wherever

Wherever dimpling Falshood, pert and vain,
 Presents her cup of state profession's froth,
 And 'pale Disease, with all his blasted train,
 Torments the sons of Gluttony and Sloth.

STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
 With either India's glittering spoils oppress'd :
 So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd pride,
 That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
 For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
 And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string ;
 Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay,
 And all her gingling bells fantastick Folly ring :
 Disquiet, doubt, and dread shall intervene ;
 And Nature, still to all her feelings just,
 In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
 Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts,
 By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,
 Where the pois'd lark his evening ditty chaunts,
 And Health and Peace, and Contemplation, dwell.
 There Study shall with Solitude recline,
 And Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains ;
 And Toil and Temperance sedately twine
 The slender chord that fluttering life sustains ;
 And fearless Poverty shall guard the door,
 And Taste unspoil'd the frugal table spread ;
 And Industry supply the humble store,
 And Sleep unbrib'd his dews refreshing shed :
 White-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,
 Shall chase far off the goblins of the night,
 And Independence o'er the day preside,
 Propitious power ! my patron and my pride !

ODE TO A SINGING BIRD.

BY MR. RICHARDSON.

O Thou that glad'st my lonesome hours
 With many a wildly warbled song,
 When Melancholy round me lours,
 And drives her fullen forms along;
 When fell Adversity prepares
 To lead her delegated train,
 Pale Sicknefs, Want, Remorse, and Pain,
 With all her host of carking cares;
 The fiends ordain'd to tame the human soul,
 And give the humbled heart to Sympathy's controul!

Sweet soother of my misery, say,
 Why dost thou clap thy joyous wing?
 Why dost thou pour that artless lay?
 How canst thou, little prisoner, sing?
 Hast thou not cause to grieve
 That man, un pitying man! has rent
 From thee the boon which Nature meant
 Thou should'st, as well as he, receive?
 The power to woo thy partner in the grove;
 To build where instinct points; where chance directs, to rove.

Perchance, unconscious of thy fate,
 And to the woes of bondage blind,
 Thou never long'st to join thy mate,
 Nor wishest to be unconfin'd;
 Then how relentless he,
 And fit for every foul offence,
 Who could bereave such innocent
 Of life's best blessing, Liberty!
 Who lur'd thee, guileful, to his treacherous snare,
 To live a tuneful slave, and dissipate his care!

But

But why for thee this fond complaint?
 Above thy master thou art blest'd!
 Art thou not free?—Yes; calm Content,
 With olive sceptre, sways thy breast:
 Then deign with me to live;
 The falcon with insatiate maw,
 With hooked bill and gripping claw,
 Shall ne'er thy destiny contrive;
 And every tabby foe shall mew in vain,
 While pensively demure she hears thy melting strain.

Nor shall the fiend, fell Famine, dare
 Thy wiry tenement assail;
 These, these shall be my constant care,
 The limpid fount, and temp'rate meal:
 And when the blooming spring
 In chequer'd liv'ry robes the fields,
 The fairest flowers Nature yields
 To thee officious will I bring;
 A garland rich thy dwelling shall entwine,
 And Flora's freshest gifts, thrice happy bird! be thine.

From drear Oblivion's gloomy cave
 The powerful Muse shall wrest thy name,
 And bid thee live beyond the grave;
 This meed she knows thy merits claim:
 She knows thy liberal heart
 Is ever ready to dispense
 The tide of bland Benevolence,
 And Melody's soft aid impart;
 Is ready still to prompt the magick lay,
 Which hushes all our griefs, and charms our pains away.

Erewhile,

Erewhile, when brooding o'er my soul
 Frown'd the black demons of Despair,
 Did not thy voice that power controul,
 And oft suppress the rising tear ?
 If Fortune should be kind,
 If e'er with affluence I'm blest'd,
 I'll often seek some friend distressed ;
 And when the weeping wretch I find,
 Then, tuneful moralist, I'll copy thee,
 And solace all his woes with social sympathy !

E L E G I E S.

BY DR. DELAP.

E L E G Y I.

AH, stay !—Thy wand oblivious o'er my eyes !
 Yet wave, mild power of sleep !—My prayer is vain !
 She flies ; the partial nurse of Nature flies,
 With all her soothing, visionary train !

Then let me forth, and near yon flowering thorn
 Taste heaven's pure breath ; while, rob'd in amber vest,
 Fresh from her watery couch, the youthful morn
 Steals on the slumbers of the drowzy east.

Lo ! at her presence, the strong arm of toil,
 With glittering sickle mows the prime of May ;
 While yon poor hirelings, for the mine's rude soil,
 Leave to their sleeping babes their cots of clay.

With sturdy step, they chearly whistle o'er
 The path that flings across the reedy plain,
 To the deep caverns of that yawning moor,
 Whose shaggy breast abhors the golden grain.

There,

There, in her green dress, Nature never roves,
Spreads the gay lawn, nor lifts the lordly pine;
They see no melting clouds refresh the groves,
No living landscape drawn by Hands Divine:

But many a fathom from the sunny breeze,
Their painful way in central night they wear;
Heave the pik'd axes on their bended knees,
Or, side-long, the rough quarry slowly tear.

Yet while damp vapours chill each reeking brow,
How loudly laughs the jovial voice of mirth;
Pleas'd that the wages of the day allow
A social blaze to cheer their evening hearth!

There the chaste housewife, with maternal care,
Her thrifty distaff spins, in grave attire;
Bless'd to behold her ruddy offspring wear
The full resemblance of their sturdy fire.

To spread with such coarse fare their homely board
As fits the genius of their little fate,
Free from those ills that haunt their pamper'd lord:
To be unhappy, we must first be great.

In these dark caves, where Heav'n's paternal hand,
Far from the world their private cradle laid,
They toil secure; the storms that strike the land
With wild dismay, roll harmless o'er their head.

For who, the load of weary life to bear,
Wou'd from these murky mansions chase the slave?
Who cease to breathe Heav'n's pure and cheerful air,
To be but living tenants of the grave?

Yet haras'd as they are, their face still wears
 The reverend comeliness of green old age ;
 No stains their mind from worldly science bears :
 Their ray of knowledge gleams from Nature's page.

The few plain rules her simple lessons give,
 They still thro' life with pleas'd attention ply ;
 Their helpless offspring bid them wish to live,
 Their breathless parents bid them learn to die.

And surely Heaven, whose penetrating sight
 Pierces the soul, and reads it's inmost groan,
 Must see Content, with more sincere delight,
 Toil in the mine, than triumph on the throne.

See Charles *, more pleas'd, within the convent's gloom,
 Seeking the slaves calm nights, their temp'rate days,
 And peaceful passage to the private tomb,
 Than diadem'd with glory's crimson rays.

E'en the proud sage, whose deep mysterious brain
 Has reason'd all the balm of hope away ;
 Convinc'd that learning's but ingenious pain,
 Might hail their happier lot, and sighing say—

‘ O had I thus, within the dark profound,
 ‘ By daily labour earn'd my daily food ;
 ‘ Or with yon seedman sow'd the quick'ning ground,
 ‘ Or cleav'd with ponderous axe the groaning wood !

‘ Full many an hour, that now, tho' sped with art,
 ‘ On slow and dusky pinions fullen flies ;
 ‘ Full many an anxious with, or pang of heart,
 ‘ That Reason's boasted anodyne defies,

* Charles V. of Spain, who in the full blaze of his glory resigned the throne to his son Philip, and retir'd to a convent in Estremadura.

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

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- ‘ Had ne’er been born. Nor had th’ uneasy mind,
‘ Pent in the prison of this mortal mould,
- ‘ Felt it’s ethereal energy confin’d,
‘ It’s brightest sunshine in dark clouds enroll’d.
- ‘ But native sense her modest course had run ;
‘ Her faintly lustre untaught virtue spread ;
- ‘ Health crown’d my toils ; and, ere the day was done,
‘ Sound sleep beneath some alder’s rustling shade.
- ‘ Then, as I stole down life’s declining hill,
‘ Here nature’s gifts had furnish’d nature’s needs ;
- ‘ The brook’s cold beverage every latent ill
‘ Had starv’d, that cloyster’d Contemplation feeds.
- ‘ Till in the peaceful shade of this lone bower,
‘ Or near yon shatter’d tower, in silence laid,
- ‘ The orient orb, that watch’d my natal hour,
‘ Had brightly glitter’d o’er my mouldering head.’

E L E G Y II.

TO SICKNESS.

HOW blythe the flowery graces of the spring
From Nature’s wardrobe come: and hark how gay
Each glittering insect, hovering on the wing,
Sings it’s glad welcome to the fields of May!

They gaze with greedy eye each beauty o’er ;
They suck the sweet breath of the blushing rose ;
Sport in the gale, or sip the rainbow shower :
Their life’s short day no pause of pleasure knows.

Like their's, dread Power, my chearful morn display'd
 The flattering promise of a golden noon;
 Till each gay cloud, that sportive Nature spread,
 Died in the gloom of thy distemper'd frown.

Yes; ere I told my two and twentieth year,
 Swift from thy quiver flew the deadly dart;
 Harmless it pass'd 'mid many a blythe compeer,
 And found it's fated entrance near my heart,

Pale as I lay beneath thy ebon wand,
 I saw them rove thro' Pleasure's flow'ry field;
 I saw Health paint them with her rosy hand,
 Eager to burst my bonds, but forc'd to yield.

Yet while this mortal cot of mouldering clay
 Shakes at the stroke of thy tremendous power,
 Ah, must the transient tenant of a day
 Bear the rough blast of each tempestuous hour!

Say, shall the terrors thy pale flag unfolds,
 Too rigid queen! unnerve the soul's bright powers;
 Till with a joyless smile the eye beholds
 Art's magick charms, and Nature's fairy bowers!

No; let me follow still, those bowers among,
 Her flowery footsteps, as the goddess goes;
 Let me, just lifted 'bove th' unletter'd throng,
 Read the few books the learned few compose:

And suffer, when thy awful pleasure calls
 The soul to share her frail companion's smart;
 Yet suffer me to taste the balm that falls
 From Friendship's tongue, so sweet upon the heart.

Then,

Then, tho' each trembling nerve confess thy frown,
 E'en till this anxious being shall become
 But a brief name upon a little stone,
 Without one murmur I embrace my doom,

For many a virtue, shelter'd from mankind,
 Lives calm with thee, and lord o'er each desire ;
 And many a feeble frame, whose mighty mind
 Each muse has touch'd with her immortal fire.

E'en he *, sole terror of a venal age,
 The tuneful bard, whose philosophick soul,
 With such bright radiance glow'd on Virtue's page,
 Learn'd many a lesson from thy moral school.

He too †, who ' mounts, and keeps his distant way,
 His daring mind thy humanizing glooms
 Have temper'd with a melancholy ray,
 And taught to warble 'mid the village tombs.

Yes, goddess ; to thy temple's deep recess
 I come ; and lay for ever at it's door
 The syren throng of Follies numberless,
 Nor wish their flattering songs should soothe me more.

Thy decent garb shall o'er my limbs be spread,
 Thy hand shall lead me to thy sober train,
 Who here retir'd, with pensive Pleasure tread
 The silent windings of thy dark domain.

Hither the cherub Charity shall fly
 From her bright orb, and brooding o'er my mind,
 For misery raise a sympathizing sigh,
 Pardon for foes, and love for human kind :

* Mr. Pope. † Mr. Gray.

Then, while Ambition's trump, from age to age,
 It's slaughter'd millions boasts ; while Fame shall rear
 Her deathless trophies o'er the bard and sage,
 Be mine the widow's sigh, the orphan's prayer !

D E A T H.

BY CHARLES EMILY, ESQ.

I.

THE festive roar of laughter, the warm glow
 Of brisk-ey'd joy, and friendship's genial bowl,
 Wit's season'd converse, and the liberal flow
 Of unsuspicious youth, profuse of soul,
 Delight not ever ; from the boisterous scene
 Of riot far, and Comus' wild uproar,
 From Folly's crowd, whose vacant brow serene
 Was never knit to Wisdom's frowning lore,
 Permit me, ye time-hallow'd domes, ye piles
 Of rude magnificence, your solemn rest,
 Amid your fretted vaults and length'ning isles,
 Lonely to wander ; no unholy guest,
 That means to break, with sacrilegious tread,
 The marble slumbers of your monumented dead.

II.

Permit me with sad musings, that inspire
 Unlabour'd numbers apt, your silence drear
 Blameless to wake, and with th'Orphean lyre
 Fitly attemper'd, soothe the merciless ear
 Of Hades, and stern Death, whose iron sway
 Great Nature owns thro' all her wide domain ;
 All that with oary fin cleave their smooth way
 Thro' the green bosom of the spawnny main,

And

And those that to the streaming ether spread,
 In many a wheeling glide, their feathery fail ;
 And those that creep ; and those that statelier tread,
 That roam o'er forest, hill, or browzed dale ;
 The victims each of ruthless fate must fall ;
 E'en God's own image, Man, high paramount of all.

III.

And ye, the young, the giddy, and the gay,
 That startle from the sleepful lid of light
 The curtain'd rest, and with the dissonant bray
 Of Bacchus, and loud jollity, affright
 Yon radiant goddess, that now shoots among
 These many-window'd isles her glimmering beam ;
 Know, that or ere it's starr'd career along
 Thrice shall have roll'd her silvery-wheeled team,
 Some parent breast may heave the answering sigh,
 To the slow pauses of the funeral knoll ;
 E'en now black Atropos, with scowling eye,
 Roars in the laugh, and revels o'er the bowl,
 E'en now in rosy-crowned Pleasure's wreath
 Entwines in adder folds all unsuspected Death.

IV.

Know, on the stealing wing of time shall flee
 Some few, some short-liv'd years—and all is past ;
 A future bard these awful domes may see,
 Muse o'er the present age as I the last ;
 Who mouldering in the grave, yet once like you
 The various maze of life were seen to tread,
 Each bent their own peculiar to pursue,
 As custom urg'd, or wilful nature led ;
 Mix'd with the various crowd's inglorious clay,
 The nobler virtues undistinguish'd lie ;
 No more to melt with Beauty's heav'n-born ray,
 No more to wet Compassion's tearful eye,
 Catch from the poet raptures not their own,
 And feel the thrilling melody of sweet renown.

V. Where

V.

Where is the master-hand, whose semblant art
 Chisell'd the marble into life, or taught
 From the well-pencil'd portraiture to start
 The nerve that beat with soul, the brow that thought !
 Cold are the fingers that in stone-fix'd trance
 The mute-attention rivetting, to the lyre
 Struck language : dimm'd the poet's quick-ey'd glance,
 All in wild raptures flashing heaven's own fire.
 Shrunk is the finew'd energy, that strung
 The warrior arm ! Where sleeps the patriot breast
 Whilome that heav'd impassion'd ! where the tongue
 That lanc'd it's-lightning on the towering crest
 Of scepter'd insolence, and overthrew
 Giant Oppression, leagu'd with all her earth-born crew !

VI.

These now are past : long, long, ye fleeting years,
 Pursue, with glory-wing'd, your fated way,
 Ere from the womb of time unwelcome peers
 The dawn of that inevitable day ;
 When wrapt in shrouded clay their warmest friend
 The widow'd virtues shall again deplore,
 When o'er his urn in pious grief shall bend
 His Britain, and bewail one patriot more ;
 For soon must thou, too soon ! who spread'st abroad
 Thy beaming emanations unconfin'd,
 Doom'd, like some better angel sent of God
 To scatter blessings over humankind,
 Thou too must fall, O Pitt ! to shine no more,
 And tread those dreadful paths a Faulkland trod before !

VII.

Fast to the driving winds the marshal'd clouds
 Sweep discontinuous o'er th' etherial plain ;
 Another still upon another crouds,
 All hastening downward to their native main.

Thus

Thus passes o'er, thro' varied life's career,
 Man's fleeting age; the seasons, as they fly,
 Snatch from us in their course, year after year,
 Some sweet connection, some endearing tie.
 The parent, ever-honour'd; ever dear,
 Claims from the filial breast the pious sigh;
 A brother's urn demands the kindred tear,
 And gentle sorrows gush from Friendship's eye.
 To-day we frolick in the rosy bloom
 Of jocund youth—the morrow knells us to the tomb.

VIII.

Who knows how soon, in this sepulchral spot,
 Shall Heaven to me the drear abode assign?
 How soon the past irrevocable lot
 Of these that rest beneath me, shall be mine?
 Haply, when Zephyr to thy native bourn
 Shall waft thee o'er the storm'd Hibernian wave,
 Thy gentle breast, my Tavistock *, shall mourn
 To find me sleeping in the senseless grave.
 No more the social leisure to divide,
 In the sweet intercourse of soul and soul,
 Blythe, or of graver brow; no more to chide
 The ling'ring years impatient as they roll,
 Till all thy cultur'd virtues shall display,
 Full blossom'd, their bright honours to the gazing day.

IX.

Ah, dearest youth! these vows, perhaps unheard,
 The rude wind scatters o'er the billowy main;
 These prayers, at Friendship's holy shrine preferr'd,
 May rise to grasp their father's knees in vain.

* Francis, Marquis of Tavistock, only son to the Duke of Bedford; whose death, which happened on the 22d of March 1767, was occasioned by a fall from his horse, which he received while hunting a few days before.—Mr. Emily was Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and had been tutor to the Marquis: he died in the year 1762, being then Major of the Surry militia; five years before the melancholy accident which deprived the world of his noble and universally lamented pupil.

Soon, soon may nod the sad funereal plume
 With solemn horror o'er thy timeless hearse,
 And I survive to grave upon thy tomb
 The mournful tribute of memorial verse !
 That leave to Heaven's decision : be it thine,
 Higher than yet a parent's wishes flew,
 To soar in bright pre-eminence, and shine
 With self-earn'd honours, eager to pursue,
 Where glory, with her clear unfully'd rays,
 The well-born spirit lights to deeds of mightiest praise.

X.

'Twas she thy god-like Russel's bosom steel'd
 With confidence untam'd, in his last breath
 Stern-smiling. She, with calm composure, held
 The patriot axe of Sidney, edg'd with death.
 Smit with the warmth of her impulsive flame,
 Wolfe's gallant virtue flies to worlds afar,
 Emulous to pluck fresh wreaths of well-earn'd fame
 From the grim frowning brow of laurel'd war.
 'Twas she, that on the morn of direful birth,
 Bare'd thy young bosom to the fatal blow,
 Lamented Armytage * ! the bleeding youth !
 O bathe him in the pearly caves below,
 Ye Nereids and ye Nymphs of Camus hoar,
 Weep—for ye oft have seen him on your haunted shore.

XI.

Better to die with glory than recline
 On the soft lap of ignominious peace,
 Than yawn out the dull droning life supine
 In monkish apathy and gowned ease.
 Better employ'd, in honour's bright career,
 The least division on the dial's round,
 Than thrice to compass Saturn's live-long year,
 Grown old in sloth, the burden of the ground,

* Sir John Armytage, member of parliament for the city of York, who was killed at St. Cas, in the year 1758.

Than

Than tug with sweating toil the slavish oar
 Of unredeem'd affliction, and sustain
 The fev'rous rage of fierce diseases fore
 Unnumber'd, that in sympathetick chain
 Hang ever thro' the thick circumfluous air,
 All from the drizzly verge of yonder star-girt sphere.

XII.

Thick in the many-beaten road of life,
 A thousand maladies are posted round,
 With wretched man to wage eternal strife
 Unseen, like ambush'd Indians, till they wound.
 There the swoln Hydrop stands, the wat'ry Rheum,
 The Northern Scurvy, Blotch with lep'rous scale;
 And moping ever in the cloister'd gloom:
 Of learned Sloth, the bookish Asthma pale:
 And the shunn'd Hag unfightly, that ordain'd
 On Europe's sons to wreak the faithless sword
 Of Cortez, with the blood of millions stain'd,
 O'er dog-ey'd lust the tort'ring scourge abhor'd
 Shakes threat'ning; since the while she wing'd her flight
 From Amazon's broad wave, and Andes' snow-clad height.

XIII.

Where the wan daughter of the yellow year,
 The chatt'ring Ague chill, the writhing Stone,
 And he of ghastly feature, on whose ear
 Unheeded croaks the death-bird's warning moan,
 Marasmus; knotty Gout; and the dead life
 Of nerveless Palsy; there, on purpose fell
 Dark brooding, whets his interdicted knife,
 Grim Suicide, the damned fiend of hell.
 There, too, is the stunn'd Apoplexy pight*,
 The bloated child of gorg'd Intemperance foul;
 Self-wasting Melancholy, black as night
 Louring, and foaming fierce with hideous howl

* Placed.

The dog Hydrophoby, and near allied
Scar'd Madnefs, with her moon-struck eye-balls staring wide.

XIV.

There, stretch'd one huge, beneath the rocky mine *,
With boiling fulphur fraught, and smouldering fires ;
He, the dread delegate of Wrath Divine,
E'er while that stood o'er Taio's hundred spires
Vindictive ; thrice he wav'd th' earth-shaking wand,
Powerful as that the son of Amram bore,
And thrice he rais'd, and thrice he check'd his hand.
He struck, the rocking ground with thund'rous roar
Yawn'd ! Here from street to street hurries, and there
Now runs, now stops, then shrieks and scours amain,
Staring Distraction : many a palace fair,
With millions sinks ingulph'd, and pillar'd fane ;
Old Ocean's farthest waves confess the shock ;
E'en Albion trembled, conscious, on his stedfast rock.

XV.

The meagre Famine there ; and, drunk with blood,
Stern War ; and the loath'd monster, whom of yore
The slimy Naiad of the Memphian flood
Engend'ring, to the bright-hair'd Phœbus bore,
Foul Pestilence, that on the wide-stretch'd wings
Of Commerce speeds from Cairo's swarthy bay
His westering flight, and thro' the sick air flings
Spotted Contagion ; at his heels Dismay
And Desolation urge their fire-wheel'd yoke
Terrible ; as long of old, when from the height
Of Paran came unwrath'd the Mightiest, shook
Earth's firm fix'd base tottering ; thro' the black night
Glanc'd the flash'd lightnings ; heaven's rent roof abroad
Thunder'd ; and universal nature felt it's God.

* Alluding to the earthquake at Lisbon.

XVI. Who

XVI.

Who on that scene of terror, on that hour
 Of roused indignation, shall withstand
 Th' Almighty, when he meditates to shower
 The bursting vengeance o'er a guilty land !
 Canst thou, secure in Reason's vaunted pride,
 Tongue-doughty miscreant, who but now didst gore
 With more than Hebrew rage th' innocent side
 Of agonizing mercy, bleeding sore ;
 Canst thou confront, with stedfast eye unaw'd,
 The sworded judgment stalking far and near ?
 Well may'st thou tremble, when an injur'd God
 Disclaims thee—guilt is ever quick of fear—
 Loud whirlwinds howl in Zephyr's softest breath ;
 And every glancing meteor glares imagin'd death.

XVII.

The good alone are fearless, they alone
 Firm and collected in their virtue, brave
 The wreck of worlds, and look unshrinking down
 On the dread yawnings of the rav'nous grave :
 Thrice happy ! who the blameless road along
 Of honest praise hath reach'd the vale of death ;
 Around him, like ministrant cherubs, throng
 His better actions ; to the parting breath
 Singing their blessed requiems ; he the while
 Gently reposing on some friendly breast,
 Breathes out his benisons ; then with a smile
 Of soft complacence, lays him down to rest,
 Calm as the slumbering infant : from the goal
 Free and unbounded flies the disembod'd soul,

XVIII.

Whether some delegated charge below,
 Some much-lov'd friend it's hovering care may claim,
 Whether it heaven-ward soars, again to know
 That long-forgotten country whence it came ;

Conjecture

Conjecture ever, the misfeatur'd child
 Of letter'd arrogance, delights to run
 Thro' Speculation's puzzling mazes wild,
 And all to end at last where it begun.
 Fain would we trace, with Reason's erring clue,
 The darksome paths of destiny aright :
 In vain ; the task were easier to pursue
 The trackless wheelings of the swallow's flight,
 From mortal ken himself th' Almighty shrouds,
 Pavilion'd in thick night and circumambient clouds.

THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST,

AS IT IS REPRESENTED ON THE EAST WINDOW OF WIN-
 CHESTER COLLEGE CHAPEL.

WRITTEN WHEN AT WINTON SCHOOL.

BY DR. LOWTH.

AT once to raise our reverence and delight,
 To elevate the mind, and please the sight,
 To pour in virtue at th' attentive eye,
 And waft the soul on wings of extasy ;
 For this the painter's art with nature vies,
 And bids the visionary saint arise ;
 Who views the sacred forms in thought aspires,
 Catches pure zeal, and, as he gazes, fires ;
 Feels the same ardour to his breast convey'd,
 Is what he sees, and emulates the shade.

Thy strokes, great Artist, so sublime appear,
 They check our pleasure with an awful fear ;
 While, thro' the mortal line, the God you trace,
 Author himself, and Heir of Jesse's race ;
 In raptures we admire thy bold design,
 And, as the subject, own the hand divine.
 While thro' thy work the rising day shall stream,
 So long shall last thy honour, praise, and name.

And

And may thy labours to the Muse impart
Some emanation from her sister art,
To animate the verse, and bid it shine
In colours easy, bright, and strong, as thine.

Supine on earth an awful figure lies,
While softest slumbers seem to seal his eyes;
The hoary sire Heaven's guardian care demands,
And at his feet the watchful angel stands.
The form august and large, the mien divine,
Betray the founder of Messiah's line *.
Lo! from his loins the promis'd stem ascends,
And high to Heaven it's sacred boughs extends:
Each limb productive of some hero springs,
And blooms luxuriant with a race of kings.
Th' eternal plant wide spreads it's arms around,
And with the mighty Branch the mystick top is crown'd.

And lo! the glories of th' illustrious line,
At their first dawn with ripen'd splendours shine,
In David all express'd; the good, the great,
The king, the hero, and the man compleat.
Serene he sits, and sweeps the golden lyre,
And blends the prophet's with the poet's fire.
See! with what art he strikes the vocal strings,
The God, his theme, inspiring what he sings!
Hark! or our ears delude us; from his tongue
Sweet flows, or seems to flow, some heavenly song.
O! could thine art arrest the fleeting sound,
And paint the voice in magick numbers bound;
Could the warm sun, as erst when Memnon play'd,
Wake with his rising beam the vocal shade:
Then might he draw th' attentive angels down,
Bending to hear the lay, so sweet, so like their own.
On either side the monarch's offspring shine,
And some adorn, and some disgrace their line.

* Jesse.

Here

Here Ammon glories ; proud, incestuous lord !
 This hand sustains the robe, and that the sword.
 Frowning and fierce, with haughty strides he tow'rs,
 And on his horrid brow defiance lours.
 There Absalom the ravish'd sceptre sways,
 And his stol'n honour all his shame displays :
 The base usurper youth ! who joins in one
 The rebel subject, and th' ungrateful son.

Amid the royal race, see Nathan stand :
 Fervent he seems to speak, and lift his hand ;
 His looks th' emotion of his soul disclose,
 And eloquence from ev'ry gesture flows.
 Such, and so stern he came, ordain'd to bring
 Th' ungrateful mandate to the guilty king :
 When, at his dreadful voice, a sudden smart
 Shot thro' the trembling monarch's conscious heart ;
 From his own lips condemn'd ; severe decree !
 Had his God prov'd so stern a Judge as he.
 But man with frailty is ally'd by birth ;
 Consummate purity ne'er dwelt on earth :
 Thro' all the soul tho' virtue holds the rein,
 Beats at the heart, and springs at ev'ry vein ;
 Yet ever from the clearest source have ran
 Some gross alloy, some tincture of the man.

But who is he—deep musing ? In his mind
 He seems to weigh, in Reason's scales, mankind :
 Fix'd Contemplation holds his steady eyes !—
 I know the sage ; the wisest of the wise *.
 Bless'd with all man could wish, or prince obtain,
 Yet his great heart pronounc'd those blessings vain.
 And lo ! bright glittering in his sacred hands,
 In miniature the glorious temple stands.
 Effulgent frame ! stupendous to behold !
 Gold the strong valves, the roof of burnish'd gold ;

* Solomon.

The wandering ark, in that bright dome inshrin'd,
 Spreads the strong light, eternal, unconfin'd !
 Above, th' unutterable glory plays ;
 Presence Divine ! and the full-streaming rays
 Pour thro' reluctant crowds intolerable blaze.

But stern oppression rends Reboam's reign ;
 See the gay prince, injurious, proud, and vain !
 Th' imperial sceptre totters in his hand,
 And proud rebellion triumphs in the land.
 Curs'd with corruption's ever-fruitful spring,
 A beardless senate, and a haughty king.

There Afa, good and great, the sceptre bears,
 Justice attends his peace, success his wars :
 While Virtue was his sword, and Heaven his shield,
 Without controul the warrior swept the field ;
 Loaded with spoils, triumphant he return'd,
 And half her swarthy sons sad Ethiopia mourn'd.
 But since thy flagging piety decay'd,
 And barter'd God's defence for human aid ;
 See their fair laurels wither on thy brow !
 Nor herbs nor healthful arts avail thee now ;
 Nor is Heaven chang'd, apostate prince, but thou !
 No mean atonement does this lapse require ;
 But see the son, you must forgive the fire :
 He, the just prince, with ev'ry virtue blest'd,
 He reign'd, and goodness all the man possess'd ;
 Around his throne fair happiness and peace
 Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and smil'd in ev'ry face.
 As when along the burning waste he stray'd,
 Where no pure streams in bubbling mazes play'd,
 Where Drought, incumbent on the thirsty ground,
 Long since had breath'd her scorching blasts around ;
 The prophet † calls, th' obedient floods repair
 To the parch'd fields, for Josaphat was there.

* Josaphat.

† Elisha.

The new-sprung waves, in many a gurgling vein,
 Trickle luxurious thro' the sucking plain;
 Fresh honours the reviving fields adorn,
 And o'er the desert Plenty pours her horn.
 So, from the throne his influence he sheds,
 And bids the Virtues raise their languid heads;
 Where'er he goes, attending Truth prevails,
 Oppression flies, and Justice lifts her scales.
 See, on his arm, the royal eagle stand,
 Great type of conquest and supreme command;
 Th' exulting bird distinguish'd triumph brings,
 And greets the monarch with expanded wings:
 Fierce Moab's sons prevent th' impending blow,
 Rush on themselves, and fall without the foe.
 The pious hero vanquish'd Heav'n by prayer;
 His faith an army, and his vows a war.
 Thee, too, Ozias, fates indulgent bless'd,
 And thy days shone, in fairest actions dress'd;
 Till that rash hand, by some blind frenzy sway'd,
 Unclean, the sacred office durst invade:
 Quick o'er thy limbs the surfy venom ran,
 And hoary filth besprinkled all the man.

Transmissive worth adorns the pious son*,
 The father's virtues with the father's throne.
 Lo! there he stands; he who the rage subdu'd
 Of Ammon's sons, and drench'd his sword in blood?
 And dost thou, Ahaz, Judah's scourge, disgrace,
 With thy base front, the glories of thy race?
 See the vile king his iron sceptre bear—
 His only praise attends the pious heir †;
 He, in whose soul the virtues all conspire,
 The best good son, from the most wicked fire.
 And, lo! in Hezekiah's golden reign,
 Long exil'd Piety returns again:

* Jotham.

† Hezekiah.

Again, in genuine purity she shines,
 And with her presence gilds the long-neglected shrines.
 Ill-starr'd does proud Assyria's impious Lord *
 Bid Heaven to arms, and vaunt his dreadful sword ;
 His own vain threats th' insulting king o'erthrow,
 But breathe new courage on the generous foe.
 Th' avenging Angel, by Divine command,
 The fiery sword full-blazing in his hand,
 Lean'd down from Heav'n : amid the storm he rode,
 March'd Pestilence before him ; as he trod,
 Pale Desolation bath'd his steps in blood.
 Thick wrapt in night, through the proud host he pass'd,
 Dispensing death, and drove the furious blast ;
 Nor bade Destruction give her revels o'er,
 Till the gorg'd sword was drunk with human gore.
 But what avails thee, pious prince ; in vain
 Thy sceptre rescu'd, and th' Assyrian slain !
 E'en now the soul maintains her latest strife,
 And Death's chill grasp congeals the fount of life,
 Yet see, kind Heaven renews thy brittle thread,
 And rolls full fifteen summers o'er thy head ;
 Lo ! the receding sun repeats his way,
 And, like thy life, prolongs the falling day.
 Tho' Nature her inverted course forego,
 The day forget to rest, the time to flow,
 Yet shall Jehovah's servants stand secure,
 His mercy fix'd, eternal shall endure ;
 On them her ever-healing rays shall shine ;
 More mild, and bright, and sure, O sun ! than thine.
 At length, the long-expected prince behold !
 The last good king, in ancient days foretold,
 When Bethel's altar spoke his future fame,
 Rent to it's base at good Josiah's name.

* Sennacherib.

Blest, happy prince ! o'er whose lamented urn,
 In plaintive song, all Judah's daughters mourn ;
 For whom sad Sion's softest sorrow flows,
 And Jeremiah pours his sweet melodious woes.

But now fall'n Sion, once the fair and great,
 Sits deep in dust, abandon'd, desolate ;
 Bleeds her sad heart, and ever stream her eyes,
 And anguish tears her with convulsive sighs.
 The mournful captive spreads her hands in vain ;
 Her hands, that rankle with the servile chain ;
 Till he, great chief * ! in Heaven's appointed time,
 Leads back her children to their native clime.
 Fair Liberty revives with all her joys,
 And bids her envy'd walls securely rise.
 And thou, great hallow'd dome, in ruin spread,
 Again shall lift sublime thy sacred head :
 But ah ! with weeping eyes, the ancients view
 A faint resemblance of the old in you.

No more th' effulgent glory of thy God
 Speaks awful answers from the mystick cloud ;
 No more thine altars blaze with fire divine,
 And Heaven has left thy solitary shrine :
 Yet, in thy courts, hereafter shalt thou see
 Presence immediate of the Deity,
 The light himself reveal'd, the God confess'd in thee !

And now, at length, the fated term of years
 The world's desire have brought ; and lo ! the God appears,
 The heavenly babe the Virgin Mother bears,
 And her fond looks confess the parent's cares ;
 The pleasing burden on her breast she lays,
 Hangs o'er his charms, and with a smile surveys.
 The infant smiles, to her fond bosom press'd,
 And wantons, sportive, on the mother's breast :

* Zorobabel.

A radiant glory speaks him all divine,
And in the child the beams of Godhead shine !

But now, alas ! far other views disclose
The blackest comprehensive scene of woes.
See where man's voluntary sacrifice
Bows his meek head, and God Eternal dies !
Fix'd to the cross, his healing arms are bound,
While copious Mercy streams from ev'ry wound.
Mark the blood-drops that life-exhausting roll,
And the strong pang that rends the stubborn soul !
As all death's tortures, with severe delay,
Exult and riot in the noblest prey !
And can'st thou, stupid man, those sorrows see,
Nor share the anguish which he bears for thee ?
Thy sin, for which his sacred flesh is torn,
Points ev'ry nail, and sharpens ev'ry thorn ;
Can'st thou ?—while Nature smarts in ev'ry wound,
And each pang cleaves the sympathetick ground !
Lo ! the black sun, his chariot backward driven,
Blots out the day, and perishes from Heaven :
Earth, trembling from her entrails, bears a part,
And the rent rock upbraids man's stubborn heart ;
The yawning grave reveals his gloomy reign,
And the cold clay-clad dead start into life again.

And thou, O tomb, once more shalt wide display
Thy satiate jaws, and give up all thy prey :
Thou, groaning earth, shalt heave, absorpt in flame,
As the last pangs convulse thy labouring frame ;
When the same God unthrouded thou shalt see,
Wrapt in full blaze of power and majesty,
Ride on the clouds ; whilst, as his chariot flies,
The bright effusion streams thro' all the skies.
Then shall the proud dissolving mountains glow,
And yielding rocks in fiery rivers flow :
The molten deluge round the globe shall roar,
And all man's arts and labour be no more.

Then

Then shall the splendours of th' enliven'd glass
Sink undistinguish'd in the burning mass.
And O ! till earth and seas, and heaven decay,
Ne'er may that fair creation fade away ;
May winds and storms those beauteous colours spare,
Still may they bloom, as permanent as fair ;
All the vain rage of wasting time repel,
And his tribunal see, whose cross they paint so well !

T O W I N T E R.

BY MR. WOTY.

WHAT ! tho' thou com'st in sable mantle clad,
Yet, Winter ! art thou welcome to my eye ;
Thee here I hail, tho' terrors round thee wait,
And winds tempestuous howl along the sky.

But shall I then so soon forget the days,
When Ceres led me thro' her wheaten mines ;
When Autumn pluck'd me, with his tawny hand,
Empurpled clusters from ambrosial vines !

So soon forget, when up the yielding pole
I saw ascend the silver-bearded hop ;
When Summer, waving high her crown of hay,
Pour'd o'er the mead her odorif'rous crop !

I must forget them ; and thee too, O Spring !
Tho' many a chaplet thou hast weav'd for me :
For now, prepar'd to quit th' enchanting scene,
Gold, weeping Winter ! I come all to thee.

Hail

Hail to thy rolling clouds, and rapid storms !
 Tho' they deform fair Nature's lovely face :
 Hail to thy winds, that sweep along the earth !
 Tho' trees they root up from their solid base.

How sicklied over is the face of things !
 Where is the spice-kiss of the southern gale !
 Where the wild rose, that smil'd upon the thorn,
 The mountain flow'r, and lily of the vale !

How gloomy 'tis to cast the eye around,
 And view the trees disrob'd of ev'ry leaf ;
 The velvet path grown rough with clotting show'rs,
 And ev'ry field depriv'd of ev'ry sheaf !

How far more gloomy, o'er the rain-beat heath,
 Alone to travel in the dead of night !
 No twinkling star to gild the arch of heav'n,
 No moon to lend her temporary light :

To see the lightning spread it's ample sheet,
 And view the wild waste thro' its liquid fire,
 To hear the thunder rend the troubled air :
 As Time itself and Nature would expire.

And yet, O Winter ! has thy poet seen
 Thy face as smooth, and placid as the Spring ;
 Has felt, with comfort felt the beam of heav'n,
 And heard thy vallies and thy woodlands ring ;

What time the Sun with burnish'd locks arose,
 The long-lost charms of Nature to renew,
 When pearls of ice bedeck'd the grassy turf,
 And tree-tops floated in the silver-dew.

Father,

Father of heav'n and earth ! this change is thine :
 By thee the seasons in gradation roll ;
 Thou great Omniscient Ruler of the world !
 Thou Alpha and Omega of the whole !

Here humbly bow we down our heads to thee ;
 'Tis ours the voice of gratitude to raise :
 Thine to diffuse thy blessings o'er the land ;
 Thine to receive the incense of our praise !

Pure if it rises from the conscious heart,
 With thee for ever does the symbol live—
 Tho' small for all thy love is man's return,
 Thou ask'st no more than he has pow'r to give.

THE HERMIT.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

- **T**URN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
 • And guide my lonely way
 • To where yon taper cheers the vale
 • With hospitable ray.
- For here forlorn and lost I tread,
 • With fainting steps and slow ;
 • Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
 • Seem length'ning as I go.
- Forbear, my son, the Hermit cries,
 • To tempt the dang'rous gloom ;
 • For yonder phantom only flies
 • To lure thee to thy doom.

• Here

- * Here to the houseless child of want
 - * My door is open still ;
- * And tho' my portion is but scant,
 - * I give it with good will.
- * Then turn to-night, and freely share
 - * Whate'er my cell bestows ;
- * My rushy couch and frugal fare,
 - * My blessing and repose.
- * No flocks that range the valley free
 - * To slaughter I condemn ;
- * Taught by that Power that pities me,
 - * I learn to pity them :
- * But from the mountain's grassy side
 - * A guiltless feast I bring ;
- * A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
 - * And water from the spring.
- * Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
 - * All earth-born cares are wrong :
- * Man wants but little here below,
 - * Not wants that little long.

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
 His gentle accents fell :
 The modest stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
 The lonely mansion lay ;
 A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
 And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath it's humble thatch
 Requir'd a master's care ;
 The wicket op'ning with a latch
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
 To take their evening rest,
 The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
 And cheer'd his pensive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,
 And gayly press'd, and smil'd ;
 And, skill'd in legendary lore,
 The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

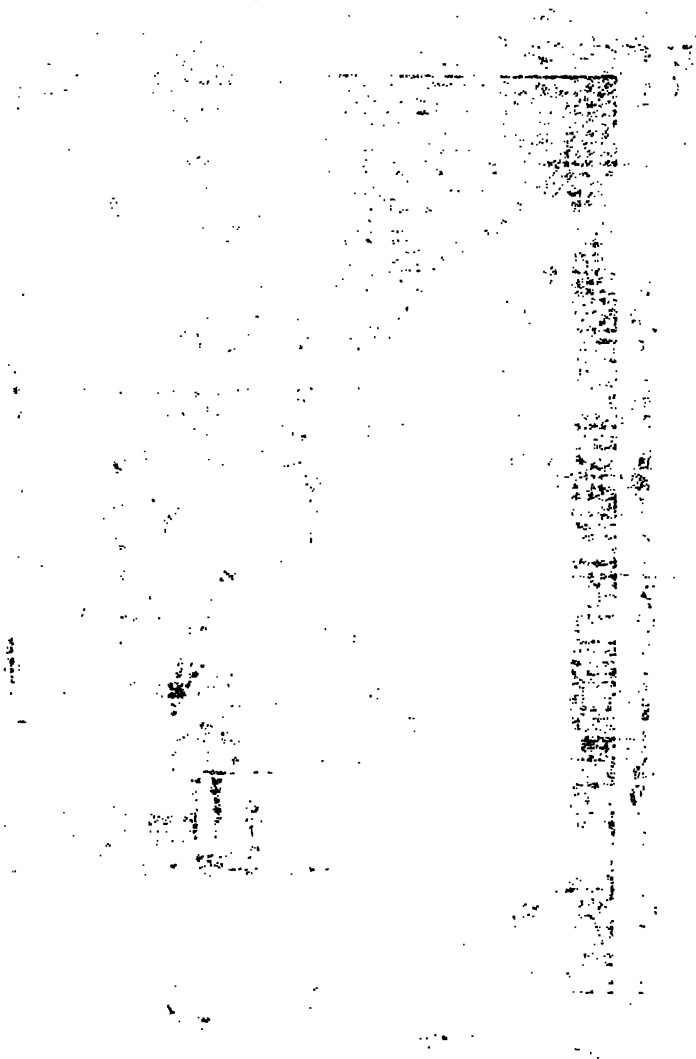
Around in sympathetic mirth
 It's tricks the kitten tries,
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
 To soothe the stranger's woe ;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spy'd,
 With answering care oppress'd :
 ' And whence, unhappy youth, he cry'd,
 ' The sorrows of thy breast ?

' From better habitations spur'd,
 ' Reluctant dost thou rove ?
 ' Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
 ' Or unregarded love ?

' Alas !





‘ Alas ! the joys that fortune brings
 ‘ Are trifling, and decay ;
 ‘ And those who prize the poultry things
 ‘ More trifling still than they.

‘ And what is Friendship but a name,
 ‘ A charm that lulls to sleep ;
 ‘ A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 ‘ And leaves the wretch to weep ?

‘ And Love is still an emptier sound,
 ‘ The modern fair-one’s jest ;
 ‘ On earth unseen, or only found
 ‘ To warm the turtle’s nest.

‘ For shame, fond youth ! thy sorrows hush,
 ‘ And spurn the sex !’ he said :
 But while he spoke, a rising blush
 His love-lorn guest betray’d.

Surpriz’d he sees new beauties rise,
 Swift mantling to the view,
 Like colours o’er the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms ;
 The lovely stranger stands confess’d
 A maid in all her charms.

‘ And, ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
 ‘ A wretch forlorn,’ she cry’d,
 ‘ Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude
 ‘ Where Heaven and you reside !

- But let a maid thy pity share,
 - Whom love has taught to stray ;
- Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 - Companion of her way.
- My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
 - A wealthy lord was he ;
- And all his wealth was mark'd as mine ;
 - He had but only me.
- To win me from his tender arms
 - Unnumber'd suitors came ;
- Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
 - And felt, or feign'd a flame.
- Each hour a mercenary crowd
 - With richest proffers strove ;
- Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
 - But never talk'd of love.
- In humble, simplest habit clad,
 - No wealth or power had he ;
- Wisdom and worth were all he had,
 - But these were all to me.
- The blossom opening to the day,
 - The dews of heaven refin'd,
- Could nought of purity display
 - To emulate his mind.
- The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
 - With charms inconstant shine :
- Their charms were his ; but, woe to me !
 - Their constancy was mine.

‘ For still I try’d each fickle art,
 ‘ Importunate and vain ;
 ‘ And while his passion touch’d my heart,
 ‘ I triumph’d in his pain :

‘ Till quite dejected with my scorn,
 ‘ He left me to my pride ;
 ‘ And fought a solitude forlorn,
 ‘ In secret, where he died.

‘ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault !
 ‘ And well my life shall pay ;
 ‘ I’ll seek the solitude he fought,
 ‘ And stretch me where he lay !

‘ And there forlorn, despairing hid,
 ‘ I’ll lay me down and die ;
 ‘ ’Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 ‘ And so for him will I !’

‘ Forbid it, Heaven!’ the Hermit cry’d,
 And clasp’d her to his breast :
 The wond’ring fair-one turn’d to chide,
 ’Twas Edwin’s self that press’d.

‘ Turn, Angelina, ever dear ;
 ‘ My charmer, turn to see
 ‘ Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
 ‘ Restor’d to love and thee.

‘ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 ‘ And every care resign :
 ‘ And shall we never, never part,
 ‘ My life—my all that’s mine !

‘ No,

' No, never from this hour to part ;
 ' We'll live and love so true,
 * The sigh that rends thy constant heart
 ' Shall break thy Edwin's too !'

THE ENTHUSIAST.

AN ODE.

BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

O NCE, I remember well the day,
 'Twas ere the blooming sweets of May
 Had lost their freshest hues ;
 When every flower on every hill,
 In every vale, had drank it's fill
 Of sunshine and of dews.

In short, 'twas that sweet season's prime,
 When Spring gives up the reins of Time
 To Summer's glowing hand,
 And doubting mortals hardly know
 By whose command the breezes blow
 Which fan the smiling land.

'Twas then, beside a green-wood shade,
 Which cloath'd a lawn's aspiring head,
 I urg'd my devious way,
 With loit'ring steps, regardless where,
 So soft, so genial was the air,
 So wond'rous bright the day.

And now my eyes with transport rove
 O'er all the blue expanse above,
 Unbroken by a cloud !

And

BEAUTIES OF POETRY

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And now beneath delighted pass,
Where winding thro' the deep-green grass
A full-brimm'd river flow'd.

I stop, I gaze ; in accents rude,
To thee, sereneſt Solitude,
Burst forth th' unbidden lay :
' Be gone, vile world ! the learn'd, the wiſe,
' The great, the buſy I deſpiſe,
' And pity e'en the gay.

' Theſe, theſe are joys alone,' I cry ;
' 'Tis here, divine Philoſophy,
' Thou deign'ſt to fix thy throne !
' Here Contemplation points the road,
' Thro' Nature's charms, to Nature's God !
' Theſe, theſe are joys alone !

' Adieu, ye vain low-thoughted cares,
' Ye human hopes, and human fears,
' Ye pleaſures and ye pains !'
While thus I ſpoke, o'er all my ſoul
A philoſophick calmneſs ſtole,
A ſtoick ſtillneſs reigns.

The tyrant paſſions all ſubſide,
Fear, anger, pity, ſhame and pride,
No more my boſom move ;
Yet ſtill I felt, or ſeem'd to feel,
A kind of viſionary zeal
Of univerſal love.

When, lo ! a voice, a voice I hear !
'Twas Reason whisper'd in my ear
Theſe monitory ſtrains :

' What

- What mean'st thou, man ? would'st thou unbind
 - The ties which constitute thy kind ;
 - The pleasures and the pains ?
 - The same Almighty Power unseen,
 - Who spreads the gay or solemn scene
 - To Contemplation's eye,
 - Fix'd ev'ry movement of the soul,
 - Taught ev'ry wish it's destin'd goal,
 - And quicken'd ev'ry joy.
 - He bids the tyrant passions rage,
 - He bids them war eternal wage,
 - And combat each his foe ;
 - 'Till from dissensions concords rise,
 - And beauties from deformities,
 - And happiness from woe.
 - Art thou not man, and dar'st thou find
 - A bliss which leans not to mankind ?
 - Presumptuous thought and vain !
 - Each bliss unshar'd is unenjoy'd ;
 - Each power is weak, unless employ'd
 - Some social good to gain.
 - Shall light and shade, and warmth and air,
 - With those exalted joys compare
 - Which active Virtue feels !
 - When on the drags, as lawful prize,
 - Contempt, and Indolence, and Vice,
 - At her triumphant wheels.
 - As rest to labour still succeeds
 - To man, whilst Virtue's glorious deeds
 - Employ his toilsome day ;
- This

- ' This fair variety of things,
- ' Are merely life's refreshing springs,
- ' To soothe him on his way.

- ' Enthusiast, go ! unstring thy lyre,
- ' In vain thou sing'st, if none admire,
- ' How sweet soe'er the strain.
- ' And is not thy o'erflowing mind,
- ' Unless thou mixest with thy kind,
- ' Benevolent in vain.

- ' Enthusiast, go ! try every sense ;
- ' If not thy bliss, thy excellence,
- ' Thou yet hast learn'd to scan ;
- ' At least thy wants, thy weakness know,
- ' And see them all uniting show,
- ' That man was made for man.'

THE CURE OF SAUL.

A SACRED ODE.

BY DR. BROWN.

' **V**ENGANCE, arise from thy infernal bed,
 ' And pour thy tempest on his guilty head !'
 Thus Heaven's decree, in thunder's sound,
 Shook the dark abyss profound.—
 The unchain'd Furies come !
 Pale Melancholy stalks from hell :
 Th' abortive offspring of her womb,
 Despair and Anguish, round her yell.
 By sleepless terror Saul possess'd,
 Deep feels the fiend within his tortur'd breast.

3 A

Midnight

Midnight spectres round him howl :

Before his eyes,

In troops they rise ;

And seas of horror overwhelm his soul.

‘ Haste ! to Jesse’s son repair ;

‘ He best can sweep the lyre ;

‘ Wake the solemn-sounding air ;

‘ And lead the vocal choir :

‘ On every string soft-breathing ~~captures~~ dwell ;

‘ To soothe the throbbings of the troubled breast ;

‘ Whose magick voice can bid the tides of passion swell,

‘ Or lull the raging storm to rest.’

Sunk on his couch, and loathing day,

The heaven-forsoaken monarch lay :

To the sad couch the shepherd now drew near ;

And, while th’ obedient choir stood round,

Prepar’d to catch the soul-commanding sound,

He dropp’d a generous tear.—

‘ Thy pitying aid, O God, impart !

‘ For lo, thy poison’d arrows drink his heart !’

The mighty song from Chaos rose :

Around his throne the formless atoms sleep,

And drowsy darkness broods upon the deep.

‘ Confusion, wake !

‘ Bid the realms of Chaos shake !

‘ Rouze him from his dread repose !

Hark ! loud Discord breaks her chain :

The hostile atoms clash with deafning roar ;

Her hoarse voice thunders thro’ the ~~dear~~ domain,

And kindles every element to war.—

‘ Tumult cease !

‘ Sink to peace !

‘ Let there be light !’—~~And~~ ‘ Almighty said :

‘ And

- And lo, the radiant sun,
- Flaming from his orient bed,
- His endless course begun!
- See, the twinkling Pleiads rise;
- Thy star, Orion, reddens in the skies;
- While flow around the northern plain,
- Arcturus wheels his nightly wane.

Thy glories, too, refulgent moon, he sung;

Thy mystick mazes, and thy changeful ray:

- O, fairest of the starry throng!
- Thy solemn orb of light
- Guides the triumphant car of Night,
- O'er silver clouds, and sheds a softer day!
- Ye planets, and each circling constellation,
- In songs harmonious tell your generation!
- Oh! while yon radiant seraph turns the spheres,
- And on the steadfast pole-star stands sublime,
- Wheel your rounds
- To heavenly sounds,
- And soothe his song-enchanted ears
- With your celestial chime.

In dumb surprize the list'ning monarch lay;

(His woe suspended by sweet Musick's sway;)

And awe-struck, with uplifted eye,

Mus'd on the new-born wonders of the sky.

- Lead the soothing verse along;
- He feels, he feels the power of song!
- Ocean hatches to his bed;
- The lab'ring mountain rears his rock-encumber'd head:
- Down his steep and shaggy side,
- The torrent rolls his thundering tide;

Then

- Then smooth and clear, along the fertile plain
- Winds his majestick waters to the distant main.
- Flocks and herds the hills adorn;
- The lark, high soaring, hails the morn.
- And while along yon crimfon-clouded steep
- The slow sun steals into the golden deep,
- Hark! the solemn nightingale
- Warbles to the woodland dale.
- See, descending angels shower
- Heaven's own blifs on Eden's bower:
- Peace on Nature's lap repofes;
- Pleasure strews her guiltless rofes;
- Joys divine in circles move,
- Link'd with Innocence and Love.

- Hail, happy Love, with Innocence combin'd!
- All hail, ye fates parents of mankind!

They pair'd:—the monarch, prostrate on his bed,
Submiffive, bow'd his head;

Ador'd the works of boundless power Divine:

Then, anguish-struck, he cry'd, (and thro' his breast)

- Why, why is Peace the welcome guest
- Of ev'ry heart but mine!

- Now let the solemn numbers flow,

- Till he feel that guilt is woe.

• Heavenly harp, in mournful strain,

• O'er yon weeping bower complain:—

• What founds of bitter pangs I hear!

• What lamentations wound mine ear!

- In vain, devoted pair, these tears ye shed;

• Peace with Innocence is fled:

• The messengers of Grace depart;

• Death glares, and shakes the dreadful dart!—

- Ah, whither fly ye, by yourselves abhor'd,

To shun that frowning cherub's fiery sword!—

• Lo!

- Lo!
- Hapless, hapless pair,
- Goaded by despair,
- Forlorn, thro' desert climes they go!—
- Wake, my lyre! can Pity sleep,
- When Heaven is mov'd, and angels weep!
- Flow, ye melting numbers, flow;
- Till he feel that guilt is woe.

The king, with pride, and shame, and anguish torn,
Shot fury from his eyes, and scorn.

The glowing youth,
Bold in truth,

(So still should virtue guilty power engage)
With brow undaunted met his rage.

See, his cheek kindles into generous fire!
Stern, he bends him o'er his lyre;
And, while the doom of guilt he sings,
Shakes horror from the tortur'd strings.

- What sounds of terror and distress
- Rend yon howling wilderness!
- The dreadful thunders sound!
- The forked lightnings flash along the ground!
- Why yawns that deep'ning gulph below?—
- 'Tis for Heaven's rebellious foe!—
- Fly, ye sons of Israel, fly;
- Who dwells in Korah's guilty tents must die!—
- They sink!—Have mercy, Lord!—Their cries
- In dreadful tumult rise!
- Hark! from the deep their loud laments I hear!
- They lessen now, and lessen on the ear!
- Now, destruction's strife is o'er!
- The countless host
- For ever lost!
- The gulph is clos'd!—Their cries are heard no more!—

• But

- ‘ But oh, my lyre! what accents can relate
- ‘ Sinful man’s appointed fate! —
- ‘ He comes, he comes! th’ avenging God!
- ‘ Clouds and darkness round him roll;
- ‘ Tremble, earth! ye mountains, nod!
- ‘ He bows the skies, and shakes the pole.
- ‘ The gloomy banners of his wrath unfurl’d,
- ‘ He calls the floods, to drown a guilty world:—
- “ Ruin, lift thy baleful head;
- “ Rouse the guilty world from sleep;
- “ Lead up thy billows from their cavern’d bed,
- “ And burst the rocks that chain thee in the deep!”

- ‘ Now, th’ impetuous torrents rise,
- ‘ The hoarse-ascending deluge roars:
- ‘ Down rush the cataracts from the skies:
- ‘ The swelling waves o’erwhelm the shores.—
- ‘ Just, O God, is thy decree!
- ‘ Shall guilty man contend with thee!
- ‘ Lo, Hate and Envy, sea-entomb’d,
- ‘ And Rage with Lust in ruin sleep;
- ‘ And scoffing Luxury is doom’d
- ‘ To glut the vast and ravenous deep!
- ‘ In vain from Fate th’ astonish’d remnant flies:—
- “ Shrink, ye rocks! Ye oceans, rise!”
- ‘ The tottering cliffs no more the floods controul;
- ‘ Sea, following sea, ingulphs the ball:
- ‘ O’er the sunk hills the wat’ry mountains roll,
- ‘ And wide Destruction swallows all.—
- ‘ Now fiercer let th’ empassion’d numbers glow:
- ‘ Swell the song, ye mighty choir!
- ‘ Wing your dreadful darts with fire!
- ‘ Hear me, monarch!—Guilt is woe!”

Thus while the frowning shepherd pour’d along,
The deep impetuous torrent of his song;

Saul,

Saul, stung by dire despair,
 Gnash'd his teeth, and tore his hair :
 From his blood, by horror chill'd,
 A cold and agonizing sweat distill'd ;
 Then, foaming with unutterable smart,
 He aim'd a dagger at his heart.
 His watchful train prevent the blow ;
 And call each lenient balm to soothe his frantick woe :
 But pleas'd, the shepherd now beheld
 His pride by Heaven's own terrors quell'd ;
 Then bade his potent lyre controul
 The mighty storm that rent his soul.

- ‘ Cease your cares! the body's pain
- ‘ A sweet relief may find ;
- ‘ But gums and lenient balms are vain,
- ‘ To heal the wounded mind.——
- ‘ Come, fair Repentance, from the skies ;
- ‘ O fainted maid, with upcast eyes!
- ‘ Descend, in thy celestial shroud,
- ‘ Vested in a weeping cloud !
- ‘ Holy Guide, descend, and bring.
- ‘ Mercy from th' Eternal King!
- ‘ To his soul your beams impart,
- ‘ And whisper comfort to his heart!——
- ‘ They come. O king, thine ear incline !
- ‘ Listen to their voice divine:
- ‘ Their voice shall every pang compose,
- ‘ To gentle sorrow soothe thy woes ;
- ‘ Till each pure wish to heaven shall soar,
- ‘ And Peace return, to part no more!

Behold, obedient to their great command,
 The lifted dagger quits his trembling hand!
 Smooth'd is his brow, where fullen Care
 And furrow'd Horror couch'd with fell Despair :

No more his eyes with fury glow ;
But heavenly grief succeeds to hell-born woe.—

- ‘ See, the signs of grace appear !
- ‘ See the soft relenting tear,
- ‘ Trickling at sweet Mercy’s call !
- ‘ Catch it, angels, ere it fall !
- ‘ And let the heart-sent offering rise,
- ‘ Heaven’s best-accepted sacrifice !’

- ‘ Yet, yet again !—Ah ! see, the pang returns !
- ‘ Again with inward fire his heaving bosom burns !

- ‘ Now, shepherd, wake a mightier strain ;
- ‘ Search the deep heart-rending pain ;
- ‘ Till the large floods of sorrow roll,
- ‘ And quench the tortures of his soul.—

- ‘ Almighty Lord, accept his pang sincere !
- ‘ Let heavenly hope dispel each dark temptation !
- ‘ And, while he pours the penitential tear,
- ‘ O visit him with thy salvation !——

- ‘ Stoop from heaven, ye raptur’d throng !
- ‘ Sink, ye swelling tides of song !

- ‘ For lo ! dissolv’d by Musick’s melting power,
- ‘ Celestial Sorrow rolls her plenteous shower :
- ‘ O’er his wan cheek the colours rise,
- ‘ And beams of comfort brighten in his eyes.—
- ‘ Happy king, thy woes are o’er !
- ‘ Thy God shall wound thy soul no more :
- ‘ The pitying Father of mankind,
- ‘ Meets the pure-returning mind.’—

- ‘ No more shall black Despair afflict his soul !
- ‘ Each gentler sound, ye shepherds, now combine ;
- ‘ Sweetly let the numbers roll ;
- ‘ Soothe him into hope divine.—

“ Now

- ‘ Now lowly let the rustick measure glide,
- ‘ To quell the dark remains of self-consuming pride ;
- ‘ Till Nature’s home-sprung blessings he confess,
- ‘ And own that calm content is happiness.’—
- ‘ Ye woods and lakes, ye cliffs and mountains !
- ‘ Haunted grots, and living fountains !
- ‘ Listen to your shepherd’s lay,
- ‘ Whose artless carols close the day.
- ‘ Bounding kids around him throng ;
- ‘ The steep rock echoes back his song :
- ‘ While all unseen to mortal eye,
- ‘ Sliding down the evening sky,
- ‘ Holy Peace, tho’ born above,
- ‘ Daughter of Innocence and Love,
- ‘ Quits her throne and mansion bright,
- ‘ Her crown of stars and robe of light,
- ‘ Serene, in gentle smiles array’d,
- ‘ To dwell beneath his palm-tree shade.
- ‘ Hail, meek angel ! awful guest !
- ‘ Still pour thy radiance o’er my breast !
- ‘ Pride and Hate in courts may shine ;
- ‘ The shepherd’s calm and blameless tent is thine !’
- ‘ Softly, softly breathe your numbers,
- ‘ And wrap his weary’d soul in slumbers !’—
- ‘ Gentle sleep becalm his breast,
- ‘ And close his eyes in healing rest !
- ‘ Descend, celestial visions, ye who wait,
- ‘ God’s ministering powers, at Heaven’s eternal gate !
- ‘ Ye, who nightly vigils keep,
- ‘ And rule the silent realms of sleep,
- ‘ Exalt the just to joys refin’d,
- ‘ And plunge in woe the guilty mind,
- ‘ Descend ! Oh, waft him to the skies,
- ‘ And open all Heaven’s glories to his eyes !

' Beyond yon starry roof, by seraphs trod,
 ' Where Light's unclouded fountains blaze;
 ' Where choirs immortal hymn their God,
 ' Intranc'd in extasy of ceaseless praise.
 ' Angels, heal his anguish!
 ' Your harps and voices join!
 ' His grief to bliss shall languish,
 ' When sooth'd by sounds divine.'

' Behold, with dawning joy each feature glows!
 ' See, the blissful tear o'erflows!—
 ' The fiend is fled!—Let Musick's rapture rise;
 ' Now, Harmony, thy ev'ry nerve employ;
 ' Shake the dome, and pierce the skies;
 ' Wake him, wake him into joy!'

What power can ev'ry Passion's throne controul?
 What power can boast the charm divine,
 To still the tempest of the soul?
 Celestial Harmony, that mighty charm is thine!
 She, heavenly-born, came down to visit earth,
 When from God's eternal throne
 The beam of all-creative Wisdom shone,
 And spake fair Order into birth.
 At Wisdom's call she robe'd yon glitt'ring skies,
 Attun'd the spheres, and taught consenting orbs to rise.
 Angels wrapt in wonder stood,
 And saw that all was fair, and all was good.
 'Twas then, ye sons of God, in bright array,
 Ye shouted o'er creation's day:
 Then kindling into joy,
 The morning stars together sung;
 And thro' the vast ethereal sky
 Seraphick hymns and loud hosannahs rung.

THE BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE.

AN ECLOGUE,

BY MR. GAY.

YE sylvan Muses ! loftier strains recite ;
 Not all in shades and humble cotes delight.
 Hark ! the bells ring ; along the distant grounds
 The driving gales convey the swelling sounds ;
 Th' attentive swain, forgetful of his work,
 With gaping wonder leans upon his fork.
 What sudden news alarms the waking morn ?
 To the glad Squire a hopeful heir is born.
 Mourn, mourn, ye stags ! and all ye beasts of chase !
 This hour destruction brings on all your race.
 See the pleas'd tenants duteous off'rings bear,
 Turkeys and geese, and grocer's sweetest ware ;
 With the new health the pond'rous tankard flows,
 And old October reddens ev'ry nose.
 Beagles and spaniels round his cradle stand,
 Kiss his moist lip, and gently lick his hand ;
 He joys to hear the shrill horn's echoing sounds,
 And learns to list the names of all the hounds,
 With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow,
 Barley shall in paternal acres grow ;
 The bee shall sip the fragrant dew from flow'rs,
 To give metheglin for his morning hours ;
 For him the clust'ring hop shall climb the poles,
 And his own orchard sparkle in his bowls.
 His sire's exploits he now with wonder hears ;
 The monstrous tales indulge his greedy ears :
 How, when youth strung his nerves and warm'd his veins,
 He rode the mighty Nimrod of the plains.

He leads the staring infant thro' the hall ;
 Points out the horny spoils that grace the wall ;
 'Tells how this stag thro' three whole counties fled,
 What rivers swam, where bay'd, and where he bled.
 Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
 Describes the desp'rate chase, and all his cheats ;
 How, in one day, beneath his furious speed,
 He tir'd seven coursers of the fleetest breed ;
 How high the pale he leap'd, how wide the ditch,
 When the hound tore the haunches of the witch *.
 These stories, which descend from son to son,
 The forward boy shall one day make his own.

Ah ! too fond mother ! think the time draws nigh
 That calls the darling from thy tender eye ;
 How shall his spirit brook the rigid rules,
 And the long tyranny of grammar schools ?
 Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
 Lash'd into Latin by the tingling rod :
 No, let him never feel that smart disgrace ;
 Why should he wiser prove than all his race ?

When rip'ning youth with down o'er shades his chin,
 And ev'ry female eye incites to sin,
 The milk-maid (thoughtless of her future shame)
 With smacking lip shall raise his guilty flame :
 The dairy, barn, the hay-loft, and the grove,
 Shall oft' be conscious of their stolen love.
 But think, Priscilla, on that dreadful time,
 When pangs and wat'ry qualms shall own thy crime ;
 How wilt thou tremble, when thy nipple's press'd,
 To see the white drops bathe thy swelling breast !
 Nine moons shall publicly divulge thy shame,
 And the young Squire forestal a father's name.

When twice twelve times the reaper's sweeping hand
 With levell'd harvests has bestrown the land,

* The most common accident to sportsmen, to hunt a witch in the shape of a hare.

On fam'd St. Hubert's feast, his winding horn
 Shall cheer the joyful hound and wake the morn;
 This memorable day his eager speed
 Shall urge with bloody heel the rising steed.
 O check the foamy bit! nor tempt thy fate;
 Think on the murders of a five-bar gate!
 Yet, prodigal of life, the leap he tries;
 Low in the dust his grov'ling honour lies:
 Headlong he falls, and on the rugged stone
 Distorts his neck, and cracks the collar-bone.
 O, vent'rous youth! thy thirst of game allay;
 May'st thou survive the perils of this day!—
 He shall survive; and in late years be sent
 To snore away debates in Parliament.

The time shall come when his more solid sense,
 With nod important, shall the laws dispense;
 A Justice with grave justices shall sit;
 He praise their wisdom, they admire his wit.
 No greyhound shall attend the tenant's pace,
 No rusty gun the farmer's chimney grace;
 Salmons shall leave their coverts void of fear,
 Nor dread the thievish net or triple spear;
 Poachers shall tremble at his awful name,
 Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd game.

Assist me, Bacchus! and ye drunken pow'rs!
 To sing his friendships and his midnight hours.

Why dost thou glory in thy strength of beer,
 Firm-cork'd, and mellow'd till the twentieth year,
 Brew'd or when Phœbus warms the fleecy sign,
 Or when his languid rays in Scorpio shine?
 Think on the mischiefs which from hence have sprung!
 It arms with curses dire the wrathful tongue;
 Foul scandal to the lying lip affords,
 And prompts the mem'ry with injurious words.
 O, where is wisdom, when by this o'erpower'd?
 The state is censur'd, and the maid deflower'd!

And

And wilt thou still, O Squire ! brew ale so strong ?
Hear then the dictates of prophetick song.

Methinks I see him in his hall appear,
Where the long table floats in clammy beer ;
'Midst mugs and glasses shatter'd o'er the floor,
Dead drunk, his servile crew supinely snore ;
Triumphant, o'er the prostrate brutes he stands,
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands ;
Boldly he drinks ; and, like his glorious fires,
In copious gulps of potent ale expires !

THE MOURNING MUSE OF ALEXIS.

A PASTORAL,

LAMENTING THE DEATH OF QUEEN MARY.

WRITTEN IN MDCXCIV.

BY MR. CONGREVE.

Infandum regina jubes renovare dolorem.

Virg.

MENALCAS.

BEHOLD, Alexis ! see this gloomy shade,
Which seems alone for Sorrow's shelter made,
Where no glad beams of light can ever play,
But night, succeeding night, excludes the day ;
Where never birds with harmony repair,
And lightfome notes, to cheer the dusky air,
To welcome day, or bid the sun farewell,
By morning lark or evening Philomel.

No violet here, nor daisy, e'er was seen,
No sweetly-budding flower, nor springing green ;
For fragrant myrtle and the blushing rose,
Here baleful yew with deadly cypress grows.

Hart,

Here, then, extended on this wither'd moss,
We'll lie, and thou shalt sing of Albion's loss;
Of Albion's loss, and of Pastora's death;
Begin thy mournful song, and raise thy tuneful breath.

ALEXIS.

Ah, woe too great! ah, theme which far exceeds
The lowly lays of humble shepherds reeds!

O could I sing in verse of equal strain
With the Sicilian bard or Mantuan swain,
Or melting words and moving numbers chuse,
Sweet as the British Colin's Mourning Muse;
Could I, like him, in tuneful grief excel,
And mourn like Stella for her Astrophel;
Then might I raise my voice, (secure of skill)
And with melodious woe the vallies fill;
The list'ning echo on my song should wait,
And hollow rocks Pastora's name repeat;
Each whistling wind and murmur'ing stream should tell,
How lov'd she liv'd, and how lamented fell.

MENALCAS.

Wert thou with ev'ry bay and laurel crown'd,
And high as Pan himself in song renown'd,
Yet would not all thy art avail to show
Verse worthy of her name or of our woe:
But such true passion in thy face appears,
In thy pale lips, thick sighs, and gushing tears,
Such tender sorrow in thy heart I read,
As shall supply all skill, if not exceed.
Then leave this common form of dumb distress,
Each vulgar grief can sighs and tears express;
In sweet complaining notes thy passion vent,
And not in sighs; but words explaining sighs, lament.

ALEXIS.

Wild be my words, Menalcas, wild my thought,
Artless as Nature's notes in birds untaught:

Beardley

Boundless my verse, and roving be my strains,
 Various as flow'rs on unfrequented plains.
 And thou, Thalia! darling of my breast,
 By whom inspir'd, I sung at Comus' feast,
 While in a ring the jolly rural throng
 Have sate and smil'd to hear my chearful song,
 Be gone, with all thy mirth and sprightly lays!
 My pipe no longer now thy pow'r obeys:
 Learn to lament, my Muse! to weep and mourn,
 Thy springing laurels all to cypress turn;
 Wound with thy dismal cries the tender air,
 And beat thy snowy breast and rend thy yellow hair!
 Far hence, in utmost wilds, thy dwelling chuse;
 Be gone, Thalia! Sorrow is my muse.

• I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
 • And fable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.'

No more these woods shall with her sight be blest'd,
 Nor with her feet these flow'ry plains be press'd;
 No more the winds shall with her tresses play,
 And from her balmy breath steal sweets away;
 No more these rivers chearfully shall pass,
 Pleas'd to reflect the beauties of her face,
 While on their banks the wond'ring flocks have stood,
 Greedy of sight, and negligent of food.

No more the nymphs shall with soft tales delight
 Her ears, no more with dances please her sight;
 Nor ever more shall swain make song of mirth,
 To bless the joyous day that gave her birth:
 Lost is that day, which had from her it's light,
 For ever lost with her in endless night;
 In endless night, and arms of Death, she lies;
 Death in eternal shades has shut Pastora's eyes.

Lament, ye nymphs! and mourn, ye wretched swains!
 Stray, all ye flocks! and desert be, ye plains!
 Sigh, all ye winds! and weep, ye crystal floods!
 Fade, all ye flow'rs! and wither, all ye woods!

• I mourn

‘ I mourn Pastora dead ; let Albion mourn,
‘ And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.’

Within a dismal grot, which damps surround,
All cold she lies upon th’ unwholesome ground ;
The marble weeps, and with a silent pace
It’s trickling tears distil upon her face.

Falsely ye weep, ye rocks ! and falsely mourn,
For never will you let the nymph return ;
With a feign’d grief the faithless tomb relents,
And, like the crocodile, it’s prey laments.

O she was heav’nly fair in face and mind !
Never in nature were such beauties join’d :
Without all shining, and within all white ;
Pure to the sense, and pleasing to the sight ;
Like some rare flow’r, whose leaves all colours yield,
And opening is with sweetest odours fill’d.

As lofty pines o’ertop the lowly reed,
So did her graceful height all nymphs exceed ;
To which excelling height she bore a mind,
Humble as osiers bending to the wind.

Thus excellent she was——

Ah, wretched fate ! she was, but is no more ;
Help me, ye hills and vallies, to deplore !

‘ I mourn Pastora dead ; let Albion mourn,
‘ And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.’

From that blest’d earth on which her body lies,
May blooming flow’rs with fragrant sweets arise !

Let myrrha, weeping aromatick gum,

And ever-living laurel, shade her tomb !

Thither let all th’ industrious bees repair,

Unlade their thighs, and leave their honey there !

Thither let fairies with their train resort,

Neglect their revels and their midnight sport ;

There in unusual wallings waste the night,

And watch her by the fiery glow-worm’s light !

There may no dismal yew nor cypress grow,
 Nor holly-bush, nor bitter elder's bough;
 Let each unlucky bird far build his nest,
 And distant dens receive each howling beast:
 Let wolves be gone, be ravens put to flight,
 With hooting owls, and bats, that hate the light!

But let the sighing doves their sorrows bring,
 And nightingales in sweet complainings sing;
 Let swans from their forsaken rivers fly,
 And, sick'ning at her tomb, make haste to die,
 That they may help to sing her elegy:
 Let Echo, too, in mimic moan deplore,
 And cry with me, Pastora is no more!

' I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
 ' And fable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.'

And see, the heav'ns to weep in dew prepare,
 And heavy mists obscure the burden'd air;
 A sudden damp o'er all the plain is spread,
 Each lily folds it's leaves, and hangs it's head;
 On ev'ry tree the blossoms turn to tears,
 And ev'ry bough a weeping moisture bears;
 Their wings the feather'd airy people droop,
 And flocks beneath their dewy fleeces stoop.

The rocks are cleft, and new-descending rills
 Furrow the brows of all th' impending hills;
 The water-gods to floods their riv'lets turn,
 And each with streaming eyes supplies his wanting urn.

The Fauns forsake the woods, the Nymphs the grove,
 And round the plain in sad distractions rove;
 In prickly brakes their tender limbs they tear,
 And leave on thorns their locks of golden hair.
 With their sharp nails themselves the Satyrs wound,
 And tug their shaggy beards, and bite with grief the ground.

Lo, Pan himself, beneath a blasted oak
 Dejected lies, his pipe in pieces broke:

See

See Pales weeping, too, in wild despair,
And to the piercing winds her bosom bare.

And see yon fading myrtle, where appears
The Queen of Love, all bath'd in flowing tears;
See how she wrings her hands, and beats her breast,
And tears her useless girdle from her waist!
Hear the sad murmurs of her sighing doves;
For grief they sigh, forgetful of their loves!

Lo, Love himself, with heavy woes oppress'd!
See how his sorrows swell his tender breast!
His bow he breaks, and wide his arrows flings;
And folds his little arms, and hangs his drooping wings;
Then lays his limbs upon the dying grass,
And all with tears bedews his beauteous face:
With tears, which from his folded lids arise;
And even Love himself has weeping eyes.
All nature mourns; the floods and rocks deplore,
And cry with me, *Pastora* is no more!
'I mourn *Pastora* dead; let Albion mourn,
'And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.'

The rocks can melt, and air in mists can mourn,
And floods can weep, and winds to sighs can turn;
The birds in songs their sorrows can disclose,
And nymphs and swains in words can tell their woes:
But, oh! behold that deep and wild despair
Which neither winds can show, nor floods, nor air.

See the great Shepherd, chief of all the swains,
Lord of these woods and wide-extended plains,
Stretch'd on the ground, and close to earth his face,
Scalding with tears th' already faded grass;
To the cold clay he joins his throbbing breast,
No more within *Pastora*'s arms to rest!
No more! for those once soft and circling arms
Themselves are clay, and cold are all her charms:
Cold are those lips, which he no more must kiss,
And cold that bosom, once all downy bliss;

On whose soft pillows, lull'd in sweet delights,
He us'd in balmy sleep to lose the nights.

Ah! where is all that love and fondness fled?

Ah! where is all that tender sweetness laid?

To dust must all that heav'n of beauty come!

And must Pastora moulder in the tomb!

Ah, Death! more fierce and unrelenting far

Than wildest wolves or savage tigers are;

With lambs and sheep their hungerers are appeas'd,

But rav'nous Death the Shepherdess has seiz'd.

' I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,

' And fable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.'

But see, Menalcas, where a sudden light

With wonder stops my song and strikes my sight!

And where Pastora lies it spreads around,

Shewing all radiant bright the sacred ground;

While from her tomb behold a flame ascends

Of whitest fire, whose flight to heav'n extends!

On flaky wings it mounts, and quick as sight,

Cuts thro' the yielding air with rays of light;

Till the blue firmament at last it gains,

And fixing there, a glorious star remains:

' Fairest it shines of all that light the skies,

' As once on earth were seen Pastora's eyes.'

A FAIRY TALE.

IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STYLE.

BY DR. PARNELL.

IN Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight fairies daunc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the green;

Edwin,

Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense and truth,
Though badly shap'd he'd been.

His mountain back mote well be said,
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above ;
Yet, spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within :
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art;
And if a shape could win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion pac'd along.
All in the moony light ;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour-town ;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
And trembling rocks the ground :

And

And well I ween, to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now founding tongues assail his ear;
Now founding feet approachen near;
And now the sounds increase:
And from the corner where he lay,
He sees a train profusely gay
Come pranking o'er the place.

But (trust me, Gentles!) never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town it's silken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a gallant dress'd
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awful accent cry'd;
'What mortal of a wretched mind,
'Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
'Has here presum'd to hide?'

At this the swain, whose venturous soul
No fears of magick art controul,
Advanc'd in open sight;
'Nor have I cause of dread,' he said,
'Who view, by no presumption led,
'Your revels of the night.

'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
'Which made my steps unweeting rove
'Amid the nightly dew.'

'Tis

‘Tis well,’ the gallant cries again;
 We fairies never injure men
 Who dare to tell us true.

Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
 Be mine the task, or ere we part,
 To make thee grief resign:
 Now take the pleasure of thy chance;
 Whilst I with Mab, my partner, dance,
 Be little Mable thine.’

He spoke, and all a sudden there
 Light musick floats in wanton air;
 The monarch leads the queen:
 The rest their fairy partners found;
 And Mable trimly tript the ground
 With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
 And fiker such a feast was made,
 As heart and lip devise;
 Withouten hands the dishes fly,
 The glasses with a wish come nigh,
 And with a wish retire.

But now, to please the fairy king,
 Full every deal they laugh and sing,
 And antick feats devise;
 Some wind and tumble like an ape,
 And other some transmute their shape
 In Edwin’s wondering eyes.

Till one at last, that Robin hight,
 Renown’d for pinching maids by night,
 Has bent him up aloof;

And

And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung,
To spraul underneath the roof.

From thence, 'Reverse my charm,' he cries,

* And let it fairly now suffice

'The gambol has been shown.'

But Oberon answers with a smile,

* Content thee, Edwin, for a while,

'The 'vantage is thine own.'

Here ended all the phantom-play ;

They smelt the fresh approach of day,

And heard a cock to crow :

The whirling wind that bore the crowd

Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,

To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,

And all at once the tapers die ;

Poor Edwin falls to floor :

Forlorn his state, and dark the place;

Was never wight in such a case

Through all the land before.

But soon as Dan Apollo rose,

Full jolly creature home he goes,

He feels his back the less ;

His honest tongue and steady mind

Had rid him of the lump behind,

Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks;

He seems a dauncing as he walks:

His story soon took wind ;

And

And beauteous Edith sees the youth
Endow'd with courage, sense and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
The youth of Edith erst approv'd,
To see the revel scene;
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befel,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seiz'd the wall;
Up spring the tapers as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And musick fills the hall.

But certes, sorely sunk with woe,
Sir Topaz sees the elfin show,
His spirits in him die:
When Oberon cries, 'A man is near!
' A mortal passion, cleeped fear,
' Hangs flagging in the sky.'

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth!
In accents faltering, ay for ruth,
Intreats them pity graunt;
For als he been a miser wight,
Betray'd by wandering in the night
To tread the circled haunt.

' Ah, lofel vile!' at once they roar;
' And little skill'd of fairie lore;
' Thy cause to come we know:

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

‘ Now has thy keftrell courage fell;
 ‘ And fairies, ſince a lye you tell,
 ‘ Are free to work thee woe.’

Then Will, who bears the wilpy fire
 To trail the fwains among the mire,
 The caſtiff upward flung;
 There, like a tortoiſe in a ſhop,
 He dangled from the chamber-top,
 Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
 Deftly they friſk it o’er the place,
 They fit, they drink, and eat;
 The time with frolick mirth beguile,
 And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
 Till all the rout retreat.

By this the ſtars began to wink;
 They ſhriek, they fly, the tapers ſink,
 And down ydrops the knight:
 For never ſpell by fairie laid
 With ſtrong enchantment bound a glade
 Beyond the length of ſight.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay;
 Till up the welkin roſe the day,
 Then deem’d the dole was o’er:
 But wot ye well his harder lot!
 His ſeely back the bunch had got
 Which Edwin loſt afore!—

This tale a Sybil-nurſe aſed:
 She ſoftly ſtroak’d my youngling head,
 And when the tale was done,

‘ Thus

- ‘ Thus some are born, my son,’ she cries,
- ‘ With base impediments to rise,
- ‘ And some are born with none;
- ‘ But virtue can itself advance
- ‘ To what the favourite fools of chance
- ‘ By fortune seem design’d;
- ‘ Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
- ‘ And from itself shake off the weight
- ‘ Upon th’ unworthy mind.

THE FABLE OF JOTHAM.

TO THE BOROUGH-HUNTERS.

BY RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, ESQ.

Jotham's fable of the trees is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made since that time.

ADDISON.

JUDGES, CHAP. IX.

OLD Plumb, who though blest'd in his Kenish retreat,
Still thrives by his ellshop in Lundenhall Street;
With a Portugal merchant, a knight by creation,
From a borough in Cornwall receiv'd invitation,
Well assur'd of each vote, well equip'd from the Alley,
In quest of election-adventures they gally,
Tho' much they discour's'd, the long way so beguile,
Of the earthquakes, the Jews, and the change of the style,
Of the Irish, the stocks, and the lottery-committee,
They came silent and tir'd into Exeter-city.

- ‘ Some books, prythee, landlord, to pass a dull hour;
- ‘ No nonsense of persons, or methodists four;
- ‘ No poetical stuff, a damn'd jingle of rhymes,
- ‘ But some pamphlet that's new, and a touch on the times.’

- ' O Lord !' says mine host, ' you may hunt the town round,
 ' I question if any such thing can be found :
 ' I never was ask'd for a book by a guest ;
 ' And I'm sure I have all the great folk in the West.
 ' None of these, to my knowledge, e'er call'd for a book.
 ' But see, Sir, th' woman with fish, and the cook !
 ' Here's the fattest of carp ; shall we dress you a brace ?
 ' Would you have any soals, or a mullet or plaice ?'
 ' A *place*,' quoth the knight, ' we must have, to be sure,
 ' But first let us see that our borough's secure.
 ' We'll talk of the *place* when we've settled the poll ;
 ' They may dress us for supper the mullet and soal.
 ' But do you, my good landlord, look over your shelves,
 ' For a book we must have, we're so tir'd of ourselves.'
 ' In troth, Sir, I ne'er had a book in my life,
 ' But the prayer-book and bible I bought for my wife.'
 ' Well ! the bible must do : but why don't you take in
 ' Some monthly collection—the new Magazine ?'

The bible was brought, and laid out on the table,
 And open'd at Jotham's most apposite fable.

Sir Freeport began with this verse, tho' no rhyme—

- ' The trees of the forest went forth on a time,
 (To what purpose our candidates scarce could expect,
 For it was not, they found, to transplant—but *extract* :)
 ' To the olive and fig-tree their deputies came,
 ' But by both were refus'd, and their answer the same :
 ' Quoth the olive, " Shall I leave my fatness and oil
 " For an unthankful office, a dignify'd toil ?"
 " Shall I leave," quoth the fig-tree, " my sweetness and fruit,
 " To be envy'd or slav'd in so vain a pursuit ?"
 ' Thus rebuff'd and surpriz'd they apply to the vine :
 ' He answer'd, " Shall I leave my grapes and my wine,
 " (Wine, the sovereign cordial of god and of man !)
 " To be made or the top of the head of a clan ?"
 ' At last, as it always falls out in a scramble,
 ' The mob gave the cry for " A bramble ! a bramble !"
 " A bramble

" A bramble for ever !" O chance unexpected !
 ' But bramble prevail'd, and was duly elected.'
 ' O ! ho !' quoth the knight, with a look most profound,
 ' Now I see there's some good in *good* books to be found,
 ' I wish I had read this same bible before ;
 ' Of long miles, at the least, 'twould have sav'd us fourscore,
 ' You, Plumb, with your olives and oil might have staid,
 ' And myself might have tarry'd my wines to unlade.
 ' What have merchants to do from their business to ramble !
 ' Your electioneer-errant should still be a bramble."

Thus ended at once the wise comment on Jotham,
 And our citizens jaunt to the borough of Gotham.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF LYCON AND EUPHORMIUS.

BY WILLIAM MELMOTH, ESQ.

DEEM not, ye plaintive crew, that suffer wrong,
 No, thou, O man ! who deal'st the tort, misween
 The equal gods, who Heaven's sky-mansions throng,
 (Though viewless to the eye they distant shewn)
 Spectators reckless of our actions been,
 Turning the volumes of grave fables old,
 Where ancient fables in fable may be seen,
 This truth I fond in paynim tale enroll'd ;
 Which for ensample drad, my muse shall here unfold.

What time Arcadia's flow'ret vallies fam'd,
 Pelasgus, first of monarchs old, obey'd ;
 There wonn'd a wight, and Lycon was he nam'd,
 Unaw'd by conscience, of no gods afraid,

No

Ne justice rul'd his heart, ne mercy sway'd.
 Some held him kin to that abhorred race,
 Which heaven's high towers with mad emprise assay'd;
 And some his cruel lynage did ytrace
 From fell Erynnis join'd in Pluto's dire embrace.

But he, perdy, far other tale did feign,
 And claim'd alliaunce with the Sisters nine;
 And deem'd himself (what deems not pride so vain!)
 The peerless paragon of wit divine;
 Vaunting that every foe should rue it's time.
 Right doughty wight! yet, sooth, withouten smart,
 All powerless fell the lofel's shafts malign:
 'Tis Virtue's arm to wield Wit's heavenly dart,
 Point it's keen barb with force, and send it to the heart.

One only impe he had, Pastora hight,
 Whose sweet amenaunce pleas'd each shepherd's eye:
 Yet pleas'd she not base Lycon's evil sprite,
 Tho' blame in her not Malice moten spy,
 Clear, without spot, as summer's cloudless sky.)
 Hence poets feign'd, ' Lycæan Pan array'd
 ' In Lycon's form, enflam'd with passion high,
 ' Deceiv'd her mother in the covert glade,
 ' And from the stol'n embrace ysprong the heavenly maid.'

Thus fabling they. Meanwhile, the damsel fair
 A shepherd youth remark'd, as o'er the plain
 She deffly pac'd along so debonair;
 Seem'd she as one of Dian's chosen train.
 Full many a fond excuse he knew to feign,
 In sweet converse to while with her the day,
 Till love unwares his heedless heart did gain.
 Nor dempt he, simple wight, no mortal may
 The blinded god, once harbour'd, when he list, foresay.

Now

Now much he meditates if yet to speak,
 And now resolves his passion to conceal:
 'But sure,' quoth he, 'my feely heart will break,
 'If aye I smother what I aye must feel!'
 At length, by hope embolden'd to reveal,
 The labouring secret dropped from his tong.
 Whiles frequent singults check'd his falt'ring tale,
 In modest wife her head Pastora hong:
 For never maid more chaste inspired shepherd's song.

What needs me to recount, in long detail,
 The tender parley which these lemans held?
 How oft he vow'd his love her ne'er should fail;
 How oft the stream from forth her eyne outwell'd,
 Doubting if constancy yet ever dwell'd
 In heart of youthful wight. Suffice to know,
 Each rising doubt he in her bosom quell'd.
 So parted they, more blithsome both, I trow:
 For rankling love conceal'd, me seems, is deadly woe.

Eftsoons to Lycon swift the youth did fare,
 (Lagg'd ever youth when Cupid urg'd his way?)
 And straight his gentle purpose did declare,
 And sooth the mount'naunce of his herds display;
 Ne Lycon meant his suiten to foresay:
 'Be thine, Pastora,' quoth the masker fly,
 'And twice two thousand sheep her dower shall pay.'
 Beat then the lover's heart with joyaunce high;
 Ne dempt that aught his blifs could now betray.
 Ne guess'd that foul deceit in Lycon's bosome lay.

So forth he yode to seek his reverend fire;
 (The good Euphormius, shepherds him did call)
 How sweet Pastora did his bosome fire!
 Her worth, her promis'd flocks, he tolden all.

'Ah!

- Ah! nere, my son, let Lycon thee enthrall,
Reply'd the sage, in wise experience old;
- Smooth is his tongue, but full of guile withal,
• In promise faithless, and in vaunting bold:
- Ne ever lamb of his will bleat within thy fold.

With words prophetick thus Euphormius spake:
And fact confirm'd what wisdom thus foretold.
Full many a mean devise did Lycon make,
The hoped day of spousal to with-hold,
Framing new trains when nought mote serve his old.
Nath'less he vow'd, Cyllene cloud-topt hill
Should sooner down the lowly delve be roll'd,
Than he his plighted promise nould fulfil:
But when, perdy, or where, the captive sayen nill.

Whiles thus the tedious suns had journey'd round,
Ne ought mote now the lovers hearts divide,
Ne trust was there, ne truth in Lycon found;
The maid with matron Juno for her guide,
The youth by Concord led, in secret hy'd
To Hymen's sacred fane: the honest deed.
Each god approv'd, and close the bands were ty'd;
Certes, till happier moments should succeed,
No prying eyne they ween'd their emprise mote areed.

But prying eyne of Lycon 'twas in vain
(Right practick in disguise) to hope beware.
He trac'd their covert steps to Hymen's fane,
And joy'd to find them in his long-laid snare.
Algates, in semblaunt ire, he 'gan to swear,
And roaren loud as in displeasaunce high;
Then out he hurlen forth his daughter fair,
Forelore, the houseless child of Misery,
Expos'd to killing cold, and pinching penury.

Ah!

Ah! whither now shall sad Pastora wend,
 To want abandon'd and by wrongs oppress'd?
 Who shall the wretched out-cast's teen befriend?
 Lives Mercy then, if not in parent's breast?
 Yes, Mercy lives, the gentle goddess blest'd,
 At Jove's right-hand, to Jove for ever dear;
 Aye at his feet she pleads the cause distress'd,
 To sorrow's plaints she turns his equal ear,
 And wafts to heaven's star-throne fair Virtue's silent tear.

'Twas she that bade Euphormius quell each thought,
 That well mote rise to check his generous aid:
 Tho' high the torts which Lycon him had wrought,
 Tho' few the flocks his humble pastures fed,
 When as he learn'd Pastora's hapless sted,
 His breast humane with wonted pity flows;
 He op'd his gates, the naked exile led
 Beneath his roof, a decent drapet throws
 O'er her cold limbs, and sooths her undeserved woes.

Now loud-tongu'd Rumor bruited round the tale;
 Th' astonied swains uneath could credence give,
 That in Arcadia's unambitious vale
 A faytor false as Lycon e'er did live:
 But Jove (who in high heaven does mortals prive,
 And every deed in golden ballance weighs)
 To earth his flaming charret baden drive,
 And down descends, enwrapt in peerless blaze,
 To deal forth guerdon meet to good and evil ways.

Where Eurymanthus, crown'd with many a wood,
 His silver stream through daisy'd vales does lead,
 Stretch'd on the flowery marge, in reckless mood,
 Proud Lycon fought by charm of jocund reed

To lull the dire remorse of tortious deed ;
 Him Jove accosts, in reverend semblaunce dight
 Of good Euphormius, and 'gan mild areed
 Of compact oft confirm'd, of fay yplight,
 Of nature's tender tye, of sacred rule of right.

With lofty eyne, half loth to look so low,
 Him Lycon view'd, and with swol'n surquedry
 'Gan rudely treat his sacred eld ; when now
 Forth stood the God confels'd that rules the sky,
 In sudden sheen of drad divinity :
 And ' Know, false man,' the lord of thunders said,
 ' Not unobserv'd by Heaven's all-perfent eye
 ' Thy cruel deeds ; nor shall be unappay'd.
 ' Go! be in form that best beseems thy thews, array'd.'

Whiles yet he spake th' affrayed trembling wight
 Transmew'd to blatant beast, with hideous howl
 Rush'd headlong forth, in well-deserved plight,
 'Midst dragons, minotaurs, and fiends, to prowl ;
 A wolf in form, as erst a wolf in soul !
 To Pholoë, forest wild, he hy'd away,
 The horrid haunt of savage monsters foul :
 There helpless innocence is still his prey,
 Thief of the bleating fold, and shepherd's dire dismay.

Tho' Jove to good Euphormius' cot did wend,
 Where peaceful dwelt the man of virtue high,
 Each shepherd's praise, and eke each shepherd's friend,
 In every act of sweet humanity ;
 Him Jove approaching in mild majesty,
 Greeted all hail ! then bade him join the throng
 Of glitt'rand lights that gild the glowing sky :
 There shepherd's nightly view his orb yhong,
 Where bright he shines eterne, the brightest stars among.

LOVE

L O V E E L E G I E S.

BY MR. HAMMOND.

E L E G Y I.

FAREWELL that liberty our fathers gave;
 In vain they gave, their sons receiv'd in vain!
 I saw Næra; and, her instant slave,
 Tho' born a Briton, hugg'd the servile chain.

Her usage well repays my coward heart!
 Meanly she triumphs in her lover's shame;
 No healing joy relieves his constant smart,
 No smile of love rewards the loss of fame.

Oh! that, to feel these killing pangs no more,
 On Scythian hills I lay, a senseless stone!
 Was fix'd a rock amidst the wat'ry roar,
 And in the vast Atlantick stood alone!

Adieu, ye Muses—or my passion aid;
 Why should I loiter by your idle spring?
 My humble voice would move one only maid,
 And she contemns the trifles which I sing!

I do not ask the lofty Epick strain,
 Nor strive to paint the wonders of the sphere:
 I only sing one cruel maid to gain—
 Adieu, ye Muses, if she will not hear!

No more in useless innocence I'll pine:
 Since guilty presents win the greedy fair,
 I'll tear it's honours from the broken shrine;
 But chiefly thine, O Venus, will I tear.

Deceiv'd by thee, I lov'd a beauteous maid,
 Who bends on fordid gold her low desires :
 Nor worth nor passion can her heart persuade,
 But love must act what avarice requires!

Unwise, who first (the charm of nature lost)
 With Tyrian purple foil'd the snowy sheep ;
 Unwiser still, who seas and mountains cross'd,
 To dig the rock, and search the pearly deep !

These costly toys our silly fair surprize,*
 The shining follies cheat their feeble sight :
 Their hearts, secure in trifles, love despise ;
 'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write!

Why did the gods conceal the little mind
 And earthly thought beneath a heav'nly face !
 Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
 Yet smooth and polish so each outward grace !

Hence all the blame that Love and Venus bear ;
 Hence pleasure short, and anguish ever long :
 Hence tears and sighs ; and hence the peevish fair,
 The froward lover—hence this angry song.

E L E G Y II.

ADIEU, ye walls, that guard my cruel fair !
 No more I'll sit in rosy fetters bound :
 My limbs have learn'd the weight of arms to bear,
 My rousing spirits feel the trumpet's sound.

Few are the maids that now on merit smile,
 On spoil and war is bent this iron age ;
 Yet pain and death attend on war and spoil,
 Unfated vengeance and remorseless rage.

To purchase spoil, e'en Love itself is sold ;
 Her lover's heart is least Neara's care :
 And I thro' war must seek detested gold,
 Not for myself, but for my venal fair ;

That while she bends beneath the weight of dress,
 The stiffen'd robe may spoil her easy mien ;
 And art, mistaken, make her beauty less,
 While still it hides some graces better seen !

But if such toys can win her lovely smile,
 Her's be the wealth of Tagus' golden sand ;
 Her's the bright gems that glow in India's soil,
 Her's the black sons of Africk's saltry land !

To please her eye, let every loom contend ;
 For her be rifled Ocean's pearly bed !—
 But where, alas ! would idle Fancy tend,
 And soothe with dreams a youthful poet's head !

Let others buy the cold unloving maid,
 In forc'd embraces act the tyrant's part ;
 While I their selfish luxury upbraid,
 And scorn the person, where I doubt the heart !

Thus warm'd by Pride, I think I love no more,
 And hide in threats the weakness of my mind :
 In vain—tho' Reason fly the hated door,
 Yet Love, the coward Love, still lags behind.

E L E G Y III.

SHOULD Jove descend in floods of liquid ore,
 And golden torrents stream from every part,
 That craving bosom still would heave for more ;
 Not all the god could satisfy thy heart.

But

But may thy folly, which can thus disdain
 My honest love, the mighty wrong repay;
 May midnight fire involve thy fordid gain,
 And on the shining heaps of rapine prey!

May all the youths, like me, by love deceiv'd,
 Not quench the ruin, but applaud the doom;
 And, when thou dy'ft, may not one heart be griev'd,
 May not one tear bedew thy lonely tomb!

But the deserving, tender, generous maid,
 Whose only care is her poor lover's mind;
 Tho' ruthless age may bid her beauty fade,
 In every friend to love, a friend shall find!

And when the lamp of life will burn no more,
 When dead she seems as in a gentle sleep;
 The pitying neighbour shall her loss deplore,
 And round the bier assembled lovers weep!

With flow'ry garlands, each revolving year
 Shall strew the grave where truth and softness rest;
 Then home returning drop the pious tear,
 And bid the turf lie easy on her breast.

E L E G Y IV.

WHILE calm you sit beneath your secret shade,
 And lose in pleasing thought the summer day;
 Or tempt the wish of some unpractis'd maid,
 Whose heart at once inclines and fears to stray:

The sprightly vigour of my youth is fled;
 Lonely and sick, on death is all my thought.
 Oh, spare, Persephone*, this guiltless head!
 Love, too much love, is all thy suppliant's fault.

* The goddess of Death.

No virgin's easy faith I e'er betray'd,
 My tongue ne'er boasted of a feign'd embrace;
 No poisons in the cup have I convey'd,
 Nor veil'd destruction with a friendly face.

No secret horrors gnaw this quiet breast,
 This pious hand ne'er robb'd the sacred fane;
 I ne'er disturb'd the God's eternal rest
 With curses loud, but oft have pray'd in vain.

No stealth of time has thinn'd my flowing hair,
 Nor age yet bent me with his iron hand:
 Ah! why so soon the tender blossom tear,
 Ere Autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand!

Ye gods! whoe'er, in gloomy shades below,
 Now slowly tread your melancholy round,
 Now wand'ring, view the baleful rivers flow,
 And musing, hearken to their solemn sound:

Oh, let me still enjoy the chearful day,
 Till many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
 Pleas'd in my age, I trifle life away,
 And tell how much we lov'd, ere I grew old!

But you, who now with festive garlands crown'd,
 In chace of pleasure the gay moments spend;
 By quick enjoyment heal Love's pleasing wound,
 And grieve for nothing, but your absent friend.

ELEGY V.

WITH wine, more wine, deceive thy master's care,
 Till creeping slumber soothe his troubled breast;
 Let not a whisper stir the silent air,
 If hapless Love a while consent to rest.

Untoward

Untoward guards beset my Cynthia's doors,
And cruel locks th' imprison'd fair conceal :
May light'nings blast whom Love in vain implores;
And Jove's own thunder rive those bolts of steel !

Ah, gentle door, attend my humble call,
Nor let thy sounding hinge our thefts betray ;
So all my curses far from thee shall fall!—
We angry lovers mean not half we say.

Remember now the flow'ry wreaths I gave,
When first I told thee of my bold desires :
Nor thou, O Cynthia, fear the watchful slave;
Venus will favour what herself inspires.

She guides the youths who see not where they tread ;
She shews the virgin how to turn the door,
Softly to steal from off her silent bed,
And not a step betray her on the floor,

The fearless lover wants no beam of light,
The robber knows him, nor obstructs his way ;
Sacred he wanders thro' the pathless night,
Belongs to Venus, and can never stray.

I scorn the chilling wind, and beating rain,
Nor heed cold watchings on the dewy ground;
If all the hardships I for Love sustain,
With Love's victorious joys at last be crown'd !

With sudden step let none our bliss surprize,
Or check the freedom of secure delight !
Rash man beware, and shut thy curious eyes;
Lest angry Venus snatch their guilty sight !

But should'st thou see, th' important secret hide,
 Tho' question'd by the powers of earth and heav'n;
 The prating tongue shall Love's revenge abide,
 Still sue for grace, and never be forgiv'n.

A wizard dame, thy lover's ancient friend,
 With magick charm has deaf'd thy husband's ear;
 At her command I saw the stars descend,
 And winged lightnings stop in mid career.

I saw her stamp, and cleave the solid ground,
 While ghastly spectres round us wildly roam;
 I saw them hearken to her potent sound,
 Till scar'd at day they sought their dreary home.

At her command the vig'rous summer pines,
 And wint'ry clouds obscure the hopeful year;
 At her strong bidding, gloomy winter shines,
 And vernal roses on the snows appear.

She gave these charms which I on thee bestow;
 They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind:
 For me they make an husband nothing know;
 For me, and only me, they make him blind.

But what did most this faithful heart surprize,
 She boasted that her skill could set it free;
 This faithful heart the boasted freedom flies;
 How could it venture to abandon thee!

ELEGY VI.

THOUSANDS would seek the lasting peace of Death,
 And in that harbour shun the storm of care:
 Officious Hope still holds the fleeting breath;
 She tells them still—to-morrow will be fair,

She tells me, Delia, I shall thee obtain:
 But can I listen to her syren song,
 Who sev'n flow months have dragg'd my painful chain,
 So long thy lover, and despis'd so long?

By all the joys thy dearest Celia gave,
 Let not her once-lov'd friend unpity'd burn:
 So may her ashes find a peaceful grave,
 And sleep uninjur'd in their sacred urn,

To her I first avow'd my tim'rous flame,
 She nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to sue;
 She still wou'd pity what the wise might blame,
 And feel for weakness which she never knew.

Ah, do not grieve the dear lamented shade,
 That hov'ring round us all my sufferings hears;
 She is my saint—to her my pray'rs are made,
 With oft repeated gifts of flow'rs and tears.

To her sad tomb at midnight I retire,
 And lonely sitting by the silent stone,
 I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inspire;
 The marble image seems to hear my moan.

Thy friend's pale ghost shall vex thy sleepless bed,
 And stand before thee all in virgin white;
 That ruthless bosom will disturb the dead,
 And call forth pity from eternal night.

' Cease, cruel man, the mournful theme forbear,
 ' Tho' much thou suffer, to thyself complain;
 ' Ah! to recall the sad remembrance spare,
 ' One tear from her, is more than all thy pain!

ELEGY VII.

NOW Delia breathes in woods the fragrant air,
 Dull are the hearts that still in town remain;
 Venus herself attends on Delia there,
 And Cupid sports amid the sylvan train.

Oh, with what joy my Delia to behold,
 I'd press the spade, or wield the weighty prong;
 Guide the slow plough-share thro' the stubborn mould,
 And patient goad the loit'ring ox along.

The scorching heats I'd carelessly despise,
 Nor heed the blisters on my tender hand:
 The great Apollo wore the same disguise,
 Like me subdu'd to Love's supreme command.

No healing herbs cou'd soothe their master's pain,
 The art of physick lost and useles lay;
 To Peneus' stream, and Tempe's shady plain,
 He drove his herds beneath the noon-tide ray.

Oft with a bleating lamb in either arm,
 His blushing sister* saw him pace along;
 Oft wou'd his voice the silent valley charm,
 Till lowing oxen broke the tender song.

Where are his triumphs? where his warlike toil?
 Where by his darts the crested Python slain?
 Where are his Delphi? his delightful isle?
 The god himself is grown a cottage swain!

* The Goddess Diana.

O, Ceres, in your golden fields no more,
 With harvest's chearful pomp my fair detain!—
 Think what for lost Proserpina * you bore,
 And in a mother's anguish feel my pain!

Our wiser fathers left their fields unfown :
 Their food was acorns, love their sole employ;
 They met, they lik'd, they staid but till alone,
 And in each valley snatch'd the honest joy !

No wakeful guard, no doors to stop desire!
 Thrice happy times!—But, oh! I fondly rave:
 Lead me to Delia; all her eyes inspire
 I'll do—I'll plough or dig as Delia's slave.

E L E G Y VIII.

A H, what avails thy lover's pious care!
 His lavish incense clouds the sky in vain;
 Nor wealth nor greatness was his idle pray'r,
 For thee alone he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain !

With thee I hop'd to waste the pleasing day,
 Till in thy arms an age of joy was past;
 Then old with love insensibly decay,
 And on thy bosom gently breathe my last !

I scorn the Lydian river's golden wave,
 And all the vulgar charms of human life;
 I only ask to live my Delia's slave,
 And when I long have serv'd her, call her wife:

* The daughter of Ceres, taken from her by Pluto.

I only ask, of her I love possess'd,
 To sink o'ercome with bliss, in safe repose,
 To strain her yielding beauties to my breast,
 And kiss her wearied eye-lids till they close.

Attend, O Juno, with thy sober ear;
 Attend, gay Venus, parent of desire:
 This one fond wish if you refuse to hear,
 Oh, let me with this sigh of love expire!

ELEGY IX.

HE who cou'd first two gentle hearts unbind,
 And rob a lover of his weeping fair;
 Hard was the man—but harder, in my mind,
 The lover still, who dy'd not of despair.

With mean disguise let others nature hide,
 And mimic virtue with the paint of art;
 I scorn the cheat of reason's foolish pride,
 And boast the graceful weakness of my heart.

The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
 And learn the more each heav'nly charm to prize;
 While fools, too light for passion, safe remain,
 And dull sensation keeps the stupid wise.

Sad is my day, and sad my ling'ring night,
 When wrapt in silent grief I weep alone;
 Delia is lost, and all my past delight
 Is now the source of unavailing moan!

Where is the wit that heighten'd beauty's charms?
 Where is the face that fed my longing eyes?
 Where is the shape that might have bless'd my arms?
 Where all those hopes relentless Fate denies?

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When,

When, spent with endless grief, I die at last,
 Delia may come, and see my poor remains—
 Oh, Delia! after such an absence past,
 Canst thou still love, and not forget my pains?

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corse attend?
 With eyes averted light the solemn pyre;
 Till all around the doleful flames ascend;
 Then, slowly sinking, by degrees expire?

To soothe the hov'ring soul be thine the care,
 With plaintive cries to lead the mournful band;
 In fable weeds the golden vase to bear,
 And cull my ashes with thy trembling hand.

Panchaia's odours be their costly feast,
 And all the pride of Asia's fragrant year;
 Give them the treasures of the farthest east,
 And, what is still more precious, give thy tear.

Dying for thee, there is in death a pride:
 Let all the world thy hapless lover know;
 No silent urn the noble passion hide,
 But deeply graven thus my sufferings show:

• Here lies a youth borne down with love and care,
 • He cou'd not long his Delia's loss abide;
 • Joy left his bosom with the parting fair,
 • And when he durst no longer hope, he dy'd.*

E L E G Y X.

THIS day, which saw my Delia's beauty rise,
 Shall more than all our sacred days be bless'd;
 The world, enamour'd of her lovely eyes,
 Shall grow as good and gentle as her breast.

By

By all our guarded sighs and hid desires,
 Oh, may our guiltless love be still the same!
 I urn, and glory in the pleasing fires,
 If Delia's bosom share the mutual flame.

Thou, happy genius of her natal hour,
 Accept her incense, if her thoughts be kind;
 But let her court in vain thy angry power,
 If all our vows are blotted from her mind:

And thou, O Venus, hear my righteous pray'r,
 Or bind the shepherdes or loose the swain!
 Yet rather guard them both with equal care,
 And let them die together in thy chain!

What I demand perhaps her heart desires,
 But virgin tears her nicer tongue restrain;
 The secret thought, which blushing love inspires,
 The conscious eye can full as well explain.

E L E G Y XI.

THE man, who sharpen'd first the warlike steel,
 How fell and deadly was his iron heart!
 He gave the wound encount'ring nations feel,
 And death grew stronger by his fatal art.

Yet not from steel debate and battle rose,
 'Tis gold o'erturns the even scale of life;
 Nature is free to all, and none were foes,
 Till partial Luxury began the strife.

Let spoil and victory adorn the bold,
 While I inglorious neither hope nor fear;
 Perish the thirst of honour, thirst of gold,
 Ere for my absence Delia lose a tear!

Why

Why shou'd the lover quit his pleasing home,
 In search of danger on some foreign ground;
 Far from his weeping fair ungrateful roam,
 And risk in ev'ry stroke a double wound?

Ah! better far, beneath the spreading shade,
 With chearful friends to drain the sprightly bowl;
 To sing the beauties of my darling maid,
 And on the sweet idea feast my soul!

Then, full of love, to all her charms retire,
 And fold her blushing to my eager breast;
 Till, quite o'ercome with softness, with desire,
 Like me she pants, she faints, and sinks to rest.

E L E G Y XII.

NO second love shall e'er my heart surprize;
 This solemn league did first our passion bind:
 Thou, only thou, canst please thy lover's eyes,
 Thy voice alone can soothe his troubled mind.

Oh, that thy charms were only fair to me,
 Displease all others, and secure my rest;
 No need of envy—let me happy be,
 I little care that others know me blest'd.

With thee in gloomy desarts let me dwell,
 Where never human footstep mark'd the ground;
 Thou, light of life, all darkness canst expel,
 And seem a world, with solitude around.

I say too much—my heedless words restore;
 My tongue undoes me in this loving hour:
 Thou know'st thy strength, and thence insulting more,
 Wilt make me feel the weight of all thy pow'r.

Whate'er

Whate'er I feel, thy slave I will remain,
 Nor fly the burden I am form'd to bear:
 In chains I'll sit me down at Venus' fane;
 She knows my wrongs, and will regard my pray'r.

ELEGY XIII.

LET others boast their heaps of shining gold,
 And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd;
 Whom neighb'ring foes in constant terror hold,
 And trumpets break their slumbers—never sound.

While, calmly poor, I trifle life away;
 Enjoy sweet leisure by my chearful fire:
 No wanton hope my quiet shall betray;
 But, cheaply blest'd, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
 And plant my orchard with it's master's hand;
 Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
 Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
 I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb;
 Under my arm I'll bring the wand'rer home,
 And not a little chide it's thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
 And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast!
 Or, lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
 Secure and happy, sink at last to rest!

Or if the sun in flaming Leo ride,
 By shady rivers indolently stray;
 And with my Delia, walking side by side,
 Hear how they murmur as they glide away!

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
 To stop and gaze on Delia as I go!
 To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
 And teach my lovely scholar all I know!

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with Fancy's dream,
 In silent happiness I rest unknown;
 Content with what I am, not what I seem,
 I live for Delia and myself alone.

Ah, foolish man! who thus of her possess'd,
 Could float and wander with ambition's wind;
 And, if his outward trappings spoke him blest'd,
 Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind.

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,
 Nor trust to happiness that's not our own:
 The smile of fortune might suspicion raise,
 But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

Stanhope, in wisdom as in wit divine,
 May rise and plead Britannia's glorious cause;
 With steady rein his eager wit confine,
 While manly sense the deep attention draws!

Let Stanhope speak his list'ning country's wrong,
 My humble voice shall please one partial maid;
 For her alone I pen my tender song,
 Securely sitting in his friendly shade.

Stanhope shall come, and grace his rural friend!
 Delia shall wonder at her noble guest;
 With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
 And for her husband's patron cull the best.

Her's

Her's be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am blest'd,
The fav'rite subject of her gentle reign,
By love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plow,
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock ;
For her, a goat-herd, climb the mountain's brow,
And sleep extended on the naked rock !

Ah ! what avails to press the stately bed,
And far from her midst tasteless grandeur weep ;
By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep !

Delia alone can please, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight ;
With her, enjoyment wakens new desire,
And equal rapture glows thro' ev'ry night !

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,
To charm the fancy and to fix the mind :
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.

On her I'll gaze when others' loves are o'er,
And dying, press her with my clay-cold hand !—
Thou weep'st already, as I were no more ;
Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand,

Oh, when I die, my latest moments spare,
Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill !
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair ;
Tho' I am dead, my soul shall love thee still !

Oh, quit the room ! oh, quit the deathful bed !
 Or thou wilt die—so tender is thy heart !
 O leave me, Delia, ere thou see me dead ;
 These weeping friends will do thy mournful part !

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
 Convey the corse in melancholy state ;
 Thro' all the village spread the tender tear,
 While pitying maids our wond'rous loves relate !

E L E G Y XIV.

WHAT scenes of bliss my raptur'd fancy fram'd,
 In some lone spot with Peace and thee retir'd !
 Tho' Reason then my sanguine fondness blam'd,
 I still believ'd what flatt'ring Love inspir'd !

But now my wrongs have taught my humbled mind,
 To dangerous bliss no longer to pretend :
 In books, a calm but fix'd content to find—
 Safe joys, that on ourselves alone depend.

With them, the gentle moments I beguile
 In learned ease and elegant delight ;
 Compare the beauties of each different style,
 Each various ray of wit's diffusive light :

Now mark the strength of Milton's sacred lines,
 Sense rais'd by genius, fancy rul'd by art ;
 Where all the glory of the Godhead shines,
 And earliest innocence enchants the heart.

Now, fir'd by Pope and virtue, leave the age
 In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong ;
 And trace the author thro' his moral page,
 Whose blameless life still answers to his song.

If time and books my lingering pain can heal,
 And reason fix it's empire o'er my heart;
 My patriot breast a nobler warmth shall feel,
 And glow with love where weakness has no part,

Thy heart, O Lyttelton, shall be my guide;
 It's fire shall warm me, and it's worth improve:
 Thy heart, above all envy, and all pride,
 Firm as man's sense, and soft as woman's love.

And you, O West! with her your partner dear,
 Whom social mirth and useful sense commend;
 With learning's feast my drooping mind shall cheer,
 Glad to escape from Love to such a friend.

But why so long my weaker heart deceive!
 Ah, still I love in Pride and Reason's spite!
 No books, alas! my painful thoughts relieve;
 And while I threat, this Elegy I write.

E L E G Y XV.

OH, form'd alike to serve us and to please;
 Polite with honesty, and learn'd with ease;
 With heart to act, with genius to retire;
 Open, yet wise; tho' gentle, full of fire:
 With thee I scorn the low constraint of art,
 Nor fear to trust the follies of my heart!
 Hear then from what my long despair arose,
 The faithful story of a lover's woes.
 When, in a sober melancholy hour,
 Reduc'd by Sickness under Reason's pow'r,
 I view'd my state, too little weigh'd before,
 And Love himself could flatter me no more,

My

My Delia's hopes I would no more deceive,
 But whom my passion hurt, thro' friendship leave;
 I chose the coldest words my heart to hide,
 And cure her sex's weakness thro' it's pride.
 The prudence which I taught, I ill pursu'd;
 The charm my reason broke, my heart renew'd.
 Again, submissive to her feet I came;
 And prov'd, too well, my passion, by my shame;
 While she, secure in coldness, or disdain,
 Forgot my love, or triumph'd in it's pain;
 Began with higher views her thoughts to raise,
 And scorn'd the humble poet of her praise!
 She let each little lye o'er truth prevail,
 And strengthen'd, by her faith, each groundless tale;
 Believ'd the grossest arts that malice us'd;
 Nor once, in thought, was on her lover's side.
 Oh, where were then my scenes of fancy'd life!
 Oh, where the friend, the mistress, and the wife!
 Her years of promis'd love were quickly past;
 Not too revolving moons could see them last!
 To Stow's delightful scenes I now repair,
 In Cobham's smile to lose the gloom of care!
 Nor fear that he my weakness should despise,
 In nature learned, and humanely wise.
 There Pit, in manners soft, in friendship warm,
 With mild advice my list'ning grief shall charm:
 With sense to counsel, and with wit to please;
 A Roman's virtue, with a courtier's ease!
 Nor you, my friend, whose heart is still at rest,
 Contemn the human weakness of my breast:
 Reason may chide the faults she cannot cure,
 And pains, which long we scorn'd, we oft endure.
 Tho' wiser cares employ your studious mind;
 Form'd with a soul so elegantly kind,
 Your breast may lose the calm it long has known,
 And learn my woes to pity, by it's own.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION*.

FOUND IN THE TRAP WHERE HE HAD BEEN CONFINED
ALL NIGHT.

BY MISS AIKIN†.

Parcere subjectis, & debellare superbos.

Ving.

O H! hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs;
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries.

For here forlorn and sad I sit,
Within the wiry grate;
And tremble at th' approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with Freedom glow'd,
And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A free-born mouse detain.

Oh! do not stain with guiltless blood,
Thy hospitable hearth;
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd
A prize so little worth.

* To Doctor Priestley.

The author is concerned to find, that what was intended as the petition of Mercy against Justice, has been construed as the plea of Humanity against Cruelty. She is certain that cruelty could never be apprehended from the gentleman to whom this is addressed; and the poor animal would have suffered more as the victim of domestick economy, than of philosophical curiosity.

† Now Mrs. Barbauld.

The

The scatter'd gleanings of a feast
My frugal meals supply :
But if thine unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny,

The chearful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely given ;
Let nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of Heaven.

The well-taught philosophick mind
To all compassion gives ;
Casts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

If mind, as ancient sages taught,
A never-dying flame,
Still shifts thro' matter's varying forms,
In every form the same :

Beware, lest, in the worm you crush,
A brother's soul you find ;
And tremble, lest thy luckless hand
Dislodge a kindred mind.

Or, if this transient gleam of day
Be all of life we share ;
Let Pity plead within thy breast,
That little all to spare.

So may thy hospitable board
With health and peace be crown'd ;
And every charm of heart-felt ease,
Beneath thy roof be found.

So, when destruction lurks unseen,
Which men like mice may share;
May some kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden snare.

THE INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

BY DR. WATTS.

WHY should our joys transform to pain?
Why gentle Hymen's filken chain
A plague of iron prove?
Good Gods! 'tis strange, the chain that binds
Millions of hands, should leave their minds
At such a loose from love!

In vain I fought the wond'rous cause;
Search'd the wide fields of nature's laws;
And urg'd the schools in vain:
Till deep in thought, within my breast
My soul retir'd, and slumber dress'd
A bright instructive scene.

O'er the wide land, and cross the tide;
On Fancy's airy wing I ride;
Sweet rapture of the mind!
Till on the banks of Ganges' flood,
In a tall ancient grove I stood,
For sacred use design'd.

Hard by, a venerable priest,
Ris'n with his god, the sun, from rest,
Began his morning song:

3 H

Thrice

Thrice he conjur'd the murm'ring stream;
 The birth of souls was all his theme,
 And half divine his tongue:

He sang th' eternal rolling flame;
 That vital mass that's still the same,
 Does all our minds compose:
 Whence shap'd in twice ten thousand frames,
 Whence differing souls of different names
 And different passions rose.

' The mighty Pow'r that form'd the mind,
 ' One mould for ev'ry two design'd;
 ' Then blest'd the new-born pair:
 " This be a match for this," he said;
 ' Then down he sent the souls he made,
 ' To seek them bodies here.

' But parting from their warm abodes,
 ' They lost their fellows on the roads,
 ' And never join'd their hands:
 ' O cruel chance, and crossing fates!
 ' Our Eastern souls have lost their mates
 ' On Europe's barbarous lands!

Thus sang the wond'rous Indian bard;
 My listening ear attentive heard,
 Whilst Ganges ceas'd to flow:
 ' Sure, then,' said I, ' could I but see
 ' The gentle nymph that twin'd with me,
 ' I might be happy too!"

Some courteous angel tell me where,
 What distant lands the unknown fair,
 Or distant seas detain;

Swift

BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

427

Swift as the wheel of nature rolls,
I'd fly to meet and mingle souls,
And wear the joyful chain.

THE FORCE OF RELIGION;
OR, VANQUISH'D LOVE.

IN TWO BOOKS.

BY DR. YOUNG.

Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.

VIRG.

BOOK I.

— *Ad cælum ardentia lumina tollens,
Lumina ; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.*

VIRG.

FROM lofty themes, from thoughts that soar'd on high,
And open'd wond'rous scenes above the sky,
My Muse, descend ! indulge my fond desire ;
With softer thoughts my melting soul inspire,
And smooth my numbers to a female's praise :
A partial world will listen to my lays,
While Anna reigns, and sets a female name
Unrival'd in the glorious lists of Fame.

Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land !
Whose radiant eyes the vanquish'd world command :
Virtue is beauty ; but when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form are join'd ;
When youth makes such bright objects still more bright,
And Fortune sets them in the strongest light,
'Tis all of heav'n that we below may view,
And all but adoration is your due.

Fam'd female virtue did this isle adorn
Ere Ormond, or her glorious queen, was born :

When now Maria's pow'rful arms prevail'd,
 And haughty Dudley's bold ambition fail'd,
 The beauteous daughter of great Suffolk's race,
 In blooming youth, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
 Who gain'd a crown by treason not her own,
 And innocently fill'd another's throne,
 Hurl'd from the summit of imperial state,
 With equal mind sustain'd the stroke of Fate.

But how will Guilford, her far dearer part,
 With manly reason fortify his heart?
 At once she longs, and is afraid to know;
 Now swift she moves, and now advances slow,
 To find her lord; and, finding, passes by,
 Silent with fear, nor dare she meet his eye,
 Lest that, unask'd, in speechless grief disclose
 The mournful secret of his inward woes.
 Thus, after sickness, doubtful of her face,
 The melancholy virgin thuns the glass.

At length, with troubled thought, but look serene,
 And sorrow soften'd by her heav'nly mien,
 She clasps her lord, brave, beautiful, and young,
 While tender accents melt upon her tongue;
 Gentle and sweet as vernal Zephyr blows,
 Fanning the lily or the blooming rose.

- Grieve not, my Lord; a crown indeed is lost!
- What far outshines a crown we still may boast;
- A mind compos'd, a mind that can disdain
- A fruitless sorrow for a loss so vain.
- Nothing is loss, that virtue can improve
- To wealth eternal, and return above;
- Above, where no distinction shall be known
- 'Twixt him whom storms have shaken from a throne,
- And him who, basking in the smiles of Fate,
- Shone forth in all the splendour of the great;
- Nor can I find the difference here below;
- I lately was a queen—I still am so,

• While

While Guilford's wife; thee rather I obey,
 Than o'er mankind extend imperial sway.
 When we lie down in some obscure retreat,
 Incens'd Maria may her rage forget;
 And I to death my duty will improve,
 And what you miss in empire add in love!—
 Your godlike soul is open'd in your look,
 And I have faintly your great meaning spoke.
 For this alone I'm pleas'd I wore the crown,
 To find with what content we lay it down.
 Heroes may win, but 'tis a heav'nly race
 Can quit a throne with a becoming grace.'

Thus spoke the fairest of her sex, and chear'd
 Her drooping lord, whose boding bosom fear'd
 A darker cloud of ills would burst, and shed
 Severer vengeance on her guiltless head.
 Too just, alas! the terrors which he felt;
 For, lo! a guard!—forgive him if he melt—
 How sharp her pangs, when sever'd from his side!
 The most sincerely lov'd and loving bride
 In space confin'd, the Muse forbears to tell;
 Deep was her anguish, but she bore it well:
 His pain was equal, but his virtue less;
 He thought in grief there could be no excess.
 Pensive he sat, o'ercast with gloomy care,
 And often fondly clasp'd his absent fair;
 Now, silent, wander'd thro' his rooms of state,
 And sicken'd at the pomp, and tax'd his fate,
 Which thus adorn'd, in all her shining store,
 A splendid wretch, magnificently poor.
 Now on the bridal-bed his eyes were cast,
 And anguish fed on his enjoyments past;
 Each recollected pleasure made him smart,
 And ev'ry transport stabb'd him to the heart.
 That happy moon which summon'd to delight,
 That moon which shone on his dear nuptial night!

Which

Which saw him fold her yet untasted charms,
 (Deny'd to princes) in his longing arms ;
 Now sees the transient blessing fleet away,
 Empire and love, the vision of a day !

'Thus, in the British clime, a summer-storm
 Will oft the smiling face of heav'n deform ;
 The winds with violence at once descend,
 Sweep flow'rs and fruits, and make the forest bend ;
 A sudden winter, while the sun is near,
 O'ercomes the season, and inverts the year.

But whither is the captive borne away,
 The beauteous captive ! from the chearful day ?
 The scene is chang'd, indeed ! before her eyes
 Ill-boding looks and unknown horrors rise ;
 For pomp and splendour, for her guard and crown,
 A gloomy dungeon, and a keeper's frown :
 Black thoughts, each morn, invade the lover's breast ;
 Each night a ruffian locks the queen to rest.

Ah, mournful change, if judg'd by vulgar minds !
 But Suffolk's daughter it's advantage finds.
 Religion's force divine is best display'd
 In deep desertion of all human aid :
 To succour in extremes is her delight,
 And cheer the heart when terror strikes the fight.
 We, disbelieving our own senses, gaze,
 And wonder what a mortal's heart can raise
 To triumph o'er misfortunes, smile in grief,
 And comfort those who come to bring relief :
 We gaze ; and, as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,
 And all the world's vain glories fade away !

Against her cares she rais'd a dauntless mind ;
 And with an ardent heart, but most resign'd,
 Deep in the dreadful gloom, with pious heat,
 Amid the silence of her dark retreat,
 Address'd her God—' Almighty Pow'r Divine !
 ' 'Tis thine to raise, and to depress is thine ;

' With

' With honour to light up the name unknown,
 ' Or to put out the lustre of a throne.
 ' In my short span, both fortunes I have prov'd;
 ' And tho' with ill frail nature will be mov'd,
 ' I'll bear it well : (O strengthen me to bear !)
 ' And if my piety may claim thy care ;
 ' If I remember'd, in youth's giddy heat,
 ' And tumult of a court, a future state,
 ' O favour, when thy mercy I implore,
 ' For one who never guilty sceptre bore !
 ' 'Twas I receiv'd the crown ; my lord is free :
 ' If it must fall, let vengeance fall on me ;
 ' Let him survive, his country's name to raise,
 ' And in a guilty land to speak thy praise !
 ' O may th' indulgence of a father's love,
 ' Pour'd forth on me, be doubled from above !
 ' If these are safe, I'll think my pray'rs succeed,
 ' And bless thy tender mercies whilst I bleed.'

'Twas now the mournful eve before that day
 In which the queen to her full wrath gave way ;
 Thro' rigid justice rush'd into offence,
 And drank, in zeal, the blood of innocence.
 The sun went down in clouds, and seem'd to mourn
 The sad necessity of his return ;
 The hollow wind, and melancholy rain,
 Or did, or was imagin'd to complain ;
 The tapers cast an inauspicious light ;
 Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night.

Sweet Innocence in chains can take her rest :
 Soft slumber gently creeping thro' her breast,
 She sinks ; and in her sleep is re-enthron'd,
 Mock'd by a gaudy dream, and vainly crown'd.
 She views her fleets and armies, seas and land,
 And stretches wide her shadow of command :
 With royal purple is her vision hung ;
 By phantom hosts are shouts of conquest rung ;

Low at her feet the suppliant rival lies ;
Our pris'ner mourns her fate, and bids her rise.

Now level beams upon the waters play'd,
Glanc'd on the hills, and westward cast the shade ;
The busy trades in city had began
To sound, and speak the painful life of man.
In tyrants breasts the thoughts of vengeance rouze,
And the fond bridegroom turns him to his spouse.
At this first birth of light, while morning breaks,
Our spouseless bride, our widow'd wife awakes :
Awakes and smiles ; nor night's imposture blames ;
Her real pomps were little more than dreams !
A short-liv'd blaze, a lightning quickly o'er,
That dy'd in birth, that shone, and were no more !
She turns her side, and soon resumes a state
Of mind well suited to her alter'd fate ;
Serene, tho' serious ; when dread tidings come
(Ah, wretched Guilford !) of her instant doom.
Sun, hide thy beams ! in clouds as black as night
Thy face involve ; be guiltless of the sight !
Or haste more swiftly to the western main,
Nor let her blood the conscious day-light stain !

Oh, how severe ! to fall so new a bride,
Yet blushing from the priest, in youthful pride ;
When 'Time had just matur'd each perfect grace,
And open'd all the wonders of her face !
To leave her Guilford dead to all relief,
Fond of his woe, and obstinate in grief.
Unhappy fair ! whatever fancy drew,
(Vain promis'd blessings !) vanish from her view.
No train of chearful days, endearing nights ;
No sweet domestick joys, and chaste delights ;
Pleasures that blossom e'en from doubts and fears,
And bliss and rapture rising out of cares :
No little Guilford, with paternal grace,
Lull'd on her knee, or smiling in her face ;

Who,

Who, when her dearest father shall return,
 From pouring tears on her untimely urn,
 Might comfort to his silver hairs impart,
 And fill her place in his indulgent heart ;
 As where fruits fall quick-rising blossoms smile,
 And the blest'sd Indian of his cares beguile.

In vain these various reasons jointly press
 To blacken death, and heighten her distress ;
 She thro' th' encircling terrors darts her sight
 To the blest'sd regions of eternal light,
 And fills her soul with peace : to weeping friends
 Her father and her lord she recommends,
 Unmov'd herself. Her foes her air survey,
 And rage to see their malice thrown away.
 She soars ! now nought on earth detains her care—
 But Guilford, who still struggles for his share :
 Still will his form importunately rise,
 Clog and retard her transport to the skies.
 As trembling flames now take a feeble flight,
 Now catch the brand with a returning light ;
 Thus her soul onward, from the seats above
 Falls fondly back, and kindles into love.
 At length she conquers in the doubtful field ;
 That Heav'n she seeks will be her Guilford's shield.
 Now Death is welcome ! his approach is slow ;
 'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow.

Oh, mortals ! short of sight, who think the past
 O'erblown misfortune still shall prove the last :
 Alas ! misfortunes travel in a train,
 And oft in life form one perpetual chain ;
 Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
 Till life and sorrow meet one common end.

She thinks that she has nought but death to fear,
 And death is conquer'd. Worse than death is near :
 Her rigid trials are not yet compleat ;
 The news arrives of her great father's fate.

She sees his hoary head, all white with age,
 A victim to th' offended monarch's rage.
 How great the mercy, had she breath'd her last
 Ere the dire sentence on her father pass'd !

A fonder parent nature never knew,
 And as his age increas'd his fondness grew.
 A parent's love ne'er better was bestow'd ;
 The pious daughter in her heart o'erflow'd.
 And can she from all weakness still refrain,
 And still the firmness of her soul maintain ?
 Impossible ! a sigh will force it's way ;
 One patient tear her mortal birth betray :
 She sighs and weeps ! but so she weeps and sighs,
 As silent dews descend, and vapours rise.

Celestial Patience ! how dost thou defeat
 The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate !
 While Passion takes his part, betrays our peace,
 To death and torture swells each slight disgrace ;
 By not opposing thou dost ills destroy,
 And wear thy conquer'd sorrows into joy

Now she revolves within her anxious mind
 What woe still lingers in reserve behind :
 Grievs rise on griefs, and she can see no bound,
 While nature lasts, and can receive a wound.
 ' The sword is drawn ; the queen to rage inclin'd,
 ' By mercy, nor by piety confin'd :
 ' What mercy can the zealot's heart assuage,
 ' Whose piety itself converts to rage ?'
 She thought, and sigh'd ; and now the blood began
 To leave her beautiful cheek all cold and wan :
 New sorrow dimm'd the lustre of her eye,
 And on her cheek the fading roses die.
 ' Alas ! should Guilford too—' When now she's brought
 To that dire view, that precipice of thought ;
 While there she trembling stands, nor dares look down,
 Nor can recede, till Heav'n's decrees are known,

Care of all ills, till now, her lord appears—
 But not to cheer her heart, and dry her tears;
 Not now, as usual, like the rising day,
 To chase the shadows and the damps away;
 But, like a gloomy storm, at once to sweep
 And plunge her to the bottom of the deep.
 Black were his robes, dejected was his air,
 His voice was frozen by his cold despair;
 Slow, like a ghost, he mov'd with solemn pace;
 A dying paleness sat upon his face.
 Back she recoil'd, she smote her lovely breast,
 Her eyes the anguish of her heart confess'd;
 Struck to the soul, she stagger'd with the wound,
 And sunk, a breathless image, to the ground.

Thus the fair lily, when the sky's o'ercast,
 At first but shudders in the feeble blast;
 But when the winds and weighty rains descend,
 The fair and upright stem is forc'd to bend,
 Till broke, at length, it's snowy leaves are shed,
 And strew with dying sweets their native bed.

B O O K II.

Hic pietatis honos? sic nos in sceptris reponis?

ving.

HER Guilford clasps her, beautiful in death,
 And with a kiss recalls her fleeting breath.
 To tapers thus, which by a blast expire,
 A lighted taper, touch'd, restores the fire.
 She rear'd her swimming eye, and saw the light;
 And Guilford, too, or she had loath'd the light.
 Her father's death she bore, despis'd her own,
 But now she must, she will have leave to groan.
 ' Ah, Guilford!' she began, and would have spoke,
 But sobs rush'd in, and ev'ry accent broke:

Reason itself, as gusts of passion blew,
Was ruffled in the tempest, and withdrew.

So the youth lost his image in the well,
When tears upon the yielding surface fell ;
The scatter'd features slid into decay,
And spreading circles drove his face away.

To touch the soft affections, and controul
The manly temper of the bravest soul,
What with afflicted beauty can compare,
And drops of love distilling from the fair ?
It melts us down ; our pains delight bestow,
And we with fondness languish o'er our woe.

This Guilford prov'd ; and, with excess of pain,
And pleasure too, did to his bosom strain
The weeping fair ; sunk deep in soft desire,
Indulg'd his love, and nurs'd the raging fire :
Then tore himself away ; and, standing wide,
As fearing a relapse of fondness, cry'd,
With ill-dissembled grief, ' My life, forbear !

' You wound your Guilford with each cruel tear :
' Did you not chide my grief ? repress your own,
' Nor want compassion for yourself alone.
' Have you beheld how, from the distant main,
' The thronging waves roll on, a num'rous train,
' And foam, and bellow, till they reach the shore,
' There burst their noisy pride, and are no more ?
' Thus the successive flows of human race,
' Chac'd by the coming, the preceding chase ;
' They found and swell, their haughty heads they rear,
' Then fall and flatten, break and disappear.
' Life is a forfeit we must shortly pay,
' And where's the mighty lucre of a day ?
' Why should you mourn my fate ? 'tis most unkind ;
' Your own you bore with an unshaken mind :
' And which, can you imagine, was the dart
' That drank most blood, sunk deepest in my heart ?

' I can-

- * I cannot live without you ; and my doom
- * I meet with joy, to share one common tomb.—
- * And are, again, your tears profusely spilt ?
- * Oh ! then my kindness blackens to my guilt ;
- * It soils itself if it recall your pain :—
- * Life of my life ! I beg you to refrain !
- * The load which Fate imposes you increase,
- * And help Maria to destroy my peace !'

But, oh ! against himself his labour turn'd ;
 The more he comforted, the more she mourn'd.
 Compassion swells our grief ; words soft and kind
 But soothe our weakness, and dissolve the mind.
 Her sorrow flow'd in streams : nor her's alone ;
 While that he blam'd, he yielded to his own.
 Where are the smiles she wore when she, so late,
 Hail'd him great partner of the regal state ;
 When orient gems around her temples blaz'd,
 And bending nations on the glory gaz'd ?

'Tis now the queen's command they both retreat,
 To weep with dignity, and mourn in state :
 She forms the decent misery with joy,
 And loads with pomp the wretch she would destroy.
 A spacious hall is hung with black ; all light
 Shut out, and noon-day darken'd into night :
 From the mid-roof a lamp depends on high,
 Like a dim crescent in a clouded sky ;
 It sheds a quiv'ring, melancholy gloom,
 Which only shews the darkness of the room.
 A shining axe is on the table laid,
 A dreadful sight ! and glitters thro' the shade.
 In this sad scene the lovers are confin'd,
 A scene of terrors to a guilty mind !
 A scene that would have damp'd with rising cares,
 And quite extinguish'd every love but theirs.
 What can they do ? they fix their mournful eyes—
 Then Guilford thus, abruptly : ' I despise

' An empire lost; I fling away the crown;
 ' Numbers have laid that bright delusion down;
 ' But where's the Charles, or Dioclesian where,
 ' Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping fair?
 ' Oh! to dwell ever on thy lip! to stand
 ' In full possession of thy snowy hand!
 ' And, thro' th' unclouded crystal of thy eye,
 ' The heav'nly treasures of thy mind to spy!
 ' Till rapture reason happily destroys,
 ' And my soul wanders thro' immortal joys!
 ' Give me the world, and ask me where's my bliss;
 ' I clasp thee to my breast, and answer, " This."
 ' And shall the grave—' He groans, and can no more,

But all her charms in silence traces o'er :

Her lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought;
 And, wond'ring, sees, in sad presaging thought,
 From that fair neck, that world of beauty, fall,
 And roll along the dust, a ghastly ball!

Oh! let those tremble who are greatly blest'd;
 For who but Guilford could be thus distress'd?
 Come hither, all you happy, all you great!
 From flow'ry meadows, and from rooms of state;
 Nor think I call your pleasures to destroy,
 But to refine, and to exalt your joy:
 Weep not; but, smiling, fix your ardent care
 On nobler titles than the brave or fair.

Was ever such a mournful, moving sight!
 See, if you can, by that dim, trembling light.
 Now they embrace; and, mix'd with bitter woe,
 Like Isis and her Thames, one stream they flow:
 Now they start wide; fix'd in benumbing care,
 They stiffen into statues of despair.
 Now, tenderly severe, and fiercely kind,
 They rush at once; they fling their cares behind,
 And clasp, as if to death; new vows repeat,
 And, quite wrapp'd up in love, forget their fate.

A short delusion! for the raging pain
Returns, and their poor hearts must bleed again.
Mean time the queen new cruelty decreed;
But ill content that they should only bleed.
A priest is sent, who, with insidious art,
Instills his poison into Suffolk's heart;
And Guilford drank it:—hanging on the breast,
He from his childhood was with Rome possess'd.
When now the ministers of Death draw nigh,
And in her dearest lord she first must die,
The subtle priest, who long had watch'd to find
The most unguarded passes of her mind,
Bespoke her thus: 'Grieve not; 'tis in your pow'r
'Your lord to rescue from this fatal hour.'
Her bosom pants; she draws her breath with pain;
A sudden horror thrills thro' ev'ry vein:
Life seems suspended, on his words intent,
And her soul trembles for the great event.

The priest proceeds: 'Embrace the faith of Rome,
'And ward your own, your lord's, and father's doom.'
Ye blessed spirits! now your charge sustain;
The past was ease; now first she suffers pain.
Must she pronounce her father's death? must she
Bid Guilford bleed?—It must not, cannot be!
It cannot be! but 'tis the Christian's praise,
Above impossibilities to raise
The weakness of our nature, and deride
Of vain philosophy the boasted pride.
What tho' our feeble sinews scarce impart
A moment's swiftness to the feather'd dart;
Tho' tainted air our vig'rous youth can break,
And a chill blast the hardy warrior shake;
Yet are we strong. Hear the loud tempest roar
From east to west, and call us weak no more;
The lightning's unresisted force proclaims
Our might, and thunders raise our humble names:

'Tis

'Tis our Jehovah fills the heav'n's ; as long
 As he shall reign Almighty we are strong.
 We, by devotion, borrow from his throne,
 And almost make Omnipotence our own :
 We force the gates of heav'n by fervent pray'r,
 And call forth triumph out of man's despair.

Our lovely mourner, kneeling, lifts her eyes,
 And bleeding heart, in silence, to the skies ;
 Devoutly sad—then, bright'ning, like the day,
 When sudden winds sweep scatter'd clouds away,
 Shining in majesty, till now unknown,
 And breathing life and spirit scarce her own,
 She, rising, speaks : ' If these the terms—'

Here Guilford, cruel Guilford ! (barb'rous man !
 Is this thy love !) as swift as lightning ran,
 O'erwhelm'd her, with tempestuous sorrow fraught,
 And stifled in it's birth, the mighty thought.
 Then, bursting fresh into a flood of tears,
 Fierce, resolute, delirious with his fears,
 His fears for her alone, he beat his breast,
 And thus the fervour of his soul express'd :
 ' Oh ! let thy thought o'er our past converse rove,
 ' And shew one moment uninflam'd with love !
 ' Oh ! if thy kindness can no longer last,
 ' In pity to thyself forget the past !
 ' Else wilt thou never, void of shame and fear,
 ' Pronounce his doom whom thou hast held so dear.
 ' Thou, who hast took me to thy arms, and swore
 ' Empires were vile, and Fate could give no more ;
 ' That to continue was it's utmost pow'r,
 ' And make the future like the present hour :
 ' Now call a ruffian, bid his cruel sword
 ' Lay wide the bosom of thy worthless lord ;
 ' Transfix his heart (since you it's love disclaim)
 ' And stain his honour with a traitor's name.

• This

• This might perhaps be borne without remorse,
 • But sure a father's pangs will have their force !
 • Shall his good age, so near it's journey's end,
 • Thro' cruel torment to the grave descend ?
 • His shallow blood all issue at a wound,
 • Wash a slave's feet, and smoke upon the ground ?
 • But he to you has ever been severe ;
 • Then take your vengeance—' Suffolk now drew near,
 Bending beneath the burden of his care,
 His robes neglected, and his head was bare.
 Decrepit Winter, in the yearly ring,
 Thus slowly creeps to meet the blooming Spring :
 Downward he cast a melancholy look,
 Thrice turn'd to hide his grief, then faintly spoke.
 • Now deep in years, and forward in decay,
 • That axe can only rob me of a day :
 • For thee, my soul's desire ! I can't refrain ;
 • And shall my tears, my last tears, flow in vain ?
 • When you shall know a mother's tender name,
 • My heart's distress no longer will you blame !'
 At this, afar his bursting groans were heard ;
 The tears ran trickling down his silver beard :
 He snatch'd her hand, which to his lips he press'd,
 And bid her plant a dagger in his breast ;
 Then, sinking, call'd her piety unjust,
 And foil'd his hoary temples in the dust.

Hard-hearted men ! will you no mercy know ?
 Has the queen brib'd you to distress her foe ?
 O, weak deserters to Misfortune's part,
 By false affection thus to pierce her heart !
 When she had soar'd, to let your arrows fly,
 And fetch her bleeding from the middle sky.
 And can her virtue, springing from the ground,
 Her flight recover, and disdain the wound ;
 When cleaving love, and human int'rest, bind
 The broken force of her aspiring mind ?

As round the gen'rous eagle, which in vain
Exerts her strength, the serpent wreaths his train,
Her struggling wings entangles, curling plies
His pois'nous tail, and stings her as she flies.

While yet the blow's first dreadful weight she feels,
And with it's force her resolution reels;
Large doors, unfolding with a mournful sound,
To view discover, weltring on the ground,
Three headless trunks of those whose arms maintain'd,
And in her wars immortal glory gain'd:
The lifted axe assur'd her ready doom,
And silent mourners sadden'd all the room.
Shall I proceed, or here break off my tale,
Nor truths, to stagger human faith, reveal?

She met this utmost malice of her fate
With Christian dignity and pious state;
The beating storm's propitious rage she bless'd,
And all the martyr triumph'd in her breast.
Her lord and father, for a moment's space,
She strictly folded in her soft embrace!
Then thus she spoke, while angels heard on high,
And sudden gladness smil'd along the sky.

' Your over-fondness has not mov'd my hate;
' I am well pleas'd you make my death so great:
' I joy I cannot save you; and have giv'n
' Two lives, much dearer than my own, to Heav'n,
' If so the queen decrees*.—But I have cause
' To hope my blood will satisfy the laws;
' And there is mercy still, for you in store.
' With me, the bitterness of death is o'er;
' He shot his sting in that farewell embrace,
' And all that is to come is joy and peace.
' Then let mistaken sorrow be suppress'd,
' Nor seem to envy my approaching rest!

* Here she embraces them.

Then,

Then, turning to the ministers of Fate,
 She, smiling, says, ' My victory's compleat ;
 ' And tell your queen I thank her for the blow,
 ' And grieve, my gratitude I cannot show.
 ' A poor return I leave in England's crown,
 ' For everlasting pleasure and renown :
 ' Her guilt alone allays this happy hour ;
 ' Her guilt—the only vengeance in her pow'r !'
 Not Rome, untouch'd with sorrow, heard her fate;
 And fierce Maria pity'd her too late.

EFFUSIONS OF MELANCHOLY.

BY MISS ROBERTS.

THE silent tear, that steals adown the cheek ;
 The heart-felt sigh, that heaves and is suppress'd ;
 These signs the anguish of the mind bespeak,
 And shew the sorrow lab'ring in my breast.

At times, before my sad deluded eye
 Some dancing gleams of flatt'ring hope appear ;
 But soon the airy visions distant fly,
 Those transient phantoms, chac'd by black Despair !

That gloomy tyrant now resumes his seat,
 O'er my sad soul extends his racking sway ;
 Obedient to his will my pulses beat,
 And meet with rising grief each new-born day.

Fictitious smiles, that dimple o'er my face,
 (Light covering of a heart with woe replete !)
 How oft the starting tears your charms deface !
 And sighs, half smother'd, tell the vain deceit.

Oh! could my feeling soul, from earth resign'd,
 Reach the bright mansions of eternal rest;
 To Heaven each sublunary with resign'd;
 No more should passions swell this beating breast!

These eyes, from whence the briny streams have flow'd,
 Oft for my own, and oft for others ill;
 Their stock exhausted, spent their wat'ry load,
 Crumbled in dust, no more should tears distill!

ROSLINE CASTLE.

AN ELEGY.

BY J. JOHNSTONE, ESQ.

AT dead of night, the hour when courts
 In gay fantastick pleasures move;
 And haply Mira joins their sports,
 And hears some newer, richer love:

To Rosline's ruins I repair,
 A solitary wretch forlorn;
 To mourn, uninterrupted, there,
 My hapless love, her hapless scorn.

No sound of joy disturbs my strain,
 No hind is whistling on the hill;
 No hunter winding o'er the plain,
 No maiden fingering at the rill.

Ask, murm'ring thro' the dusky pines,
 Reflects the moon's mist-mantled beam;
 And Fancy chills, where'er it shines,
 To see pale ghosts obscurely gleam.

Not

Not so the nights that in thy halls,
 Once, Rosline, danc'd in joy along :
 Where owls now scream along thy walls,
 Refounded mirth-inspiring song.

Where bats now rest their footy wings,
 Th' impurpl'd feast was wont to flow ;
 And beauty danc'd in graceful rings, .
 And princes sat, where nettles grow.

What now avails, how great? how gay?
 How fair, how fine, their matchless dames?
 Here sleeps their undistinguish'd clay;
 And e'en the stones have lost their names.

And yon gay crouds must soon expire,
 Unknown, unprais'd, each fair-one's name!
 Not so the charms that bards inspire;
 Increasing years increase their fame.

Oh, Mira! what is state or wealth?
 The great can never love like me!
 Wealth adds not days, nor quickens health,
 Then, wiser thou, come happy be!

Come, and be mine! in this sweet spot,
 Where Esk rolls clear his little wave,
 We'll live, and Esk shall, in a cot,
 See joys that Rosline never gave.

HIGHAM HILL.

A PASTORAL.

BY MR. NICHOLLS.

ON Higham Hill, when prospects fair
 Salute the wand'ring sight,
 I love to breathe the morning air,
 And sleep the summer night:
 There, how charming 'tis to wake
 When silver Cynthia reigns!
 Whilst Philomel, from flow'ry brake,
 Pours forth her love-lorn strains.

Then, oh! then, I love to rise,
 And trace the bloom-clad hill;
 Whilst thro' the stillness softly flies
 The whispers of the rill;
 Nor else is heard to interpose,
 From dingle, bush, or dale,
 Save Thames, soft kissing, as he goes,
 The rush-embroider'd vale.

As down the slope I traverse then,
 I scan with curious eye
 The wonders Heav'n presents to men,
 And wish the atheist by:
 His mind, howe'er impervious grown
 To theologick lore,
 With me, I think, would quickly own
 A supernatural Pow'r!

When business dulls the mental pow'rs,
 To Higham Hill I run,
 And with the breath of op'ning flow'rs
 There hail the rising sun.

Then

Then how my soul revives again!
 My fancy takes her flight;
 The muse resumes her wonted strain,
 And sings with new delight!

Let the proud thing of human race,
 Who, like a summer fly,
 Scuds to-day from place to place,
 And must to-morrow die;
 Let him to greatness bend the knee,
 Or heap up fordid wealth;
 The top of Higham Hill for me,
 That seat of Peace and Health!

Peace and Health! O, sacred theme,
 With all that's blissful fraught!
 The rest is but an empty dream,
 Not worth a poet's thought:
 May he, who strives for more than this,
 Still turn a barren soil,
 Nor ever meet a ray of bliss
 To mitigate his toil!

Bear me from hence, some rural god,
 To Higham Hill again;
 The choicest bloom that decks the sod
 I'll scatter round thy fane:
 For, O! I long, at fervid noon,
 To breathe the blue-bell's sweet;
 To sit and hear the throstle's tune,
 Where spreading hazels meet;

Or stray by hawthorn hedge, or rove
 Adown the pathless way,
 When ev'ry song-bird cheers his love
 Beneath the bloom of May:

Till

Till weary herds retire to rest,
 Till sheep are pent in fold,
 Till Phœbus leaves the ruddy west
 With tints of burnish'd gold !

If, when I stray to Higham Hill,
 I meet the rustick throng,
 They greet me with a right good will,
 And note me for my song :
 For oft at May, in rural sport,
 I spend with them the day,
 And make the vices of a court
 The burden of my lay.

And oft I've sang the tender strain,
 The while the village maid
 Was leaning on her fav'rite swain,
 And all her heart betray'd.
 The lofty theme I ne'er essay'd,
 (Let Laureats such rehearse !) ⁵
 But wherefoe'er my fancy stray'd,
 A moral mark'd my verse.

Their loves to me the shepherds tell,
 What swains have faithless prov'd;
 What maids for beauty bear the belle,
 And who are least beloved :
 The virgins come in modest guise,
 I love their plaints to hear ;
 'Tis joy to soothe their artless sighs,
 And stop the starting tear.

No thorns obstruct their path of life,
 With health their farms abound ;
 And, foes to law and lawless strife,
 They live the zodiack round.

To me their tranquil state they owe;
 They all confess it fitly
 And grateful praise, where'er they go,
 The bard of Higham Hill.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST,
 OR, THE POWER OF MUSICK.

AN ODE,

IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

TWAS at the royal feast, for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son;
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sat
 On his imperial throne:
 His valiant peers were plac'd around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound;
 (So should desert in arms be crown'd.)
 The lovely Thais by his side,
 Sat like a blooming Eastern bride,
 In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.
 Timotheus, plac'd on high,
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre;
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above;
 (Such is the pow'r of mighty love!)
 A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god;
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia press'd,
 And while he sought her snowy breast;
 Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the world.
 The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound:
 ' A present deity!' they shout around;
 ' A present deity!' the vaulted roofs rebound.
 With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears;
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung;
 Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young.
 ' The jolly god in triumph comes;
 ' Sound the trumpets, beat the drums:
 ' Flush'd with a purple grace,
 ' He shews his honest face.—
 ' Now give the hautboys breath.—He comes! he comes!—
 ' Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 ' Drinking joys did first ordain:
 ' Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
 ' Drinking is the soldier's pleasure!
 ' Rich the treasure,
 ' Sweet the pleasure;
 ' Sweet is pleasure after pain!'

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
 The

The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes,
And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful Muse;

Soft Pity to infuse :

He sung, ' Darius, great and good !

' By too severe a fate,

' Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,

' Fallen from his high estate,

' And weltring in his blood.

' Deserted at his utmost need,

' By those his former bounty fed ;

' On the bare earth expos'd he lies,

' With not a friend to close his eyes.'

With downcast looks the joyless victor fate,

Revolving in his alter'd soul

The various turns of chance below ;

And now and then a sigh he stole,

And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd to see

That Love was in the next degree ;

'Twas but a kindred sound to move,

For Pity melts the mind to Love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,

Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

' War,' he sung, ' is toil and trouble,

' Honour, but an empty bubble :

' Never ending, still beginning,

' Fighting still, and still destroying ;

' If the world be worth thy winning,

' Think, O think it worth enjoying !

' Lovely Thaïs sits beside thee ;

' Take the good the gods provide thee !'

The many rend the skies with loud applause :
 So Love was crown'd, but Myrick won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Gaz'd on the fair

Who caus'd his care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.

At length, with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

‘ Now strike the golden lyre again :

‘ A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.

‘ Break his bands of sleep asunder,

‘ And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

‘ Hark, hark ! the horrid sound

‘ Has rais'd up his head,

‘ As awak'd from the dead,

‘ And, amaz'd, he stares around.’

‘ Revenge, revenge !’ Timotheus cries ;

‘ See the Furies arise !

‘ See the snakes that they rear,

‘ How they hiss in their hair ?

‘ And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !

‘ Behold a ghastly band,

‘ Each a torch in his hand !

‘ Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,

‘ And unbury'd remain,

‘ Inglorious, on the plain.

‘ Give the vengeance due

‘ To the valiant crew :

‘ Behold how they toss their torches on high,

‘ How they point to the Persian abodes,

‘ And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods !’

The princes applaud with a furious joy,

And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy :

Thais

Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey;
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last, divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
 She drew an angel down.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

WRITTEN ABOUT THE YEAR MDCCVIII.

BY DEAN SWIFT.

IN ancient times, as story tells,
 The saints would often leave their cells,
 And stroll about, but hide their quality,
 To try good people's hospitality.
 It happen'd on a winter night,
 As authors of the legend write,
 Two brother hermits, faints by trade,
 Taking their tour in masquerade,

Disguis'd

Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
 To a small village down in Kent;
 Where, in the strollers canting strain,
 They begg'd from door to door in vain;
 Try'd ev'ry tone might pity win,
 But not a soul would let them in.

Our wand'ring saints, in woeful state,
 Treated at this ungodly rate,
 Having thro' all the village pass'd,
 To a small cottage came at last;
 Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
 Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon,
 Who kindly did these saints invite,
 In his poor hut to pass the night;
 And then the hospitable fire
 Bid Goody Baucis mend the fire,
 While he from out the chimney took
 A fitch of bacon off the hook,
 And freely from the fattest side
 Cut out large slices to be fry'd;
 Then stepp'd aside to fetch 'em drink,
 Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
 And saw it fairly twice go round:
 Yet (what is wonderful!) they found
 'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
 As if they had not touch'd a drop.
 The good old couple were amaz'd,
 And often on each other gaz'd;
 For both were frighten'd to the heart,
 And just began to cry, 'What art!!'
 Then softly turn'd aside, to view
 Whether the lights were burning blue.
 The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
 Told them their calling and their errant.
 'Good folks! you need not be afraid;
 'We are but saints:' the hermits said.

' No hurt shall come to you or yours ;
 ' But for that pack of churlish boors,
 ' Not fit to live on Christian ground,
 ' They and their houses shall be drown'd,
 ' Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
 ' And grow a church before your eyes.'

They scarce had spoke, when (fair and soft)
 The roof began to mount aloft :
 Aloft rose ev'ry beam and rafter ;
 The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.

The chimney, widen'd and grew high'r,
 Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,
 And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
 But with the upside down, to show
 It's inclination for below ;
 In vain, for a superior force,
 Apply'd at bottom, stops it's course :
 Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
 'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost
 Lost, by disuse, the art to roast,
 A sudden alteration feels,
 Increas'd by new intestine wheels ;
 And, what exalts the wonder more,
 The number made the motion slow'r.
 The slier, tho' it had leaden feet,
 Turn'd round so quick you scarce could see't ;
 But, slacken'd by some secret pow'r,
 Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
 The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
 Had never left each other's side :
 The chimney to a steeple grown,
 The jack would not be left alone ;
 But, up against the steeple rear'd,
 Became a clock, and still adher'd.

And

And still it's love to household cares,
By a shrill voice, at noon declares;
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast-meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall;
There stuck aloft in publick view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row,
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring show;
To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.

The ballads pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France and English Moll;
Fair Rosamond and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood;
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, size, and letter;
And, high in order plac'd, describe
The heraldry of ev'ry tribe.

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.

The cottage, by such feats as these
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desir'd their host
To ask for what he fancy'd most.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely style;
Then said, ' My house is grown so fine,
' Methinks I still would call it mine;
' I'm old, and fain would live at ease;
' Make me the parson, if you please.'

He

He spoke ; and presently he feels
 His grazier's coat fall down his heels ;
 He sees, yet hardly can believe,
 About each arm a pudding-sleeve :
 His waistcoat to a cassock grew—
 And both assum'd a sable hue ;
 But, being old, continu'd just
 As threadbare, and as full of dust.
 His talk was now of tythes and dues ;
 He smok'd his pipe, and read the news ;
 Knew how to preach old sermons next,
 Vamp'd in the preface and the text :
 At christ'nings well could act his part,
 And had the service all by heart.
 With'd women might have children fast,
 And thought whose sow had farrow'd last.
 Against Dissenters would repine,
 And stood up firm for right divine.
 Found his head fill'd with many a system ;
 But classick authors—he ne'er mis'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
 Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
 Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen
 Good pinners edg'd with Colberteene ;
 Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
 Became black sattin flounc'd with lace.
 Plain Goody would no longer down ;
 'Twas Madam, in her program gown.
 Philemon was in great surprize,
 And hardly could believe his eyes,
 Amaz'd to see her look so prime,
 And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life,
 Were sev'ral years this man and wife :
 When, on a day, which prov'd their last,
 Discourfing o'er old stories past,

They went by chance, amidst their talk,
 To the church-yard, to take a walk,
 When Baucis hastily cry'd out,
 ' My dear, I see your forehead sprout !'
 ' Sprout !' quoth the man ; ' what's this you tell us ?'
 ' I hope you don't believe me jealous !'
 ' But yet, methinks, I feel it true ;'
 ' And, really, yours is budding too !——'
 ' Nay—now I cannot stir my foot ;'
 ' It feels as if 'twere taking root !'

Description would but tire my Muse :
 In short, they both were turn'd to yews.

Old Goodman Dobson of the Green,
 Remembers he the trees has seen ;
 He'll talk of them from noon till night,
 And goes with folks to shew the fight.
 On Sundays, after ev'ning pray'r,
 He gathers all the parish there ;
 Points out the place of either yew—
 ' Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew :'
 ' Till once a parson of our town,
 ' To mend his barn, cut Baucis down ;'
 ' At which 'tis hard to be believ'd
 ' How much the other tree was griev'd,
 ' Grew scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted,
 ' So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.'

THE CHOICE.

BY THE REV. MR. POMFRET.

IF Heav'n the grateful liberty would give,
 That I might chuse my method how to live,
 And all those hours propitious Fate should lend,
 In blissful ease and satisfaction spend—

Near

Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform; not little, nor too great:
Better if on a rising ground it stood;
On this side fields, on that a neighb'ring wood.
It should within no other things contain
But what are useful, necessary, plain:
Methinks 'tis nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden, grateful to the eye,
And a cool rivulet run murm'ring by,
On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes or sycamores should grow;
At th' end of which a silent study plac'd,
Should be with all the noblest authors grac'd:
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Immortal wit and solid learning shines;
Sharp Juvenal, and am'rous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew;
He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which strong art with stronger nature joins,
Must grant his fancy does the best excel,
His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well;
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
Esteem'd for learning and for eloquence.
In some of these, as Fancy should advise,
I'd always take my morning exercise;
For sure no minutes bring us more content,
Than those in pleasing useful studies spent!
I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteelly, but not great;
As much as I could moderately spend—
A little more, sometimes t' oblige a friend.
Nor should the sons of Poverty repine
Too much at Fortune, they should taste of mine;
And all that objects of true-pity were,
Should be reliev'd with what my wants could spare:

For that our Maker has too largely giv'n,
 Should be return'd in gratitude to Heav'n.
 A frugal plenty should my table spread,
 With healthy, not luxurious, dishes fed;
 Enough to satisfy—and something more,
 To feed the stranger and the neighb'ring poor.
 Strong meat indulges vice, and pamp'ring food
 Creates diseases, and inflames the blood:
 But what's sufficient to make nature strong,
 And the bright lamp of life continue long,
 I'd freely take; and, as I did possess,
 The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.

I'd have a little vault, but always stor'd
 With the best wines each vintage could afford.
 Wine whets the wit, improves it's native force,
 And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse;
 By making all our spirits debonair,
 Throws off the lees, the sediment of care:
 But as the greatest blessing Heaven lends,
 May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble ends;
 So, but too oft, the grape's refreshing juice
 Does many mischievous effects produce.
 My house should no such rude disorders know,
 As from high drinking consequently flow;
 Nor would I use what was so kindly giv'n
 To the dishonour of indulgent Heav'n.
 If any neighbour came, he should be free;
 Us'd with respect; and not uneasy be,
 In my retreat, or to himself or me.
 What freedom, prudence, and right reason, give,
 All men may with impunity receive:
 But the least swerving from their rule's too much;
 For what's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.

That life may be more comfortable yet,
 And all my joys refin'd, sincere, and great,

I'd chuse two friends, whose company would be
 A great advance to my felicity :
 Well born, of humours suited to my own ;
 Discreet, and men as well as books have known.
 Brave, gen'rous, witty, and exactly free
 From loose behaviour, or formality.
 Airy and prudent ; merry, but not light :
 Quick in discerning, and in judging right.
 Secret they should be, faithful to their trust ;
 In reas'ning cool, strong, temperate, and just.
 Obliging, open ; without huffing, brave :
 Brisk in gay talking, and in sober grave.
 Close in dispute, but not tenacious ; try'd
 By solid reason, and let that decide.
 Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate ;
 Nor busy meddlers with intrigues of state.
 Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to spite ;
 Not quarrellsome, but stout enough to fight.
 Loyal and pious, friends to Cæsar : true,
 As dying martyrs, to their Maker, too.
 In their society I could not miss
 A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss.
 Would bounteous Heav'n once more indulge, I'd chuse
 (For who would so much satisfaction lose
 As witty nymphs in conversation give ?)
 Near some obliging, modest fair, to live ;
 For there's that sweetness in a female mind,
 Which in a man's we cannot hope to find ;
 That, by a secret, but a pow'rful art,
 Winds up the spring of life, and does impart
 Fresh vital heat to the transported heart.
 I'd have her reason all her passion sway ;
 Easy in company, in private gay :
 Coy to a fop, to the deserving free ;
 Still constant to herself, and just to me.

}

A soul she should have for great actions fit,
 Prudence and wisdom to direct her wit :
 Courage to look bold Danger in the face ;
 No fear, but only to be proud or base.
 Quick to advise, by an emergence press'd ;
 To give good counsel, or to take the best.
 I'd have th' expression of her thoughts be such,
 She might not seem reserv'd, nor talk too much :
 That shews a want of judgment and of sense ;
 More than enough, is but impertinence.
 Her conduct regular ; her mirth refin'd ;
 Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind :
 Averse to vanity, revenge, and pride ;
 In all the methods of deceit untry'd.
 So faithful to her friend, and good to all,
 No censure might upon her actions fall.
 Then would e'en Envy be compell'd to say,
 ' She goes the least of woman-kind astray.'

To this fair creature I'd sometimes retire ;
 Her conversation would new joys inspire,
 Give life an edge so keen, no surly care
 Would venture to assault my soul, or dare,
 Near my retreat, to hide one secret snare.
 But so divine, so noble a repast,
 I'd seldom, and with moderation, taste ;
 For highest cordials all their virtue lose,
 By a too frequent and too bold a use ;
 And what would cheer the spirits in distress,
 Ruins our health when taken to excess.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar ;
 Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
 Whate'er assistance I had pow'r to bring,
 T' oblige my country, or to serve my king,
 Whene'er they call'd, I'd readily afford ;
 My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword.

Law-suits I'd shun, with as much studious care
 As I would dens where hungry lions are ;
 And rather put up injuries, than be
 A plague to him who'd be a plague to me.
 I value quiet at a price too great,
 To give for my revenge so dear a rate ;
 For what do we by all our bustle gain,
 But counterfeit delight for real pain ?

If Heav'n a date of many years would give,
 Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty, live ;
 And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
 Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)
 Should take upon him all my worldly care,
 Whilst I did for a better state prepare.
 Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,
 Nor have the ev'ning of my days perplex'd ;
 But, by a silent and a peaceful death,
 Without a sigh resign my aged breath :
 And when committed to the dust, I'd have
 Few tears, but friendly, dropp'd into my grave.
 Then would my exit so propitious be,
 All men would wish to live and die like me.

THE BOWLING-GREEN.

BY MR. SOMERVILLE.

WHERE fair Sabrina's wand'ring currents flow,
 A large smooth plain extends it's verdant brow ;
 Here, ev'ry morn, while fruitful vapours feed
 The swelling blade, and bless the smoking mead,
 A cruel tyrant reigns—like Time, the swain
 Whets his unrighteous scythe, and shaves the plain :
 Beneath each stroke the peeping flow'rs decay,
 And all th' unripen'd crop is swept away.

The

The heavy roller next he tugs along,
 Whiffs his short pipe, or rears a rural song;
 With curious eye then the press'd turf he views,
 And ev'ry rising prominence subdues.

Now, when each craving stomach was well-stor'd,
 And Church and King had travell'd round the board,
 Hither, at Fortune's shrine to pay their court,
 With eager hopes the motley tribe resort.
 Attornies spruce, in their plate-button'd frocks;
 And rosy parsons, fat and orthodox:
 Of ev'ry sect, whigs, papists, and high-flyers;
 Cornuted aldermen, and hen-peck'd squires;
 Fox-hunters, quacks, scribblers in verse and prose;
 And half-pay captains, and half-witted beaus.
 On the green cirque the ready racers stand,
 Dispos'd in pairs, and tempt the bowler's hand;
 Each polish'd sphere does his round brother own,
 The twins distinguish'd by their marks are known.
 As the strong rein guides the well-manag'd horse,
 Here weighty lead infus'd directs their course:
 'These in the ready road drive on with speed,
 But those in crooked paths more artfully succeed.
 So the tall ship, that makes some dang'rous bay,
 With a side-wind obliquely slopes her way.

Lo! there the Silver Tumbler fix'd on high,
 The victor's prize, inviting ev'ry eye!
 The champions or consent or chance divide,
 While each man thinks his own the surer side,
 And the Jack leads, the skilful bowler's guide.

}

Bendo stripp'd first—from foreign coasts he brought
 A chaos of receipts, and anarchy of thought;
 Where the tumultuous whims, to faction prone,
 Still jostled monarch Reason from her throne:
 More dang'rous than the porcupine's his quill,
 Inur'd to slaughter, and secure to kill.

Let

Let loose, just Heav'n! each virulent disease,
 But save us from such murderers as these!
 Might Bendo live but half a patriarch's age,
 Th' unpeopled world would sink beneath his rage;
 Nor need, t' appease the just Creator's ire,
 A second deluge, or consuming fire.
 He winks one eye, and knits his brow severe,
 Then from his hand launches the flying sphere;
 Out of the green the guiltless wood he hurl'd,
 Swift as his patients from this nether world:
 Then grinn'd malignant; but the jocund crowd
 Deride his senseless rage, and shout aloud.

Next, Zadock, 'tis thy turn, imperious priest!
 Still late at church, but early at a feast.
 No turkey-cock appears with better grace;
 His garments black, vermilion paints his face:
 His wattles hang upon his stiffen'd band,
 His platter feet upon the trigger stand,
 He grasps the bowl in his rough brawny hand:
 Then squatting down, with his grey goggle eyes,
 He takes his aim, and at the mark it flies.
 Zadock pursues, and wabbles o'er the plain;
 But shakes his strutting paunch, and ambles on in vain:
 For, oh! wide erring, to the left it glides;
 The inmate lead the lighter wood misguides.
 He sharp reproofs with kind entreaties joins,
 Then on the counter side with pain reclines,
 As if he meant to regulate it's course,
 By pow'r attractive and magnetick force.
 Now, almost in despair, he raves, he storms,
 Writhes his unwieldy trunk in various forms.
 Unhappy Proteus! still in vain he tries
 A thousand shapes; the bowl erroneous flies,
 Deaf to his pray'rs, regardless of his cries:
 His puffing cheeks with rising rage inflame,
 And all his sparkling rubies glow with shame.

Bendo's proud heart, proof against Fortune's frown,
 Resolves once more to make the prize his own :
 Cautious he plods, surveying all the green,
 And measures with his eye the space between.
 But as on him 'twas a peculiar curse
 To fall from one extreme into a worse ;
 Conscious of too much vigour, now for fear
 He should exceed, at hand he checks the sphere.
 Soon as he found it's languid force decay,
 And the too weak impression die away,
 Quick after it he scuds ; urges behind,
 Step after step ; and now, with anxious mind,
 Hangs o'er the bowl, slow-creeping on the plain,
 And chides it's faint efforts, and bawls amain :
 Then on the guiltless green the blame to lay,
 Curses the mountains that obstruct his way ;
 Brazens it out with an audacious face,
 His insolence improving by disgrace.

Zadock, who now with three black mugs had cheer'd
 His drooping heart, and his sunk spirits rear'd,
 Advances to the trigg with solemn pace,
 And ruddy hope sits blooming on his face.
 The bowl he pois'd ; with pain his hams he bends ;
 On well-chose ground unto the mark it tends :
 Each adverse heart pants with unusual fear,
 With joy he follows the propitious sphere.
 Alas ! how frail is ev'ry mortal scheme !
 We build on sand, our happiness a dream.
 Bendo's short bowl stops the proud victor's course,
 Purloins his fame, and deadens all it's force.
 At Bendo from each corner of his eyes
 He darts malignant rays, then mutt'ring flies
 Into the bow'r ; there, panting and half dead,
 In thick mundungus clouds he hides his head.

Muse ! raise thy voice ; to win the glorious prize,
 Bid all the fury of the battle rise.

These

These but the light-arm'd champions of the field ;
 See Griper there, a veteran well skill'd !
 This able pilot knows to steer a cause
 Thro' all the rocks and shallows of the laws ;
 Or if 'tis wreck'd, his trembling client saves
 On the next plank, and disappoints the waves.
 In this, at least, all histories agree,
 That tho' he lost his cause—he sav'd his fee.
 When the fat client looks in jovial plight,
 How complaisant the man ! each point how right !
 But if th' abandon'd orphan puts his case,
 And poverty sits shrinking on his face—
 How like a cur he snarls, when at the door
 For broken scraps he quarrels with the poor !
 The farmer's oracle, when rent-day's near,
 And landlords, by forbearance, are severe ;
 When huntsmen trespass, or his neighbour's swine ;
 Or tatter'd Crape extorts, by right divine.
 Him all the rich their contributions pay,
 Him all the poor with aching hearts obey !
 He in his swan-skin doublet struts along ;
 Now begs, and now rebukes the pressing throng.
 A passage clear'd, he takes his aim with care,
 And gently from his hand lets loose the sphere :
 Smooth as a swallow o'er the plain it flies,
 While he pursues it's track with eager eyes ;
 It's hopeful course approv'd, he shouts aloud,
 Claps both his hands, and juffles through the crowd.
 Hov'ring a while, soon at the mark it stood,
 Hung o'er inclin'd, and fondly kiss'd the wood.
 Loud is th' applause of ev'ry betting friend,
 And peals of clam'rous joy the concave rend :
 But in each hostile face a dismal gloom
 Appears, the sad presage of loss to come.
 'Mong these Trebellius, with a mournful air
 Of livid hue, just dying with despair,

Shuffles about, screws his chop-fallen face,
 And no whipp'd gig so often shifts his place ;
 Then gives his sage advice with wondrous skill,
 Which no man ever heeds, or ever will :
 Yet he persists, instructing to confound,
 And with his cane points out the dubious ground.

Strong Nimrod now, fresh as the rising dawn,
 Appears ; his sinewy limbs and solid brawn
 The gazing crowd admires. He nor in courts
 Delights, nor pompous balls ; but rural sports
 Are his soul's joy. At the horn's brisk alarms
 He shakes th' unwilling Phillis from his arms ;
 Mounts with the sun, begins his bold career,
 To chase the wily fox or rambling deer.
 So Hercules, by Juno's dread command,
 From savage beasts and monsters freed the land.
 Hark ! from the covert of yon gloomy brake
 Harmonious thunder rolls, the forests shake !
 Men, boys, and dogs, impatient for the 'chace,
 Tumultuous transports flush in ev'ry face !
 With ears erect the courser paws the ground,
 Hills, vales, and hollow rocks, with chearing cries resound.
 ' Drive down the precipice, brave youths ! with speed ;
 ' Bound o'er the river banks, and smoke along the mead !'
 But whither would the devious Muse pursue
 The pleasing theme, and my past joys renew ?
 Another labour now demands thy song.—
 Stretch'd in two ranks, behold th'expecting throng,
 As Nimrod pois'd the sphere. His arm he drew
 Back like an arrow in the Parthian yew,
 Then launch'd the whirling globe, and full as swift it flew :
 Bowls dash'd on bowls confounded all the plain ;
 Safe stood the foe, well-cover'd by his train.
 Assaulted tyrants thus their guard defends,
 Escaping by the ruin of their friends.

But

But now he stands expos'd, their order broke,
 And seems to dread the next decisive stroke.
 So at some bloody siege, the pond'rous ball
 Batters with ceaseless rage the crumbling wall,
 (A breach once made ;) soon galls the naked town,
 Riots in blood, and heaps on heaps are thrown.

Each avenue thus clear'd, with aching heart
 Griper beheld, exerting all his art ;
 Once more resolves to check his furious foe,
 Block up the passage, and elude the blow.
 With cautious hand, and with less force, he threw
 The well-pois'd sphere, that gently circling flew ;
 But stopping short, cover'd the mark from view.
 So little Teucer, on the well-fought field,
 Securely sculk'd behind his brother's shield.

Nimrod, in dangers bold, whose heart elate
 Nor courted Fortune's smiles nor fear'd her hate,
 Perplex'd, but not discourag'd, walk'd around,
 With curious eye examin'd all the ground ;
 Not the least op'ning in the front was found.
 Sideway he leans, declining to the right,
 And marks his way, and moderates his might.
 Smooth gliding o'er the plain th' obedient sphere
 Held on it's dubious road, while hope and fear
 Alternate ebb'd and flow'd in ev'ry breast :
 Now rolling nearer to the mark it press'd ;
 Then chang'd it's course, by the strong bias rein'd,
 And on the foe discharg'd the force that yet remain'd.
 Smart was the stroke ; away the rival fled :
 The bold intruder triumph'd in his stead.

Victorious Nimrod seiz'd the glitt'ring prize ;
 Shouts of outrageous joy invade the skies :
 Hands, tongues, and caps, exalt the victor's fame ;
 Sabrina's banks return him loud acclaim.

OF ENGLISH VERSE.

BY MR. WALLER.

POETS may boast, as safely vain,
 Their works shall with the world remain :
 Both bound together, live or die ;
 The verses, and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line should long
 Last in a daily-changing tongue ?
 While they are new, envy prevails ;
 And as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
 The matter may betray their art :
 Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,
 Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets that lasting marble seek,
 Must carve in Latin or in Greek.
 We write in sand : our language grows ;
 And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his sense can only boast,
 The glory of his numbers lost :
 Years have defac'd his matchless strain ;
 And yet he did not sing in vain.

The beauties which adorn'd that age,
 The shining subjects of his rage,
 Hoping they should immortal prove,
 Rewarded with success his love.

This

This was the gen'rous poet's scope,
 And all an English pen can hope;
 To make the FAIR approve his flame,
 That can so far extend their fame.

Verse, thus design'd, has no ill fate,
 If it arrive but at the date
 Of fading beauty—if it prove
 But as long-liv'd as present love.

ON A MISCELLANY OF POEMS.

TO BERNARD LINTOTT,

BY MR. GAY.

Ipſa varietate tentamus efficere ut alia aliis ; quædam fortaffe omnibus placeant.

PLIN. EPIST.

AS when ſome ſkilful cook, to pleaſe each gueſt,
 Would in one mixture comprehend a feaſt,
 With due proportion and judicious care,
 He fills his diſh with diff'rent ſorts of fare ;
 Fiſhes and fowls deliciously unite,
 To feaſt at once the taſte, the ſmell, and fight :
 So, Bernard ! muſt a Miſcellany be,
 Compounded of all kinds of poetry ;
 The Muſes olio, which all taſtes may fit,
 And treat each reader with his darling wit.

Wouldſt thou for miſcellanies raiſe thy fame,
 And bravely rival Jacob's mighty name,
 Let all the Muſes in the piece conſpire :
 The Lyrick Bard muſt ſtrike th' harmonious lyre ;
 Heroick ſtrains muſt here and there be found,
 And nervous ſenſe be ſung in lofty ſound.

Let

Let Elegy in moving numbers flow,
 And fill some pages with melodious woe:
 Let not your am'rous songs too num'rous prove,
 Nor glut thy reader with abundant love.
 Satire must interfere, whose pointed rage
 May lash the madness of a vicious age:
 Satire, the Muse that never fails to hit;
 For if there's scandal, to be sure there's wit.
 Tire not our patience with Pindarick lays;
 Those swell the piece, but very rarely please:
 Let short-breath'd Epigram it's force confine,
 And strike at follies in a single line.
 Translations should throughout the work be sown,
 And Homer's godlike Muse be made our own:
 Horace in useful numbers should be sung,
 And Virgil's thoughts adorn the British tongue.
 Let Ovid tell Corinna's hard disdain,
 And at her door in melting notes complain:
 His tender accents pitying virgins move,
 And charm the list'ning ear with tales of love.
 Let ev'ry classick in the volume shine,
 And each contribute to thy great design:
 Thro' various subjects let the reader range,
 And raise his fancy with a grateful change.
 Variety's the source of joy below,
 From whence still fresh-revolving pleasures flow.
 In books and love the mind one end pursues,
 And only change th' expiring flame renews.

Where Buckingham will condescend to give,
 That honour'd piece to distant times must live:
 When noble Sheffield strikes the trembling strings,
 The little loves rejoice, and clap their wings—
 ' Anacreon lives !' they cry ; ' th' harmonious swain
 ' Retunes the lyre, and tries his wonted strain :
 ' 'Tis he—our lost Anacreon lives again !'

}
 But

But when th' illustrious poet soars above
 The sportive revels of the god of love,
 Like Maro's Muse he takes a loftier flight,
 And tow'rs beyond the wond'ring Cupid's fight.

If thou wouldst have thy volume stand the test,
 And of all others be reputed best,
 Let Congreve teach the list'ning groves to mourn,
 As when he wept o'er fair Pastora's urn.

Let Prior's Muse with soft'ning accents move,
 Soft as the strains of constant Emma's love ;
 Or let his fancy chuse some jovial theme,
 As when he told Hans Carvel's jealous dream :
 Prior th' admiring reader entertains
 With Chaucer's humour and with Spencer's strains.

Waller in Granville lives: when Mira sings,
 With Waller's hand he strikes the sounding strings;
 With sprightly turns his noble genius shines,
 And manly sense adorns his easy lines.

On Addison's sweet lays attention waits,
 And silence guards the place while he repeats:
 His Muse alike on ev'ry subject charms,
 Whether she paints the god of love or arms:
 In him pathetick Ovid sings again,
 And Homer's Iliad shines in his Campaign.
 Whenever Garth shall raise his sprightly song,
 Sense flows in easy numbers from his tongue;
 Great Phœbus in his learned son we see,
 Alike in physick as in poetry.

When Pope's harmonious Muse with pleasure roves
 Amidst the plains, the murm'ring streams and groves,
 Attentive Echo, pleas'd to hear his songs,
 Thro' the glad shade each warbling note prolongs;
 His various numbers charm our ravish'd ears,
 His steady judgment far outshoots his years,
 And early in the youth the god appears.

From these successful bards collect thy strains,
And praise with profit shall reward thy pains :
Then, while calves-leather binding bears the sway,
And sheep-skin to it's sleeker gloss gives way ;
While neat old Elzivir is reckon'd better
Than Pirate Hill's brown sheets and scurvy letter ;
While print-admirers careful Aldus chuse,
Before John Morphew, or the weekly news ;
So long shall live thy praise in books of fame,
And Tonson yield to Lintott's lofty name.

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